

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—APRIL, 1881.—No. 16.

THE ENDOWMENT OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

What claim for assistance has science upon the people and upon the State?

The question is plain and simple enough, but the more it is turned the more far-reaching does it prove. The idea which it embodies is so intimately interwoven with the prosperity of nations, and the happiness, intellectuality, and morality of the peoples, that in a greater or less degree science fairly enters into the every-day business of one and all. As the air we breathe, it surrounds and supports us; without its vitalizing power we should soon suffer intellectual death.

It bears directly upon the prosperity of States, because it elucidates the natural laws which underlie all great engineering projects, as well as the principles of sociology. It comes to the aid of commerce, because it develops the model of the ship, the prevalence of winds and the strength and direction of currents, and marks out the pathways over the oceans. For the manufacturer it establishes the economy of motive power, and the best means of using raw products and utilizing waste materials. It informs the agriculturist of the qualities of his soil and its fitness for special productions, the introduction of new plants, and the necessity for particular fertilizers: and to the miner it certifies the character and richness of the ores in his ledge. It advises the governments in grave subjects of sanitary engineering, of prospective discovery, of serious adulterations in imports, in foods, in manufactures. It gives you to-day the variation of the compass, and assures the highest tribunals what it was at any given date. It

demonstrates the millionth part of an inch as a tangible quantity, and it gives the metes and bounds of states and empires. It predicts the coming storm, and millions of dollars and thousands of lives, ready for sea, promptly obey its warning. It yearly fixes its stamp upon the coinage of the country, and makes it redeemable for its face the world over; it indorses the authenticity of the standards of weight, volume, and length, and its verdict is universally accepted. Yet these are a mere glimpse of its manifold ramifications as a nerve system in the body politic.

There are those who have eyes that see not, but to those who honestly use them the influence of scientific investigation is paramount in every department of the governments, in every avenue of human industry, in the moral growth of the race.

To the mechanic, the manufacturer, the merchant, the engineer, the miner, the agriculturist—as individuals seeking for worldly prosperity—science comes in a thousand subtle shapes now so wide-spread and permeating every business that its direct bearing is too frequently overlooked or quietly ignored. And in fact many specialists do not themselves have the breadth of view which is necessary to measure and appreciate the vast and diversified amount of scientific knowledge which has advanced all modern improvement.

To thoroughly comprehend its importance, it is essentially necessary to trace the growth of the Great Ideas, which, springing from some germ of thought centuries ago, have been slow-

ly and laboriously evolved, and have in recent days been applied to all industries and investigations. These will recur to you in the history of the laws of motion, of thermotics, optics, biology, astronomy, physics, etc., with their epochs of activity and unusual progress as marked by the brainwork of some exceptional man or men.

If we examine the subject carefully and candidly we shall be satisfied that the broad claim for assistance to scientific research rests upon the general law of evolution. This law we recognize as pervading all nature, whether in the illimitable field of the cosmos, or in the narrower field of our own world, or our own country. It has placed in our hands a formula of investigation as invaluable as the calculus to the mathematician and to the engineer; when more fully understood, it will give us prevision, as observation and theory have done to the astronomer. Many thinkers assert that "more liberal assistance in the prosecution of original scientific research is one of the recognized wants of our times;" but I fancy they have generally failed to see that there is any law at the basis of the intimate relation between discovery and its practical results, and its means of support. Yet in the history of research we find that material assistance, in some shape or other, has been, through all time, afforded to original workers—not in a systematic manner, and perhaps largely prompted at irregular periods by some unusual discovery, or even actuated by merely mercenary or vain motives. There have been epochs in human history marked by outbursts of intellectual activity—periods appearing as great waves of rapidly advancing development. As for example the high speculative fever of the twelfth century, say from 1150 to 1250, out of which arose the universities; again, the Italian *renaissance* of the fifteenth century, marked by wonderful progress in geographical discovery, and whose influence in that respect has never been adequately displayed.

In all of these, and in the smaller waves of intellectual movement, either rich individuals or powerful lords gave of their wealth and extended the influence of their position to assist and patronize those engaged in original thought and discovery. Many examples in the history of the last few centuries will present themselves; and we may even go farther back and call to mind where classical poets and writers and philosophers were aided and befriended by wealthy, powerful, and liberal patrons. Every school-boy will remember the assistance received by Columbus in his fitting out the expedition for the discovery of a new route to the Indies, but to us this was something beyond

ordinary aid as measured by the consequences. It was an endowment for original discovery which has led to an advancing and accumulating wave of free action, and free thought, and mental activity far above the general surface of human intellectuality. Isabella's name should be emblazoned for her assistance to original and daring discovery that yet survives, that is still progressive, and still aggressive. We who are in the midst of this restless activity and investigation—as he who is borne by a great tideway—can hardly measure the wonderful impetus which this discovery has given to human actions, or the great height which its onrushing crest reaches above the dead-level condition of Europe but a few centuries since. All that we know of the intellectual brightness of Egypt, and Greece, and Rome occurred within limited localities, and among few in numbers; now we have the movement pervading nearly the whole earth.

I think that due weight has never been apportioned to the influence exerted by the sudden opening of nearly half the world's area as the fresh field for human activity. The horizon of the first-comers to the New World was unlimited, yet for a long time they were, with other drawbacks, hampered by old traditions, and confined to the old ruts of early education. But as the pioneer and the hunter, the restless discoverer and the keen seeker for wealth, stepped across the narrow boundaries which restrained them, they became self-reliant, self-sustained, and finally aggressive. They cleared the pathway of empire; their successors expanded their views, braced themselves for fresh efforts, shook off more of the bindings of prejudice, and commenced their march of discovery over the continent. From this ceaseless activity, from the necessity of rapidly traversing great distances, from the influence of easily acquired wealth and power, from freer thought and clearer vision, from persistent and vitalized research, arose in great measure the marvelous discoveries of the last five or six decades. This has reacted upon civilization; learning and commerce now have footholds throughout the earth; and in the countries of modern enlightenment the liberality and vitality of thought has found expression in a higher culture that seeks to coördinate the laws governing this movement for the betterment of the race itself.

This broad and active mentality pervades in greater or less intensity all ranks and conditions of society, and necessarily reaches the halls of legislation. So that to-day we have the general government fostering research, even though it be done in an irregular and frequently unsystematic manner, and although it may

be sometimes done wholly from the cold-blooded utilitarian view of the matter.

The exploring expedition of 1838-45 undertaken by the United States was a great step forward in the assistance of original discovery, especially as it recognized branches of science usually considered as having no application whatever to the useful arts. The earlier explorations to and beyond the Rocky Mountains were sporadic, but latterly the lines of research have grown more consistent and more persistent, embrace most of the cognate sciences, and will eventuate in systematic methods and recognized support. Quite naturally the principal course of discovery has been over the vast unknown areas of our own country, but the astronomical expedition to Chile, for the determination of the sun's parallax by observations upon Mars at and near his opposition, was assistance for a purely scientific object. So, also, were the total solar eclipse expeditions of 1869, 1870, 1878; but the most systematic, best organized, and most liberally supported of all the scientific expeditions, was that for the observation of the transit of Venus in 1874. Then, for mere commercial purposes, we have Perry's expedition to Japan, the Rodgers expedition to the North Pacific, and the deep sea soundings in the Atlantic and across the Pacific, and yet even these furnished their quota of scientific knowledge. For a more immediately practical object, we have the various explorations made throughout Central America for the purposes of a ship canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

In all these expeditions, and in a hundred others, the assistance, or support, which the general government has given is neither more nor less than endowment for original research, although, as we have already said, in a generally unsystematic manner, and not distinctly recognized as such. Nevertheless, it has its influence for good, and year by year it fixes itself upon the thought and legislation of the country as a necessary and remunerative expenditure.

In certain special lines this assistance is more pronounced, as for example, in the yearly appropriations to the West Point Military Academy, and to the Naval School at Annapolis. Here the assistance may be said to be complete, for the cadets not only receive their education at the expense of the nation, but they receive therefrom a liberal support during their term of study, and adequate salaries afterward to continue their studies and services in prescribed lines of duty. The nations of Europe continue the same policy; but we may hope that the time is not far distant when other lines of

study, and other investigations more germane to the broad course of intellectual and moral development, shall receive similar support, and even heartier acknowledgment. In a faint way Great Britain, France, and Germany appreciate the position, by educating boys of exceptional merit from the national schools. France, at first doubtful, has at length liberally endowed scientific research into the devastation caused by the phylloxera, and only scientific investigation, study, and methods have produced certain and tangible results. Empirical remedies have been useless, as well as ridiculous.

Among the acts of men and women who are largely blessed with riches, and at the same time with intellectual culture, we see chronicled the noble bequests which they make to colleges and seats of learning, as embodying their practical views of endowing research. Now and then we know that such men as Smithson arise to leave for all time legacies for the diffusion of knowledge among men. And the influence which such an institution as the Smithsonian exerts upon original research, and its practical application to every-day life, is almost incalculable. In earlier days the great universities of England were richly endowed that men might pursue their studies undisturbed. Within our own ken we know that the true sentiment of endowment—or any other name by which you choose to specify it—is pervading the atmosphere wherever wealth and intellectuality perceive the influence which original research has upon the prosperity of the State and the morality of the people. In the older parts of our own country, as in the older countries, where restless activity has gravitated to more thoughtful quiet, yet sustained force, we note the humanizing influence of the higher and broader education in the large endowments to colleges and universities; and we ourselves are the beneficiaries of this appreciation of original research when we were almost crushed by restricted means.

Many more instances exist than come to our knowledge, where munificence has modestly aided original investigators without permitting its name to be heralded, as, recently, in Stockwell's masterly and thorough investigations of the lunar theory, and Michelson's practical and successful experiments upon the velocity of light, now held by some to be the best means of determining the solar parallax. I think that whosoever aids research in this way should receive full and ample credit therefor, because they not only merit public recognition for such praiseworthy liberality on its own account, but also because their examples may stimulate and sway the hesitating to imitate them. To my

mind it is as creditable for the benefactor to receive such honor and recognition as it is for the soldier who has defended his country with his sword; and certainly it indicates that amid the all exciting pursuit of wealth a higher sense has been developed in the endower.

It has been asserted that heretofore, even in enlightened countries, the higher education was merely casual, or traditional among a few, or formal, as in medicine and among the priesthood. But it should not be forgotten that the area of enlightenment was far from extensive, that the whole population was comparatively small, and that the mass of the people was in absolute subjection, soul and body. The last statement we can only realize in its full force when we correct our historical judgment by personally viewing the ruined castles of Europe, where warlike and robber barons held almost as beasts of the field the toilers of the soil, and when we see the mighty cathedrals, even yet unfinished, which merely succeeded these feudal strongholds, and whose priesthood kept the people in mental servitude. This higher education, having, however, slight claims as such in comparison with the learning of today, naturally existed among the powerful and privileged classes, although the leaven of evolution was doing its work even here as well as among the more ignorant masses, from whose ranks occasionally arose men of deep thought and original investigation. When these powerful classes were disrupted—and in part dispersed among the people, in part developed as the leaders and rulers of the great nations of Europe that were emerging from a hundred smaller nationalities—and when the disruption of the power of the priesthood gave an opportunity for individual and independent thought, the educational forces acquired ampler scope, and reacted impulsively as a compressed spring relieved.

The change is almost magical, and, notwithstanding it appears to have occurred only from such means as have been mentioned, yet it is, in large measure, due to the broad, free field of the American continent so suddenly and unexpectedly opened to human civilization and human enlightenment. It is a phase of evolution under peculiarly favorable circumstances. When once investigators had struck the right trail in any branch of knowledge, their discoveries seemed to react in every direction, to aggregate new relations—almost to evolve the very law of progress; and, through the persistent efforts of the larger thinkers and experimenters guided thereby, the methods of research have been wholly changed. The chemist has supplanted the visionary alchemist; the as-

tronomer has confounded the astrologer; the physicist has penetrated the arcana of matter and force; the biologist and the geologist, the archæologist and the palæontologist, have arisen as from an unknown world. The newer methods stimulate youth and mature age to the prolonged effort now absolutely essential to enable one to grapple with any special branch of knowledge. Wherever they have been even imperfectly formulated, the mind appears to assimilate all that has been prepared, and from its yet undemonstrated mode of action to suggest, create, and exhibit new conditions and fresh phases of knowledge. It does more than repeat—it adds to the experience of yesterday. With this approach to harmony between the means and the end, scientific teaching has developed a higher moral standard—refuses to recognize the false, and seeks only the true. It builds the superstructure upon a stable foundation, and all parts of the fabric must be coherent and symmetrical. One faulty process, or one indeterminate condition, would weaken and eventually destroy all above it. It yearns to discover the truth just as the financier seeks to increase his wealth, as the soldier struggles for glory, and one is impelled by his mental constitution to acquire a knowledge of the law of his being, another (by his slightly different brain organization) to seek happiness in physical luxury or in the exhibition of power.

It is within our own experience that there has been a remarkable evolution of special aptitude in the student and investigator, and perhaps most notably—or, rather, I should say, most popularly—in the departments of chemistry and physics, and in education itself.

The great advances made in manufacturing processes have been effected by the newer methods of chemistry; and now all large establishments avowedly employ the services of original investigators—in fact, it is, perhaps, the one branch of scientific research that literally "pays;" and wealth thus endows, under another name, those who are searching for the yet unknown. In physics, many large manufacturing establishments employ specialists; notably in the undeveloped fields of electricity, magnetism, and the associated branches. Writers have shown in detail the great improvements and money value which these services have produced in the material wealth of the countries, and which have their reactive influence upon the happiness and increased intelligence of the people.

To strain a point in the restricted meaning of the word, we might almost assert that even in the manufacture of products which inaugurate new industries and new processes, all gov-

ernments have more or less endowed their discoverers in various ways; principally by granting patent rights to original inventors, and by protection against similar productions imported from other countries—in special cases by granting annuities or by bestowing titles of honor. Of course, it must be understood that the inventor and the scientific investigator may be widely separated. There is, for example, a very great difference, somewhat difficult to formulate, between the investigators who deduced the principles and laws of electricity and magnetism, and the inventors who have devised and almost perfected the working telegraph. The two faculties may be combined in one individual, but very rarely so. The inventor usually receives a great part of the popular glory and most of the material benefits; the original investigator may possibly be recognized after death. The financiers, who, with another faculty remarkably developed, win millions upon millions in their manipulation of these industrial and commercial necessities, forget that either investigator or inventor ever lived.

In education you have watched the rapid improvements being evolved from older methods, although so much remains to be accomplished. For there must be specialties in education as in all other methodical work and investigation; and when we thoroughly understand that special aptitude is absolutely essential in order to obtain the largest results, we shall then recognize the economy and the higher law for its introduction in selecting instructors for schools and seats of learning. It will banish the merely routine teacher, and discard textbooks, except as bases for oral demonstration and private study; on the other hand, it will afford to the learner not only knowledge ready at his fingers' ends for practical application in a thousand various ways, but, more important still, it will have imparted—to the capable—method to investigate the newer and cognate problems.

The wide-spread and broader range of education has led to the exhibition of power among the people; and the states (in the old world as well as the new), speaking for them, have liberally endowed the educational system by direct taxation for that purpose. This development of popular power, and the value and acknowledgment of the principle, is directly proven in England by the recent changes effected in the endowments of the colleges of the great universities. For nearly two hundred years the colleges had used the largely multiplied endowments, left by patrons, without interference, check, or question from the outside. With the clear understanding of some of the laws of mo-

tion that marked the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the deep studies made in mathematical subjects, with the newer sciences emerging and expanding as the years progressed, there was awakened the demand for a change in the objects of study in the universities. The fresher mental life had traversed richer and broader fields than traditional theology and the classics, and called for a change of direction of part of the endowments to aid the more active and more human sciences. The advocates of change rationally argued that those who had been so far seeing and generous as to endow study in the only learned professions then recognized, would certainly, with the clearer light of to-day, bestow of their bounty to science. They admitted that there is a deep object in the science of philology, because we here learn to trace backward, upon a given pathway, the history of the human race and the evolution of language and thought; but they asserted that the study of two dead languages could not take us far in the research, and therefore the special objects of the endowers should themselves be reconsidered from a much higher standpoint. Moreover, as the endowments specifically made for study in theology were for the bettering of the moral condition of the race, science could assert a particularly strong claim for sharing the endowments, because it is Truth personified, and cannot advance one step without improving the moral character of all who come under its influence. After much agitation of the question, the representatives of the people, in parliament, made their first attack on the wealthy and powerful colleges in 1854. It ended in a drawn battle, but the prospective result was easily predicted. The advocates of the newer and higher education were unceasingly in action; their arguments pervaded the very atmosphere, and twenty years later the attack was renewed and the battle won. To-day, at Oxford, the colleges may elect persons distinguished for literary or scientific work to Fellowships, tenable for a term of years, during which the Fellows shall devote themselves to definite and specified research; and at Cambridge the School of Mechanism and Engineering already compels enlargement, which has been liberally granted. Watching the educational movement in our own country, we hardly appreciate the influence of such a change in the conservative thought of England; but I hold that it is a noted illustration of the evolutionary law upon the subject of endowment of research, as well as an acknowledgment of the righteousness of the demand of science therefore. It is within the memory of some of us when the public school system of the United States be-

gan to grow through the country. In some States it was solely intended for the children of those who could not afford to pay for their schooling; but it soon broke this bondage of servility, and then rapidly spread as a vast sheet of water over a parched region. The first assistance was grudgingly given by the State; to-day we are lavish in our support. Call it by any name you please, it is proof positive of the progress of the idea of endowment.

But we must not forget that the schools, the colleges, and the universities are not the proper fields for original research. The teacher and the professor have their time fully occupied with prescribed and legitimate duties. So with the man of business, the active practitioner, the lawyer, the engineer; their time is, or should be, wholly consumed in their professions. The exceptions notably mark the rule. To the ardent specialists, governed by one pervading idea and burning to discover new relations in science, belongs the duty of adding to the stock of knowledge—an empty glory too frequently, as we learn now and then, of the battle for life which they make while pursuing their investigations.

These are the men and women who found our academies and our philosophical societies; and these are the institutions which, before all others, demand the support of the State. Unfortunately, the drift of popular opinion, or rather of popular education, has been adverse to them, for to be considered a scientific investigator was to be railed at as one who potted among fish, beetles, weeds, or stones; or dabbled in electrical experiments; or burrowed for the roots of the dead languages. And yet from these discoverers the fresh knowledge in every branch of learning is utilized by the teacher and pirated by the manufacturer. The commercial instinct may temporarily and selfishly assist, by paid employment, the chemist or the physicist, but the broader proposition that all scientific investigation should be systematically aided has not yet been clearly understood in our education. In the New World, the growth and increase of wealth have been so immediate, and so astonishingly great, that the need of scientific research and the advantages of scientific methods are wholly unknown to the great majority of the people. By personal labor in the wide fields open to discovery we must exert our influence in developing the idea of the justice of systematic assistance, and cease not working until it compels recognition. I believe the time is rapidly approaching when the States themselves will directly and systematically aid and assist original investigation; but, pending that millennium, we must wrestle with the gen-

erous and the wealthy—the poor we have with us always.

There are other relations which scientific research bears to the state and the individual, and I shall make but brief reference thereto, because they have already been incidentally mentioned. We have long traded upon the dictum that "knowledge is power;" suppose we put it in a modern and utilitarian dress, and assert that *Science is Wealth*. This brings the subject directly within the purview of political economy; but unfortunately the relation of scientific research to the production of wealth has never been adequately expounded. We have been told that science has no proper marketable value, except in its direct application to the useful arts, because it cannot be interchanged or bodily transferred from one person to another; and, unlike every other commodity, it cannot be consumed. It is not easy to contravene the fallacies which envelope the question when viewed solely and wholly from the present popular standard of what the wealth of a nation really consists; but we know of our own consciousness that there must be another and truer standard than that gathered from the "mighty dollar." But from even that restricted outlook we know that many great enterprises fail as direct commercial ventures, yet add to the general wealth of the community and the state. You will recollect that in my papers upon the irrigation of Europe and India, I fairly established the proposition that, as commercial undertakings, the great irrigation canal projects had all been financial failures, and some of them disastrously so; but when the state undertook to carry them out, and even inaugurated others, the benefits to the populations and to the states were as certain as a demonstration in geometry. The burden had been too heavy for the few to carry; it was not felt when divided among millions. So in the domain of science every iota of knowledge delved from the unknown and the inert, is a positive addition to the wealth and happiness of the people and the state. When once produced it is indestructible; and if indestructible, it certainly adds to the wealth of the nation, as additional gold in the vaults of a bank. It continually increases; and susceptibility of accumulation is essential to the idea of wealth. But the burden of originating this increased prosperity should not be borne wholly by the original discoverers: the whole people, through their agent, the state, should share the cost. This seems to me so self-evident that it is needless to expand the proposition.

The very nature of scientific research demands continuous study in any given line of

thought, and an absence of disturbing influences. Just as the rich become so by special adaptability and persistent attention to accumulation, so the student becomes rich in knowledge by his unremitting investigation. Special aptitude in examination follows the good mechanical dictum—make a machine do its own specific work perfectly; universal machines are inherently faulty. The specialist cannot serve two masters with his whole heart; he obeys the law of his mental organization in worshipping one only—so he must suffer physical starvation unless a helping hand stretches forth to his assistance.

When the investigator makes a discovery in science of great value in its application to any industry, or as giving birth to a new industry, his very ability as a discoverer incapacitates him, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for the mercantile part of the transaction; while the business man, from his ability and capacity as such, seizes the discovery and develops its money value—for himself. He (the business man) may not yet have reached the height of cultivation which would prompt him to pay a fair price for the discovery, and yet he may have such purely æsthetic tastes that he will spend large, almost fabulous sums, for a beautiful painting, or a noble piece of sculpture. These have a direct marketable value. The painter, from his years of study and labor, has brought into existence a historical picture; the sculptor has obeyed the law of special aptitude, and brought into life a statue that may speak of our civilization a thousand years hence. Fortunately for them, and happily, too, for our enlightenment, their work had a special demand. This, too, follows a general law, and we may but rejoice in its fulfillment. Let us continue our labors—the demand for knowledge will be universal; and when the principles of political economy become themselves evolved from the crudities which now envelope them, our claim for assistance will be surely acknowledged.

While some of the writers on political economy deny the claim of science to the production of wealth, because it does not possess certain qualifications which are empirically required, there are those that apparently appreciate the full value of scientific knowledge. Mill, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, says: "In a national or universal point of view, the labor of the *savant* or speculative thinker is as much a part of production in the very narrowest sense as that of the inventor of a practical art, many such inventions having been the direct consequences of theoretic discoveries, and every extension of knowledge of the power

of nature being fruitful of application to the purposes of outward life [reference to telegraph, etc.] No limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view of mere thought. Inasmuch, however, as these material fruits, though the result, are seldom the direct purpose of the pursuits of *savants*, nor is their remuneration in general derived from the increased production which they cause incidentally, and mostly after a long interval, by their discoveries, this ultimate influence does not, for most of the purposes of political economy, require to be taken into consideration; and speculative thinkers are generally classed as the producers only of the books or other usable or saleable articles which directly emanate from them. But when (as in political economy one should always be prepared to do) we shift our point of view, and consider not individual acts and the motives by which they are determined, but national and universal results, intellectual speculation must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labor of society, and the portion of its resources employed in carrying on and remunerating such labor as a highly productive part of its expenditure."

All existing legislation concedes, in a qualified, restricted, and erroneous manner, a property right in the author, but no law has ever approached the consideration of the property right of Oersted, Ampère, Steinheil, Henry, in their deduction of the scientific principles upon which the telegraph and its congeners of today are based. And as it cannot be controverted, for an instant, that, even from a purely selfish and utilitarian view, original scientific research through a thousand varied channels adds to the material wealth of a nation, it must be possible and practicable to devise some means by which those honestly engaged in discovery shall be assisted.

Another, and perhaps the very highest, claim which original research has for endowment, is in the moral dignity which it necessarily imparts to the race. It is itself the very Embodiment of Truth. Its search and methods of investigation, and its checks upon every step in the processes employed, demonstrate the intrinsic value of Evidence. The doubtful and the untrue can never enter into its discussions—they are emphatically unknown quantities. It forgets the individual and applies its examinations to the universal; it builds upon certainties; it sweeps away the unproven. The highest authority is never accepted, save on probation. Tradition must bear direct critical and unprejudiced examination; the good, because it is true, will be received; the false and the irrational

will disappear. These are in part the tests by which the individual measures and compares his practice in life. He has a special horizon of his own, and his view is restricted. He rarely extends his method into other fields. But when he steps upon the vantage ground of scientific investigation, he rises from the particular to the general, from the finite to the infinite. He sees the beauty in the law of method, the thoroughness of exhaustive examination, the truthfulness and certainty of evidence, and the symmetry and harmony of the conclusions. He submits to its judgments as to the Supreme Court of Truth. He molds his moral life upon the laws of nature which that tribunal expounds and announces. Henceforth, whatever is offered for his acceptance and belief must stand the crucial trial of scientific investigation. A people made familiar with the processes and object of science, the fullness and oneness of its evidence, and the absoluteness of the truths it demonstrates, must be richer in the vital element of human happiness; they must be higher in the scale of human development. Reflect for a moment what would happen to the wealth, the intellectuality, and the morality of a people, of the race, should all future research by scientific methods be absolutely cut off.

In conclusion, there seems no valid reason to doubt the soundness of the proposition which

I made at the outset—that endowment for original scientific research follows the general law of evolution, for it has existed throughout the historic period; has grown with the enlightenment which it developed; has been markedly active at the epochs of mental activity; is fostered in various ways by the governments of all enlightened countries; is aided by the broad-minded and far-seeing; is commercially acknowledged to-day in special lines; is an acknowledged factor in the material wealth of a nation; establishes the highest moral standard of a people; and is an absolute necessity for future systematic discovery and progress.

The assistance rendered by the endowments of the few is too uncertain, insufficient, and irrational. Moreover, it is an unequal tax upon the generous; but science is compelled to accept and beg for it, because, in our newer State especially, the public has not yet been educated to realize the pervading importance of its unselfish work. From my standpoint there appears but one proper and rational source of endowment, and that is the State itself. For there certainly is a justness and a fitness in the State disbursing a percentage of its income for continued labor in original investigation and discovery that adds so surely to the material wealth and moral grandeur of its people.

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

GEORGE ELIOT AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

The great woman who lately died will no doubt be remembered in the next century chiefly as a literary artist, who knew mankind well, and held an almost perfect mirror up to nature whenever she chose to portray character. And in the minds of many it is an unimportant task to try to piece together from the writings of a great artist anything like a system of general philosophy, or even of ethics. Why should the words of those who spoke so well the rich flexible language of the living human soul be translated into the poor dry speech of metaphysics? If George Eliot, some one may say, ever lost sight of her vocation as artist, and, as in *Daniel Deronda*, filled pages with tedious disquisitions, why should we try to follow her in her wanderings? Her best teachings are her great creations; and from a truly poetic product you may get inspiration, but you must not try to deduce a formula.

Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that a work of art is always far more than a

theory, nor ignore the truth that artists do injustice to their art as soon as they begin to mix abstractions with their concrete creations. But we must also remember that not all art is alike remote from the world of thought. The man who writes an abstract account of the ethical teachings conveyed in the works of some musical composer may indeed keep within the bounds of reason, but he is at least in great danger of talking nonsense. But if one writes a commentary on the doctrines of the Book of Job, the fact that his subject is a work of art, and not merely a treatise, does not render his undertaking less appropriate. Poetry is not always, but yet very often, aptly to be named molten thought, thought freed from the chill of the mountain summits, its crystalline perfection of logical form dissolved, no longer ice, but gathered into tumultuous streams that plunge down in musical song to the green fields and wide deserts of the world where men live, far below. He who follows a stream-

course upward to the glaciers whence it has sprung leaves indeed behind him many of the fairest scenes of the lowlands, but he has the satisfaction of assisting at the birth of a river. Mists that have risen from the whole of that great world of the plains—from far beyond, too, in the infinite ocean itself—have come up here to be frozen that they might, by melting again, produce this stream. To suppose that poetry is altogether thought is to see dead forms where one ought to see life; but to refuse altogether to look for the sources in thought whence the stream often comes, is to commit the mistake of the king of Burmah, and to deny that water can ever have been frozen.

George Eliot, furthermore, was by nature quite as much a reflective as a poetical genius, and by training much less a poetical than a reflective writer. We should have supposed beforehand that she would never have produced other than "novels with a purpose." Artist as she actually was, theory was constantly in her mind. The thought of her time governed her. She had occasional glimpses above and beyond it; but if she was Shaksperian in the portrayal of character, she was unlike Shakspeare in her regard for formulas, and no future century will ever be in doubt whether she was Protestant or Catholic. In fine, she certainly wished to teach men, and it is therefore our right and duty to attempt the not very arduous task of formulating and of tracing to their chief sources the teachings that she often but thinly veiled beneath the garment of fiction. In doing this we shall not study the loftiest or the most interesting aspect of her work, but our task will not be void of significance.

Let us first sum up what little we as yet know about George Eliot's growth as a thinker. We know that she was an unwearied student of science, of literature, of history, and of philosophy. We know that she sympathized in great measure with what is called modern positivism. We know also, however, that she was well acquainted with the thoughts and beliefs of a class of English men and women who know and care nothing about modern thought, but who have ideals that she never mentions with contempt, and that she in fact never wholly outgrew. All these elements went together to the making up of her doctrine of life. When her biography is written, we shall know more of their separate growth and of the fashion of their union. But even now, from the facts that are known, we may conjecture much, and the temptation to conjecture about so beloved a teacher is irresistible.

Marian Evans, according to the account of her early life published in the *Pall Mall Ga-*

zette, grew up in an orthodox family, and in the Christian faith. With years she developed remarkable powers of reflection, and the first result of reflection was to make her a very strict Calvinist. The discomfort of this faith urged her to further thought. We do not yet know just what influences made her a free-thinker. At all events, she never rested in the early crude delight of negation, but sought in all directions for more light. In 1850 we find her in London, already in the possession, so Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, of the wide learning and many-sided thought that have since made her famous. She was now not far from thirty years of age. She had as yet made no attempts, at least in public, to write novels. She was simply a quiet and interesting literary woman, with extraordinary talents and acquirements. Acting under advice, she translated Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, and Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*. She became the sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and buried a great deal of work in its brief quarterly notices of contemporary literature. Between 1854 and 1860 she also published several essays in the same review, whereof the titles have been given in a late number of the *London Academy*. These essays all show rather the conscientious reviewer than the ambitious genius. Nothing but the style reminds you of *Silas Marner* or of *Romola*. One becomes almost angry in reading work that must have cost such a mind so much labor and that yet must of necessity have but a transient interest. Why wait here, one says, in this den of book-worms, O great teacher? Time is flying, the day is far spent, and the words thou art to speak to all the world are yet but voices in thy dreams. To thy task, before old age comes! Alas! they were well spent and yet ill spent years. Happy were the world if full of such workers. But yet unhappy the world in which such spirits are confined, even for only half their lives, to such tasks. George Eliot was nearly forty years of age when her first tales were published.

But to understand the origin and nature of her later religious views, we must analyze as well as we are able the influences that during these years must have been forming our author's creed. When a strong faith has left a man, he must do one of two things: either he must fly to the opposite extreme of pure and scornful negation, or he must try to find some way in which to save for himself what was essential to the spirit of the old faith, while he rejects its accidental features, such as its ritual, its claim to give power over physical forces, its promises of material good fortune, or its asserted miracles. Now, George Eliot belonged too much

to the nineteenth century to fall under the power of the purely negative tendency. She might be an unbeliever, but she never could be a scoffer; and so the search after the essential in the religious consciousness became for her a practical necessity. This search it was, without doubt, that led her to the translation of Strauss and of Feuerbach. To understand the effort that runs all through George Eliot's life-work—the effort to find and to portray the religious consciousness as it exists in men's minds independently of the belief in supernatural agencies—we must glance at the views of these Germans whose thought she first transferred to English soil. They expounded theories that she afterward sought to test by an appeal to living human experience.

Let us speak first of Strauss and of the positive element in religion that this thinker, in the early Hegelian period when the first *Leben Jesu* was written, tried to separate from the supernatural elements of tradition. To understand this matter we must look back a little. German philosophy, ever since Lessing's tract on the *Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*, had been trying to discover the ultimate significance of religion, natural and revealed. Lessing himself, in the mentioned tractate, saw in revelation the process by which God taught the race from its infancy up. The doctrines of a revelation are, therefore, for him absolute truth, but not all the truth, and by the ignorant race, to whom they are at first revealed, they are only half understood, and therefore often misunderstood. But the purpose of the revelation is not to reveal what is beyond all human insight. The purpose of revelation, like the purpose of individual education, is to hasten and make definite a process of development that could conceivably have gone on without external aid. "Revelation gives the race nothing that human reason, left to itself, would not attain; but it gave and gives to the race the weightiest of these things earlier than they would otherwise be attained" (*Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*, § 4). Therefore, on the other hand, nothing in revelation is to be free from the investigations of reason; and the work of reason is to translate into the language of thought the figurative or obscure doctrines of revelation. In every such doctrine reason is to see not a stumbling-block, but a guide; and, on the other hand, not an incomprehensible mystery, but an intelligible truth, kindly revealed beforehand that we may know whither to direct our thought. That revelation is not all truth, or that it is dark truth, proves nothing against it, since all teachers give the pupil only what helps him to work for himself, and do not explain to him everything.

On the other hand, the darkest truth is revealed that it may in time become clear to reason. Revelation is given to the end that man may outgrow it. There will come "the time of completion when man, however persuaded he is of a better future, will have no need to borrow of that future motives for his actions, since he will do good because it is good, not because arbitrary rewards are offered; for these rewards were but intended in the foretime to fix and strengthen his wavering sight to know the inner and better rewards of goodness. It will come, the time of the new Everlasting Gospel, promised even in the New Testament books" (*Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*, §§ 85, 86).

These thoughts of Lessing worked as a ferment in the great philosophic movement of subsequent years. Lessing's own point of view was forsaken for others, but his spirit dominates nearly all later German thought on this subject. Religion, according to one view, is the veiled utterance, the imperfect and poetical grasping of truth that can be and must be otherwise expressed and justified. Religion is, therefore, the necessary path to the higher insight that is to come through philosophy. Or, on the other hand, as Schleiermacher has it, religion is an expression of a feeling; *vis.*, of the sense of dependence, of finite incompleteness, of need of God. This sense, as pure feeling, is the essential element of religion, and the work of philosophical reflection is to find this essential element in all faith, to purify the religious sense from all disturbing doubt, and to prepare the soul to stand alone with God in the undisturbed enjoyment of the satisfaction of its greatest want. These two views—the one for which religion is largely theoretical in content, the expression of an intuitive, uncriticised, impure, or else poetically veiled knowledge; the other for which religion is the effort to express an emotion, a felt need of support, or of something to worship—both contend for the supremacy in modern German religious philosophy. Both have in common, first, the effort to transcend the uncritical faith of unlearned piety, and, secondly, the discontent with the negations of pure rationalism. The two differ often very widely in the consequences that are drawn from them.

Now Strauss, in the *Leben Jesu*, after applying criticism to the gospel histories, found their content to be throughout, as he held, mythical. His work completed, the question arose, What must we do with the faith whose support seems thus taken away? The answer was, Religion has not deserted us; only the perishable form in which our thought clothed itself has dissolved. The hidden inner sense is revealed

more clearly when we see the mythical element in the popular faith. To determine this inner sense of Christianity, Strauss had recourse to the doctrines of his master, Hegel, which he interpreted—not as Hegel would have done, but as at least one great tendency of the Hegelian philosophy suggested. From the point of view that Strauss adopts,* the religious consciousness appears as largely theoretic; *viz.*, as in the intuitive knowledge of the infinite, the recognition in nature, in mind, in history, of the presence of an all pervading, all governing reason, of an absolute spirit in whom are all things. Not as a philosophic theory, but as a purely immediate sense or belief the religious soul makes and accepts this doctrine. But if this is the essence of religious faith, it is not the whole of faith. Unphilosophic as the religious consciousness is, it necessarily embodies its faith in a mythical form. The direct consciousness of the infinite is expressed in the documents of the faith as if it were a particular historical revelation, occurring at some point of time. The presence of the infinite reason in the universe is conceived as the action of a law-giver, working after the fashion of men. The progress of the race, or the growth of the religious consciousness in the individual, is related as if it were a series of miracles. The eternal, in short, is conceived under the form of the transient, the infinite is mythically made to appear finite. So, again, in particular with the Christian doctrines. The knowledge that the human spirit is in essence one with the divine spirit, that man is to rise to the actual sense of his unity with God, is veiled under the myth of a historical incarnation. The understanding of the myth is the revealing of its essential content. We do not, reasons Strauss, lose the knowledge of the infinite, nor of our essential unity with it, when we learn the mythical nature of the religious doctrine. This mythical form was an absolute necessity to train men for a knowledge of the truth. We must reject the shell of the dogma, but the kernel of the dogma is our eternal treasure.

It is certain that George Eliot must have been influenced by these views. She looked everywhere for teaching, and we may be sure that she did not translate Strauss merely for the sake of disturbing her countrymen's faith. Of course, she did not accept the Hegelian metaphysic; but just as little is she in her novels willing to express perfect satisfaction with the flat negations of many of the English positivists. Nearer, in some respects, to her actual

views, because less given to transcendent speculation than Strauss, may, perhaps, have been Feuerbach, whose *Wesen des Christenthums* she also translated. Feuerbach has, at present, little more than historical interest. What he has concluded as a consequence of his early Hegelianism others have said or thought independently of him. The following account depends upon that in Pfleiderer's late work, *Religionsphilosophie auf Geschichtlicher Grundlage*. Feuerbach's view of religion is intensely skeptical, and yet not wholly unappreciative. He sees in religion the expression of a subjective want, which assumes the deceptive guise of knowledge. See through this disguise, and religion has no truth; and yet the disguise is not the one essential thing in religion, for the want creates the disguise. Man in religion treats his own being as if it were another. Dissatisfied with a world that oppresses him, he creates in his despair a supernatural all-powerful being, enthroned over the world, and worships this ideal Self as the perfect one. The ideal has no truth, but the indefinite variety of its forms, the strength of the want that creates it, make its power over life prodigious. In the thought "there is a God, an image of Me, a perfect, an unlimited Self, outside of the sphere of change and misery" religion begins. But this thought is not enough. God must be put in relation to the world. Only as God the Son, as God appealing to the human heart, knowing our frailties, sympathizing with our needs, hearing our prayers, does the infinite ideal become truly divine. And it is but an objectifying of the unhappy world-weary consciousness of disappointed humanity to conceive this God as himself suffering and overcoming suffering, as the risen and exalted Self, that has overcome the world.

But in all this Feuerbach finds only a stupendous phantasm. He will admit nothing in religion as religion that can endure criticism. Yet see what after all will remain to one who accepts Feuerbach's premises, but regards this purely fantastic exercise of the religious spirit as after all intensely and eternally significant. Such a one will say, Men did indeed make to themselves ideals of God, and these ideals were phantasms; but the spirit of religion that produced the phantasm is still ours. We reject the product that made the world seem so sublime and significant, but we work as if we were in a world where such things were true. We know ourselves to be but strangers, who find in the whole real universe nothing that quite satisfies these our highest longings; but then, we can and will try to make the world as much as possible the realization of our longings. Ours

* V. Pfleiderer, *Religionsphilosophie*, p. 238. Cf. the account in Hausrath, *D. F. Strauss u. d. Theologie seiner Zeit*, vol. i, the chapter on the first *Leben Jesu*.

it will be to give life a divine significance, even if no Providence has already done this for us before our birth. Did George Eliot draw this conclusion herself? We shall have reason to believe that she did.

By training, then, as we may say, our author was at least in part identified with the great characteristic thought-movement of the first half of our century, with the movement that aimed at the understanding and appreciation of the essential elements of religion. This movement was not one of harmony, but of vigorous and often bitter discussion, and no original thinker would be apt to submit himself to the mere formulas of any one of its representatives. Yet in it all there was the one easily appreciated effort to decipher this strange, beautiful language of the pious heart, and to see whether the writing, once deciphered, would furnish any one word that the enlightened mind can accept as eternal truth. With this effort George Eliot was in deep sympathy.

Another influence on George Eliot's religious philosophy must be mentioned, but I see at present no good reason to lay much stress upon it. This is the influence of Comte and of his formulated *Religion of Humanity*. When some one of the most straitest sect of the religious positivists, who is at the same time acquainted with German thought, shall have made clear to us just what, if any, was Comte's original and genuine contribution to the philosophy of religion, beyond his theory of the three stages of the human mind, we shall be able to appreciate the importance of a general sympathy with positivism for the mind of one who knew German religious philosophy so well. Till this information is given I do not see why George Eliot need have been much other than she was had Comte or his later period of thought never existed. She did, as we are told, sympathize with the Positivist sect. But of the ritual and the observances, the fanatical solemnity, and the pharisaical vanity of that sect, she certainly never in her printed works showed any signs. The religion of humanity she did profess, but she exhibits in her writings no tendency to accept the inhuman exclusiveness of any arbitrary dogmatic system of living. If the Positivists were her friends, we may be sure that freedom was a greater friend.

But still another influence remains to be mentioned here, the influence of the study of Spinoza upon George Eliot's life-theory. Of this influence we may be sure; for it has been announced since her death on good authority (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) that a translation of the whole of the *Ethics* exists in manuscript, prepared by her own hand during this early period

of apprenticeship. But just what the influence of Spinoza was it will be her biographer's duty to discover and tell us. Meanwhile there seems to be an inviting field open for philological investigation in the comparison of Spinoza's famous treatise on the passions and their control (*Ethics*, books iii-v), with George Eliot's own numerous remarks on the same subject. In reading this part of the *Ethics* one may notice the great likeness of many of the observations in style and in matter to George Eliot. This likeness ought to be examined and tested. Spinoza is, after all, one of the fathers of religious philosophy. His direct influence upon the first religious philosopher that ever wrote great novels would be a problem of no little interest.

Leaving the study of the causes, let us go on to the effects. Not long before the publication of the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, we find in the *Westminster Review* an essay under the title, "Worldliness and Other-worldliness: the Poet Young." This essay is by George Eliot. The poet Young is here reviewed with a good deal of severity. The article has in it something of that dash and boldness in speaking of serious subjects that endeared the *Westminster* of those days to the radical mind, and to young radicals in particular. But the hand is the hand of Marian Evans. Nor do we fail to find in passages her own more moderate tone, such as she used when not in the editorial chair. Young is described in this essay as "a poet whose imagination is alternately fired by the 'Last Day,' and by a creation of peers, who fluctuates between rhapsodic applause of King George and rhapsodic applause of Jehovah." One of Young's "most striking characteristics is," says the essayist, "his radical insincerity as a poetic artist. No writer whose rhetoric was checked by the slightest truthful intention could have said:

'An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll forever.'"

Furthermore, Young wants genuine emotion. "There is hardly a trace of human sympathy, of self-forgetfulness in the joy or sorrow of a fellow-being" in all of the *Night Thoughts* outside of passages in "Philander," "Narcissa," and "Lucia." As a consequence, Young's theory of ethics lacks the element of sympathy, and finds a basis for morality only in the belief in an immortality of rewards and punishments. And here the personal views of the essayist burst forth: "Fear of consequences is only one form of egoism which will hardly stand against half a dozen other forms of egoism bearing down upon it. . . . In proportion as a man would

care less for the rights and the welfare of his fellow if he did not believe in a future life, in that proportion is he wanting in the genuine feelings of justice and benevolence, as the musician who would care less to play a sonata of Beethoven's finely in solitude than in public, where he was to be paid for it, is wanting in genuine enthusiasm for music." "Certain elements of virtue, . . . a delicate sense of our neighbor's rights, an active participation in the joys and sorrows of our fellow-men, a magnanimous acceptance of privation or suffering for ourselves when it is the condition of good to others—in a word, the extension and intensification of our sympathetic nature—we think it of some importance to contend that they have no more direct relation to the belief in a future state than the interchange of gases in the lungs has to the plurality of worlds. Nay, to us it is conceivable that in some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away, that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones and to our many suffering fellow-men—lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence." The thought of mortality then is favorable to virtue as well as the thought of immortality. "Do writers of sermons and religious novels prefer that men should be vicious in order that there may be a more evident political and social necessity for printed sermons and clerical fictions? Because learned gentlemen are theological, are we to have no more simple honesty and good-will? We can imagine that the proprietors of a patent water supply have a dread of common springs; but for our own part we think there cannot be too great a security against a lack of fresh water or of pure morality. To us it is matter of unmixed rejoicing that this latter necessary of healthful life is independent of theological ink, and that its evolution is insured by the interaction of human souls as certainly as the evolution of science or of art, with which indeed it is but a twin ray, melting into them with undefinable limits." The principal sources of our author's quarrel with Young are thus indicated. But yet more to our present purpose are her criticisms on his conception of religion. "Young has no conception of religion as anything else than egoism turned heavenward; and he does not merely imply this—he insists on it." "He never changes his level so as to see beyond the horizon of mere selfishness." And again: "He sees Virtue sitting on a mount serene, far above the mists and storms of earth. He sees Religion coming down from the skies, with this world in her left hand and the other world in

her right. But we never find him dwelling on virtue or religion as it really exists—in the emotions of a man dressed in an ordinary coat, and seated by his fireside of an evening, with his hand resting on the head of his little daughter; in courageous effort for unselfish ends, in the internal triumph of justice and pity over personal resentment, in all the sublime self-renunciation and sweet charities which are found in the details of ordinary life." At the end of the essay Young is contrasted with Cowper, much to the advantage of the latter. "In Young we have the type of that deficient human sympathy, that impiety toward the present and the visible, which flies for its motives, its sanctities, and its religion to the remote, the vague, and the unknown. In Cowper we have the type of that genuine love which cherishes things, in proportion to their nearness, and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge."

The transition in mood is but slight from the last words of this essay to the *Scenes from Clerical Life*. As one reads these one is impressed with the fact that George Eliot has, for the time, resolutely turned away her mind from the learning and speculation with which she is so familiar, and has determined to seek the essential elements of the higher life in the world of simple ignorance, doing penance, as it were, for too much philosophy by refusing at present to portray a character capable of abstract thought, or perhaps rather seeking rest from the heated war of ideas in a refreshing bath in the secluded, slowly flowing river of commonplace human life. In the *Scenes*, artistic motives seem nevertheless to be struggling still with didactic motives, and the author stops too often to justify herself for thus leaving cultivated life behind her. The born story-teller—such a man as Chaucer, or William Morris, or Paul Heyse, or Turgeneff, or Heinrich von Kleist—never, unless in the absence of the Muse, is guilty of excusing himself for having chosen a given subject, any more than the popular ballad-maker of the Middle Ages thought of explaining why just this tale of all tales must over his lips. In fact, the great curse of George Eliot's art, from *Amos Barton* to *Daniel Deronda*, is her tendency to speak in her own name to the reader for the sake of explaining why she does thus and so. But, apart from their artistic faults, the *Scenes* are full of suggestive thoughts. "These commonplace people," she says (in an often quoted passage in *Amos Barton*, speaking of the mass of the English nation)—"many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their un-

spoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out toward their first-born, and they have mourned over their ir reclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?" In the minds of these men, then, we are to find the religious life in its essence exemplified. Here is simple human nature. A religious philosophy that would be universal must bear the test of finding whether these instances fall within the scope of its sounding universal premises.

In *Amos Barton* we meet with a few suggestions bearing directly on this point. A story intended by the pathos of its unromantic events to appeal directly to our sense of the interest of life as life cannot go very deeply into problems. But the author does not avoid giving hints of her doctrines. Thus, for example, after telling of Mrs. Barton's funeral, she speaks of our anguish, when we mourn over our own dead, at the thought that "we can never atone for the little reverence that we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know." What, then, the reader asks, are we to worship those that stand or that have stood nearest us, and is this to be our religion? This, the author seems to say, is the religion death teaches.

But one suspects all teachings that are founded on death alone. The emotions suggested by death, one might reply to George Eliot, are among the highest we know, and yet it is hard to draw any ethical conclusions from them. Quite apart from our beliefs or doubts about immortality, we say when a good man dies, "It is well, his work is nobly done;" and when a bad man dies, "It is well, the world is rid of him." If an old man dies, we say, "The debt of nature is paid, let us not mourn;" if a young maiden, we still say, "Death has saved this fair life from pain and decay, let us cease mourning." Sir Walter Raleigh, in the famous passage at the end of his history, calls death eloquent. One might well rejoice that death is rather the great sophist: argue as we will, he refutes us. He is an evil; but who would live always? a good; but who would forsake life? Death as the seeming end of desire appears at once undesirable, and yet perfectly satisfying; at once a sacred presence that sanctifies whatever it touches, so that we naturally worship the memory of the dead, and a horrible nightmare that pursues the living, so that the free man becomes free only when, as Spinoza said, he learns to think not at all of death, but solely of life. What doctrine shall then be founded

on our contemplation of death? Death is the infinite night, wherein, as the rough-voiced adage had it, all cows are black. Let us disregard it, and ask our teacher what she has to tell us about life. What shall we worship in world of the living?

In "Janet's Repentance," the third of the *Scenes*, we are brought face to face with one of the problems that have most interest for the mind of George Eliot. It is the problem afterward treated in *Romola*. Suppose a soul, capable of higher life, but shut out for years from the thought of it, living in worldliness. Suppose a trouble that arouses in this soul a sense of wrong, of loneliness, of the desolation of the universe when there is no object in it that seems worth our striving. How shall such a soul become reconciled to life? How shall it attain religious earnestness, and strength, and peace? Janet, a high-spirited, self-reliant girl, is persistently ill treated by her husband. At first she cannot bear to think that their love should have all come to this. Then she takes refuge in sullen defiance, broken by passionate outbursts. Now and then she upbraids her mother fiercely, and without reason; but most of the time she tries to keep silence. She never thinks of religious solace; her one hope is that in some way her husband may come to love her again. If he is jovial and good humored for a day, she is happy. But such times are rare. At last she falls into the habit of drinking secretly, to forget her troubles. And so bad becomes worse, until a climax is reached in her husband's temper, and he turns her out of the house at midnight. She takes refuge with a neighbor. The next day her husband drinks enormously, drives alone, meets with a serious accident, and is brought home to his death-bed, raving in *delirium tremens*. Meanwhile, Janet has had time to review her life; her despair is complete; the world is dark, her conscience bad, her future inconceivable. At this point, the day of her husband's fatal drive, she is visited by the new evangelical parson, a hard-working, somewhat fanatical consumptive, who has the ascetic sincerity of a mediæval saint. Remorse for a youthful crime had driven him into his present life; and his special task is the seeking out of great sinners and of despairing souls of all classes. Janet's husband had been this man's bitterest enemy, and she herself had always before scorned his very name. Now, at the first sight of him, at the first experience of his earnestness and kindness, she feels that here is a new influence. She soon pours out to him her whole heartfelt misery and of longing: "I thought that God was cruel. I suppose it is wicked to think so. . . . I feel as

if there must be goodness and right above us, but I can't see it; I can't trust in it. And I have gone on that way for years and years. . . . I shall always be doing wrong, and hating myself after; sinking lower and lower, and knowing that I am sinking. Oh, can you tell me of any way of getting strength? Have you ever known any one like me that got peace of mind and power to do right? Can you give me any comfort, any hope?" To answer to this appeal the parson gathers all his strength. He sees in this woman his own old despairing self. He speaks to her out of the fullness of an experience of torture. He uses the conventional terms of orthodoxy, to be sure; but we feel, as we read, that the force is not intended by the author to be in them. Janet accepts the message; but why? Not because of the essential might of the orthodox formula. The devil is not cast out in the name of any power, but by the force of direct present sympathy. Janet feels that here is another, with like nature, tried, tempted, fallen also, but enabled to rise by seeing the vast world of human life about him in which there is so much to be done, in which there is such a mass of suffering and sin, to which his life is but a drop, and for which, as he sees, he must work. "As long," he tells her, "as we live in rebellion against God, desiring to have our own will, seeking happiness in the things of this world, it is as if we shut ourselves up in a crowded, stifling room, where we breathe only poisoned air; but we have only to walk out under the infinite heavens, and we breathe the pure, free air that gives us health, and strength, and gladness. It is so with God's spirit. As soon as we submit ourselves to his will, as soon as we desire to be united to him, and made pure and holy, it is as if the walls had fallen down." This is language that men of a hundred nations and creeds might understand. Wherein lies its force? What is the religious idea at the bottom of it? Hear the author:

"Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effective, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened. . . . Ideas are often poor ghosts. Our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh. They breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power; then they shake us

like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame."

Religious knowledge and life come to us then, our author teaches, through the influence of individual souls, whose sympathy and counsel awaken us to a new sense of the value of life, and to a new earnestness to work henceforth not for self, but for the Other than self. This Other, as you see, is always at least negatively infinite; it takes in this philosophy the place of the supernatural. You know not its boundaries. This grand ocean of life stretches out before you without discovered shore. You are brought to the strand. Will you embark? To embark and to lose yourself is religion; to wait on the shore is moral starvation. Such seems to be our author's life-doctrine. The infinite is conceived as known only in this world of fellow-beings.

For Janet this new insight means acceptance, and so new life. Her dying husband is to be nursed, and then afterward her neighbors are to be helped. Her religion sustains her. What, then, in her own consciousness, is this religion? A sense of the value and beauty of life, a trust in the parson, a wish to do good, a looking out into the world with trust and resignation. All must be well, for are we not willingly at work? So lambs think, no doubt, as they look up from the tender grass they are cropping. And of such kind, as it seems, George Eliot conceives to be the state of the soul when raised to the plane of this higher life. There is an indefinite sense of worship arising from the depths of a peaceful mind that feels at home in the world, and that, while so feeling, contemplates life. Call this worship by what name you will.

But the process of the religious life is not yet fully described, for one of the hardest problems remains untouched. Given the awakened soul, a Janet after her first conversation with the parson, a Romola when Savonarola has sent her back to her husband and has called upon her to live for the Florentines even if she cannot live for her own home, such a soul, as we have seen, is largely under the influence of the person that has been the awakener. But this person is only a man, whose breath is in his nostrils. He may represent, but he is not humanity. He will die, or, worse than that, he will show weakness or will betray some hidden sinful tendency. What, then, is to be done for the poor soul that has depended upon this mortal prop? Must the reclaimed fall whenever the helper stumbles? This problem is more fully developed in Romola. The heroine here is by nature enthusiastic, but by training a Neopagan, caring for none of these things. Aroused

when in great trouble and despair to the value of the higher life through the words of Savonarola, Romola leans spiritually upon him, makes of him the human deity. What is the result? It is brought bitterly home to her that her spiritual father is not perfect, that he is selfish like other men, and can on occasion, misled by ambition, do her and others irreparable wrong. Thus the one support is taken away. There is nothing worth the trouble of life. What is Florence if its best man is such a man? Romola flees into the wilderness, caring not what becomes of her. Coming to the sea, she embarks alone, and the wind bears her to another shore, where she finds a plague-stricken village. The sight of suffering arouses the old fervor. As George Eliot remarks in substance elsewhere, in presence of pain you need no theories, you have but to work, and with the work the old faith comes back. The world needs me, and it is good to be needed. Such seems Romola's thought; and so the faith in humanity, the sense that life is significant, is made independent of the trust in the one master who first opened her eyes. He may not be what he seemed or aspired to be; but the light is still there.

The first teacher, the awakener, is therefore often necessary; but the awakened soul must learn to live without this personal presence, in the power of self-sustained enthusiasm. The very faults of the teacher are then seen in a new light, not as disheartening chasms in our way that cannot be overleaped, but as incitements to more earnest work. We are all weak, teachers as well as taught; so much the greater is the demand for unwearied exertion. The process thus indicated reminds one of the well known Platonic myths in the *Phædrus* and the *Symposium*. The idea of the beautiful, says Plato, is the only one of the eternal ideas that has an earthly representative directly appealing to the senses. At the sight of a beautiful being the soul is awakened from the dreamy life of nature, and a longing for the old home in the heavens is aroused. This longing is human love. Followed upward, love leads to the knowledge of the eternal, of which itself is the beginning. But because love is divine, it does not follow that the love of the one earthly object is enough. No; the object is nothing of itself. As a thing of sense it may not with safety be pursued or possessed. Only as pointing the soul to the eternal, only as arousing us to look beyond itself and to forget what is transient in it and in everything else, is the beloved object of true worth. Just so now in George Eliot the knowledge of the enduring and significant in life comes to us in the words and

deeds of perhaps a single human teacher. But we must learn to outgrow the direct influence of the teacher, as Janet outgrows the need of her pastor, as Romola outgrows Savonarola, as Deronda learns to do without the prophetic voice of Mordecai, or as Gwendolen hopes to do without the personal magnetism of Deronda. We must even learn, as Maggie learns, in *The Mill on the Floss*, to endure when everything forsakes us, and when there is no thought left but that we once did our duty and destroyed our earthly happiness. From the transient we must come to the knowledge of the abiding; from trusting in a teacher we must come to trust in the worth of the higher life. From revering the man we must come to revere the infinity of consciousness whereof he was a representative.

So much, then, for a brief account of the religious consciousness as a process. We come next to speak of this same consciousness as a present fact in the minds of all earnest men and women, whether or no their life has risen or can rise to a very high conscious plane. Silas Marner, the weaver, crushed by early disappointment, loses all faith, almost forgets religion, and becomes a miser. His gold is stolen, but the child is found on his hearth, the little girl whose mother had been frozen in the snow. In bringing up this child the weaver learns to live again; she means for him his religion. Now again, with time, he becomes known to his fellow-men and awakened to the memory of what he was. Life as a problem rises before his unlearned mind, and with it the old puzzles of destiny. Why was it that I was thus tried and tortured? What did Providence, if there is any, mean with me? Hear, then, the weaver reasoning high with Dolly Winthrop, a village matron whose religion is a matter of faith only, and sometimes of wavering faith, too. "It all 'ays," she says, "comes into my head when I am sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tend'rer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be any better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o' that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all came pouring in; if I felt i' my inside what was the right and just thing by you, isn't there Them as was at the making on us and knows better and has a better will? And that's all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I

think on it. For there was the fever come and took off them as were full-growed, and left the helpless children, and there's the breaking o' limbs. . . . Eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can niver make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten. For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we may be sure as there's a good and rights bigger nor what we can know—I feel it i' my own inside as it must be so. And if you could but ha' gone on trustening, Master Marner, you wouldn't ha' run away from your fellow-creatures, and been so lone."

"You're i' the right," is Marner's answer. "There's good i' this world—I've a feeling o' that now; and it makes a man feel as there's a good more nor he can see, i' spite o' the trouble and the wickedness. The drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me: there's dealings with us—there's dealings." Here then is the elementary philosophy of religion, the knowledge that in all the obscurity and mystery of the universe the confidence in the supreme value of duty and of love remains to us. Dolly Winthrop in working for the suffering, Silas Marner in caressing the little girl's golden hair, have they not both of them found a crude elementary religion, wherein there is nothing of sentimentality, but merely a plain, matter-of-fact, every-day recognition of the true object of life? One's mind is borne by the strange contrast of subjects to the words of Ernst Renan, in his London lecture on Marcus Aurelius: "The religion of Marcus Aurelius is the absolute religion, that which results from the simple fact of a high moral consciousness brought face to face with the universe. This religion is of no race, nor of any country. No revolution, no change, no discovery will be able to change it." Is not this, one asks, the religion of Dolly Winthrop as well as of the Roman emperor?

But we cannot wait to give more examples. I have tried to show that George Eliot's effort to express the religious consciousness in terms of natural, not of supernatural, facts is, in part, a sequence from the philosophical movement of her age, the movement that began with Lessing and is not yet ended. But our investigation has led us to see certain peculiarities of George Eliot's own mind and method in viewing these things. She was an appreciative student of many systems, but she let none of them rule her. She heard what they had to say, and then she went to actual human life to see whether the theory held good. In studying the life the theory was not permitted to inter-

fere; unless, to be sure, we must make exception of the unhealthy predominance of analysis, of reflection, and of preconceived opinion over emotion and art in *Daniel Deronda*, or in some of those insufferable dissections of human weakness that fill the first part of *Theophrastus Such*. On the whole, we must see throughout in George Eliot's works an intense earnestness, and a conscientious effort to comprehend the realities of the human heart. She feels what she tells, and to her the religious consciousness whereof she writes is a fact of her own heart. The sermons of Dinah in *Adam Bede* were, as she said in a private letter published since her death, written in hot tears, were the outcome of personal experience, and not, as some have supposed, merely a cold study from observation. Thus in her writings the best power of analytic vision is joined with depth of emotion. She is, then, the best possible witness to her own doctrines. She has seen and felt what she describes as the true religious life. When *Deronda* says to Gwendolen, "The refuge you are needing from personal trouble is the higher, the religious life, which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities," he speaks less from his own experience (for he has not yet had the interviews with Mordecai) than from the author's experience.

George Eliot never finished an abstract statement of doctrine, partly because she was at her best an artist, not a philosophic systematizer, and partly because she was too intensely skeptical to accept easily any one formula. In *Theophrastus* there is a chapter of conversation with an evolution philosopher on the probable practical consequences of indefinite progress, which shows how critical our author remained, to the very last, of even the most familiar doctrines of the school with which she was affiliated. And this skeptical element is one of the most significant features in her works. Nothing has done more harm in the history of religion than the dead formula, held to notwithstanding its failure as an expression of life. And even the successful formula, the true expression of life, is dangerous as soon as we try to substitute it for the life, or to imagine that salvation can come through preaching alone. The destruction of the letter is the great purpose of skepticism. The skeptical spirit is the Mephistopheles of the religious consciousness, the companion that this Faust "no more can do without." And so we welcome the spirit that could look with the Germans for the abiding element in religious life, without cramping poetical freedom from the very beginning by an acceptance of some cut-and-dried system. If

ever we have a religious philosophy, the poets on the one hand, the merciless skeptics on the other, will have helped the speculator at every step in his search for a theory. Without them speculation is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, yet signifying nothing. George Eliot is at once speculative, skeptical, and poetic. Whatever she has done best, depends upon the successful union of these three faculties. When the speculative tendency triumphs she becomes mystical and wearisome; when the skeptical triumphs she becomes wearisome and excessively analytic; while the poetical tendency may be said never, in her writings, to free itself, for more than a moment at a time, from the influence of the other tendencies. And so, the constant presence of self-criticism makes us more confident of whatever we find in our author in the way of positive result.

And now, to leave the work of simple exposition, and to estimate our author's accomplishment in the direction of an understanding of religion, what is the one fact of human nature that is brought into prominence in all these particular instances? It is, as we may make sure upon reflection, the fact of the self-sur-rendering, of the submissive moment in the

action of free human beings when they are brought face to face with the world of life. Man, especially the higher man, is not even by original nature altogether selfish. Before all training he is prone to submission whenever he meets another being whom he regards as higher, better, more admirable than himself. Training makes definite and potent this original tendency. The soul into which has come the wealth of knowledge that springs from feeling ourselves to be but atoms in a great stream of life, is aroused to an essentially new existence. The main-spring of such a nature is conscious submission to the demands of the world of sentient existence. This motive needs no supernatural faith, but may express itself in the language of a hundred faiths. The spirit involved in it is neither optimism nor pessimism, but simply earnestness, determination to make the world significant. It is a fact, we see, that such consciousness is, and can be. Call this spirit what you will. A sound religious philosophy, such as Lessing dreamed of in *Nathan*, such as our century has been struggling to attain, will, we need not doubt, see in this spirit the essential element of that greatest of higher human agencies, Religion.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

A land that man has newly trod,
A land that only God has known,
Through all the soundless cycles flown.
Yet perfect blossoms bless the sod,
And perfect birds illumine the trees,
And perfect unheard harmonies
Pour out eternally to God.

A thousand miles of mighty wood,
Where thunder-storms stride fire-shod;
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood;
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me;
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SEEKING SHADOWS.

"SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 7, 3 P. M., 1876.

"To SAMUEL McQUEER:—I've struck it. Come right along. JOHN JOHNS."

Now, when a quiet country resident receives a telegram like that, upon election day, from a man known to him to be one of the sort who do strike strange and improbable things, there is nothing for it but to vote early and then take the first train that runs toward the saintly city.

It would not be right, I thought, as I sat in the car, to leave in the midst of a heated contest upon such a summons from an unknown party; but then John Johns is not a man to be unheeded, for did he not discover the great Consolidated Silver Mine right in the trail where many silver-seeking feet had trod for years? Did not John Johns trace a murderer in the eye of the most polished, pious, and polite man in the camp at Rocky Ridge? In fact, had not J. J. done more important, improbable things than any man I ever knew? Of course he had. Then roll on, iron wheels. Rip-rip-rip on the ringing rail. Yell out, bright engine, as you cleave the air like a flashing dragon, flying low and fast, and bear me away from the seething thought of a nation's life—away and away from the feverish ballot-box—to the quiet haunts of the ingenious John Johns.

Not much time is consumed in rail-riding from my house to the South Depot, because at evening of the same day on which I viewed the glancing lights of the winding train playing a boo-peep game among the darkening hills, I came, at last, grandly down the slope whose other flank drives back the noisy craving of the great salt waves; and, with clanging bell and warning yell which marshal the way through gathering lights, and crossing streets, and clustering suburbs, o'er bridge, and ditch, and oozy armlets of the bay, where smells arise as pasty in their plenitude of power as though we breathed the air of all creation's offal—and then—here we are at the dingy little house where the train stops, and the hackman begins:

"Whans scarrage?" "Whans scarrage?"

"Hotel, 'otel, 'tel, 'el!"

Being a quiet man, and prone to be frugal withal, I glide through this jargon of energetic cupidity, and, satchel in hand, soon sit quietly down in the middle of the street—taking care, however, to be inside a street car before sitting down. As the car rapidly fills, the "ching-

ching" of the conductor's bell summons the low rumble of the wheels, and, finding we are off, I glance from right to left upon the passengers who seem to be going to a perpetual Centennial show, from all lands under the sun, and to be forever in a hurry to get there. Many of them have come from "Cipango and far Cathay," while to others the sunset glories of the South Sea Isles are infant memories. As I sit, a shy man, with my satchel between my feet, I seem to sniff the odors of opium, sandal-wood, the bread-fruit tree, and to see Marco Polo shaking hands with Captain Cook in a social circle of the "friendly natives" of many islands, for, notwithstanding the onward rumble of the crowded car through the clattering bedlam of collective wheels, and the increasing movement of gathering heads across the gaudy front-lights of bright traffic's staring halls, I am away in the region where the book-world lies—outside the harbor of our daily life—and the conductor, staggered by the lurching car, drops his iron heel promptly on my rheumatic toe, and, by way of apology, says, with extended hand, "Fare, sir?"

Thus I come back from dreamland to find myself, fingering for a ten-cent piece, far in the heart of the city. The unspeakable noise of the city—the echo of unrest—hovers heavier and heavier in the air as I step out of the car, and walk, by a few paces, into the hotel. I do not like hotels, and have never been intimate enough with such places to know if any of them admire me. They are too much like incorporated graveyards, where all are received who pay the price—but those are best received who come with greatest pomp. Mine host, being a fair fat man with a weary repose of manner, whirled the registry book upon its pivot, and took my baggage. I wrote my autograph. He wrote some arithmetical figures opposite my writing, and banged—one bang—on a bell; saying to the ready youth who answered the bang, and to whom he presented my satchel and a key:

"Take gen't'm'n 55."

Following the young man, who rattled the key and its tag as he went, I soon found myself in "my own room." Alas, how fictitious is language! Not my own room, but the room of thousands. As well may the infant born tonight exclaim, "Here I am in my own world!"

For truly this is the room, or one of the rooms, in which the unhonored and ungilded have dreamed away their weary nights since first this house cast the light of its evening eyes on the stony street.

The landlord was not aware of my heavy wealth, nor of my great renown, for the natural shyness of my manner conveys no hint of my importance. The landlord did not know of my mines of silver, my leagues of land, nor of the rich argosies which float upon my private seas, or he would have been more solicitous of my comfort. The landlord does not know that I am acquainted with greater men than he ever associated with, and lastly, as well as mostly, he does not know that I am the former mining partner, and present intimate friend, of John Johns. What care I for the landlord? What's he but the head-waiter? Let him cringe before governors, and other great acrobatic performers. Let him—let him—but pshaw! why should I enrage myself about the landlord, when I am washed, brushed, dusted, and ready to dine, though a little late?

The waiter at dinner, in a brogue that is pleasant and soft, though palpably Irish, says:

"We've had a payceable 'lection, ather all, sir."

"Yes?" interrogatively.

"Yis, sir; no distarbanche whativer."

"Big vote?"

"Powerful, sir! Forty towsan', or more, sir, they sez."

"Ah?"

"Yis, sir. Dimmicrats dizzn't loike the luks of it."

"Why not?"

"Frawd, sir."

"On whom?"

"Poiper, sir."

"Ah?"

"Yis, sir. Poiper's difayted."

This conversation brought me back to that terrible North American annoyance—the ballot-box and election day; so that, when I had finished my dinner and passed out into the street, I was not astonished to find the way blocked by noisy people of the sex male.

A man up in a balcony window had just read telegrams from various States, and the crowd was hip-hipping and hurrahing. Presently, a fine looking, mellow-voiced young orator with a waxed black mustache came to the window, and said he: "Fellow-citizens! Do you know what this news means? [Cheers, cheers, and more cheers.] It means [Cheers.] It means [Cheers.] It means [Cheers.] etc. He had so much to say about means that he seemed the chairman of some

committee on ways and means making a final report.

I worked my way around this crowd so that I came about where the new-comers, attracted by the cheering, approached the skirts of the great mass.

"What's the news?" says new-comer.

"Ohbegodwegotem."

"Got 'em?"

"Yes, dammerhearts, we got 'em."

More cheers, and more repetitions of how, "We've got 'em."

"Got 'em sure! Deader'n a fish."

"Deader'n hell!"

"Rah for Til'n."

"Three cheers for Tilden, Hendricks, and, Reform!"

"Tiger!"

It does not become a quiet rural citizen to remain long in such a turmoil; so I pushed out and proceeded away from the noisy centers toward the quieter regions of Mr. Johns's abode.

The contrast would have been grateful to my feelings as I passed, in the foggy dark alone, along streets where only the rolling car and an occasional footman disturbed the repose, were it not for the fact that I feared to find in the occasional footman a foe to my financial comfort.

At the residence, or rather the lodging place, of Mr. John Johns—for he is unmarried—I found that he was "down to his shop."

"Where is his shop?"

"Don't know."

"What sort of a shop?"

"Don't know."

"Who does know?"

"Don't know."

"What time does he come in?"

"Don't know. Lately he don't come for days. Inventin' something, I guess."

"Why do you think he is inventing?"

"Because he talks of big discoveries, and of fortunes made out of brains. And them kind's 'most always inventors, if they ain't crazy."

I could only thank madam for her information and proceed back toward the noisy throngs.

It is my usual treat to go to the theater or concert when I am in the city, because then I am in the familiar country of dreamland, where I have many warm friends, and some valuable real estate. But this night I could not conclude to go to any indoor show, so long as my brother sovereigns were wearing the cap and bells in the streets, and striving to knock each other on the head with that imaginary bauble—the ballot.

To a rural stranger a shouting, seething city, after night, is a great exhibition—particularly

when all the toads in the political pool are croaking in full chorus. It is almost funny to see how they work themselves up to the belief that they are honestly in earnest search after good government, when really they only desire a chance to jeer and cheer at each other. It comes near being melancholy, when we comprehend that after all the talk of proud intelligence, high civilization, modern improvement, and all such, that the whole question of which it shall be—Hayes or Tilden—may turn upon a township of ignorant Africans, or even upon the solitary vote of the Chinaman who polled on Tuesday.

I returned to my hotel, passing the noisy throng in the street, and hearing on the night air above the blinking eyes of the houses, the hoarse roaring of the crowd, but I passed on without noting what was said, further than that men still met each other with extended congratulatory hands and—

"We've got 'em!"

"You bet your life we've got 'em!"

"Got 'em this time!"

"Sure as hell we've got 'em!"

"Rah for Til'n 'n 'endrix!"

Tired, excited, disappointed, amused, the little room in the large hotel, with its one window looking out into a chimney-flue sort of court-yard, into whose profound depth the pitying sun cast just one glance per diem, seemed like an asylum where the timid man might hide away from the roaring monster with the popular voice, and be at peace; as much so as the criminal who welcomes the granite cell of durance vile as an escape from the rage of indignant citizens. "Alas," I said, as I sat at the open window, seeking for air, and viewing the shadows and rain-stains on the opposite wall, "I still hear, in a muffled murmur, the roaring of the multitudes—those twin monsters of our loud misrule who are ready to trample friend or foe under the eager stride for power. Roar on—shout—yell—I have heard you both, once in each four years since 1840, boasting of your desire and ableness to save the country, while at each triumph of either of you it has gone worse.

"If 'we, the people,' had no more sagacity, thrift, and industry than we, the party voters, the owls of melancholy would, years ago, have sat brooding over the ruins of our institutions. Then again," I said to myself, very profoundly, as I sat by that lonesome window, "the reason why we, the party voters, have so much less sense than 'we, the people,' is because 'we, the people,' are more than half women, while we, the party voters, are no women at all." I knew that was a profound remark, and I chuck-

led a solitary chuckle as I got into my solitary bed. And, ah! how solitary is a hotel bed to a virtuous family man, when traveling alone. To such a man it is a boundless wilderness between life and eternity. As I closed my eyes to sleep, it seemed to me that some critic might sneer at my profound remark regarding the difference between the sense of the people and the sense of the voters, and the last I can recollect of wakefulness that evening was my half dreamy effort to whisper into my imaginary critic's imaginary ear this:

"A wise motherhood is the soul of good government."

The next day—not exactly morning—I awakened, and called me gently to arise, because, in the absence of the cock's shrill clarion, or the whistle of the birds, and the breath of the sun's morning kiss, I was compelled to call myself, or I should, perhaps, have slept on and on with folded hands on a pulseless bosom, like a brass monarch in his vault on top of his own tomb.

In due time, fortified for the day's duty, I was again upon the street seeking the whereabouts of John Johns; but now, the spirit of the street was changed to "Rah for Hayes!" but the same pass-words answered the change of sentiment.

"We've got 'em!"

"You bet we've got 'em!"

"Rah for Hayes an' Weeler!"

"Yah-ah-ah!"

"Tiger!"

Evidently, somebody had met the enemy somewhere, and somehow had got 'em, but to a rural person, the city situation as a political issue was perplexing; so I marched sturdily on my way, taking care to avoid collision with the excited passers on the sidewalk. Looking up and out, toward the persons in a passing throng of motley vehicles, I saw John Johns, standing up, in an express job wagon, holding on to, and steadying, a large, old-fashioned, carved gilt-framed looking-glass. Impulsively and loudly, I fairly howled out: "Hello, Johns!"

Clinging to his treasure, he twisted his head about in a bewildered sort of way, till, at last, his eyes fell upon me. The wagon could not stop in the moving throng, nor could Johns let go of his frail property; so I followed along, meekly smiling, like an outside boy at a village funeral.

Down the street I marched, keeping my eye from time to time upon Johns as we passed through the massive crowd upon Montgomery Street, where the printing offices are, and where thousands of anxious voters were staring and

hurrahing for Hayes and Wheeler, while a coarse-featured, leathery-skinned heavy man, with much cheek and good teeth, was making gigantic gesticulations from an open second-floor window, and working his heavy features, from which gleamed the white array of his polished incisors like flashes of indignation; but all I could hear of his remarks was, " . . . this great victory vouchsafed . . . Almighty God . . . nation . . . Hayes and Wheeler . . .," mingled with the buzzing of the crowd, whooping, shouting, yelling, bah-hahing, rattling of wagons, rumbling of cars, and all other noises, which go to make up an impromptu mass meeting of excited anxiety. In course of time we got out of the jam, and Johns called to me to get up into the job-wagon. I do not admire that style of conveyance for an easy and stylish city ride, but to gratify my friend I climbed up beside him, and used one hand to assist him, while he let one hold go to give me a welcome shake, as he remarked:

"Glad you came. Mighty glad you came. I will astonish you when we get to my den."

It did not take us long to get there, where Johns, and the carman, and myself carried his big looking-glass carefully up two flights of steps, and deposited it in a large carelessly kept room among many other mirrors of all shapes, sizes, and conditions.

"There," said J. J., when he had paid the departing expressman and closed the door—"there, sir. What do you think of this line of business?"

"Well, if this is the auction business, I think the stock on hand lacks variety."

"But this is *not* the auction business," said Johns, as he looked into my eyes with a superiority expression in his own.

"Then I give it up—unless you propose to play the *rôle* of Old Mortality to dilapidated mirrors."

"No! No Old Mortality for me. Take a seat. I've got some chairs here—yes, here's one. Sit down here at this old table, and I'll make you open your eyes wider than you did when I found the Great Consolidated."

I sat down by the old table, which was burned all over with acids and caustics, while the room smelled like a drug-store which had just entertained a mad bull, and Johns went away to a part of the great room which he had at some time fenced off into darkness by housing it in with heavy painted canvas. I was about to make some reflections, but, on looking around upon the multitude of mirrors, I at once saw that no reflections were needed.

Johns returned from his bower of mystery, he called it, and threw upon the table before

me a collection of those crisp, curling, ugly pieces of paper which the photographers call proofs.

"There!" said he. "Cast your philosophic eyes over that mess of human history." And he looked, I must say, as triumphant as a demon of mischief.

I uncurled the papers one after another, and found them to be scenes and broken glimpses of scenes in the life of one man—pictures which the man, whoever he was, and he seemed wealthy and well bred, would not wish to have taken; pictures which gave to the world, if the world should ever see them, some part of his life which he would not wish to draw across his own memory even in the hours of solitude.

"Well, what do you think now?" said Johns, when I looked up at him as he stood opposite to me across the table.

"I think this is a most salacious lot of trash."

"Of course it is. I bought that mirror from the former mistress of a high-up gentleman. It cost me big money. That's it over there—large heavy French plate, with massive carved frame. I'll sell the frame, but I'm not done with the glass yet."

"A'n't you a little crazy, John?" I said, somewhat sadly.

"Certainly; that's just what's the matter with me," he replied, with the least hint of a sneer in his voice, and a heavy accent on the word "me."

"There's a different story," he said, as he withdrew the papers I had just looked over, and threw upon the table another batch.

Here I had before me various scenes in the life of a woman and two children. She was a young, pretty woman in these natural—yea, too natural—pictures, dressed in the simplest form of chaste night-clothing. The children were very pretty, and also dressed in sleeping clothes. In some scenes they said their prayers at their mother's knee, or stood upon the dressing-table at right and left of the woman, with their cheeks against her cheeks, showing three happy faces in the glass, or climbed for kisses, or slept while she looked into their sleeping faces; and one line of pictures showed the oldest ill and dying, with the mother constantly by its side, and after that there was but one child in the scenes, with more kisses and fewer smiles. The tears came into my eyes as my imagination rapidly filled out this little history, with its love, its sorrow, its care, its funeral, its empty little dresses and unused shoes, its aching blank in a happy life; and as I drew out my handkerchief, with the cowardly make-believe of blowing my nose, Johns, who had been pacing the room, whirled upon his heel, and said:

"What do you think now, old fellow?"

"I do not think—I wonder; and I ask you what is the object of all this?"

"I got that history out of yon plain oval-topped mirror which you see there. I bought it at auction. It is interesting, but there is no money in it. I shall send it again to be sold."

"Well, well!" I said, something hastily. "What is the object of it all, and why am I summoned to appear?"

"The object of it all is to make money, and that is why I summoned you. I want a partner in this business with a capital of \$5,000. I knew you had the money, and I know there is a princely fortune for both of us."

"Well, supposing the fact of my having the money, what part am I to play in this business, which is to me as yet all mystery?"

"You need play no part, but put up your money and divide the results. I'll run the thing."

"What is this which you propose to run?"

"Why, can't you guess? It's the simplest thing in the world."

"Simple or not, I do not guess. Indeed, it is the simplest things which make the hardest guessing. What's it all about, anyhow?"

"It's this," said Johns, as he paced the echoing room with nervous energy: "While I was analyzing and assaying the combined salts, acids, earths, etc., of the alkali flats of Nevada, in the search for borax, etc., I developed some curious chemicals, which have magical effects in fixing lights and shadows when played upon a quicksilvered background."

"Now, you can believe that quicksilver is the picture-making power of all modern mirrors. I have discovered a process by which a mirror is made to give up all its old reflections, one after the other, like a keen living memory. I reduce these reflections by chemicals under electric action to photographs, and by that means I hold a mastery of all that's true in art—I become the great detective; and, by buying old mirrors, I propose to levy a tax upon the conscience of evil pride and thereby to enjoy a princely income."

"No man can deny his own face, his own form, his well known costume, nor the photograph of his former private haunts. Such a man in the weakness of his pretended integrity becomes my vassal, my tributary—and yours, if you wish to join me in this discovery. Talk about the power of the press," continued Johns, as he still strode nervously up and down the room, "the lever of Archimedes, the Catholic confessional, the police espionage of tyrants—all, all is the play of a child compared to this."

"It seems a wondrous wicked power," said I.

"Wicked to the wicked only."

"You would literalize Shakspeare and 'hold the mirror up to Nature?'"

"No; hold Nature up to the mirror. To me the orator, the actor, the poet, the painter must come to learn the unstrained, unconscious posing and grouping of men and women."

"And I suppose you will be delighted to see humanity blush and quiver at the home-thrust pictures of its own petty weaknesses."

"I do not see any home-thrusting about it, so far as I am concerned."

"Do you not call it home-thrusting when you can convince a man, even to utter dumbness, that he has made an ass of himself at some time? Is not memory a more hurtful weapon than steel to a sensitive soul? And if your victim of memory is not sensitive, if he is a pig-headed, bull-necked, pachydermatous brute, your weapon falls harmless from his hide. Yet you delight in wounding those who have already wounded themselves."

"Delight! Certainly. Does a man think for triumph and labor for success, and then not thrill with delight when triumph comes?"

"I grant that."

"Does not the successful wealthy man hug himself with triumph before my impecunious eyes?"

"But he does not get his wealth out of your ash-pile without paying you for it."

"The devil he doesn't. I am entitled to wood, water, and grass by God—I don't mean to curse—but your wealthy man takes advantage of my lack of legal alertness, and flaunts his proprietary statutes—his laws of domain—in my face, contravenes the gift of God, and asks me 'what'll you do about it?'"

"Well—but that is the result of long, well considered, wise usage upon which man has advanced to his present proud position. It is the substitute for Nature's grab game."

"If time and usage make sacredness, I'm all right, because I suspect this thing of tell-tale shadows is as old as the sun. Yes, sir," he added, with a resolute emphasis on the "sir"—"yes, sir, I expect some day to be able to recall any shadow that ever fell across the path of time. I'll give you yet," he said it with a smile, "a photographic group of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, if there ever were any such people to cast a shadow on the earth, provided I can find that famous truck-patch."

"Ay, I see there is no use talking when you go off on your visions; but do you think it fair to go about hunting the skeletons in people's closets?"

"I've nothing to do with people's skeletons or their closets. If there is an idiot or a natu-

ral monster in a family, I'd cut off this hand sooner than trade upon the misfortune; but does your beautiful priest, or preacher, or parson, or whatever you call him, lend a listening ear and a bright imagination to the recital of my sinful life for nothing? He wants to point a moral, does he? All right—so do I. He wants his salary and his little perquisites for the use of his gigantic and graceful intellect. So do I for mine."

"But it seems to me your new business is likely to involve the innocent with the guilty. Here you take, say for instance, some scenes in the early career of a to-day respectable man or woman who each have innocent children, and you involve the whole family connection in your revelations, making things disagreeable all round. You used to be tender and chivalrous toward women and children."

"I'm open to flattery," said Johns, with a sad, withered smile, "but not to the extent of former years. I should not like to see a child hurt, much less should like to feel I had hurt it; but men and women are my lawful prey."

"Have you come to *that*, John?" I said, somewhat sadly. He took several hasty tramps around his room, and then answered as he marched on:

"Yes, I've come to *that*. Does not wealthy woman look out of her carriage windows in a sick, old, mawkish, languid scorn upon the struggling unsuccessful multitude; or does she not trail the dust with her wasteful wealth of martyred silks across my clouted shoes as she paces and pitilessly smiles by me in the street? If she does not delight in her triumph over my poverty and weakness, why don't she go ride or walk in private? She can afford the expense of a private ride. If she will triumph, I will contest her right to triumph. Delight in my discovery! I should say I did delight in it. Will you go in with me? That is what I want to know," concluded J. J., as he stopped suddenly in his excited march.

"This is a delicate business," replied I, after a pause, "and I cannot see my way at a moment's notice; and, with the newness of it all, you keep up such an excited and excitable tramping over the naked floor of this echoing room that I cannot think——"

"I'll stop! I'll stop!" exclaimed Johns, quickly, taking the only other chair in the room. "I've got myself a good deal worked up on this subject; I'm away ahead and must give you time to catch up, and, by the way," he added, looking at his watch, "I'm hungry. Let us go to lunch," and he placed his hand on the door-knob in the act of going out into the hall; but the knob turned in his grasp, the door opened,

and an humble citizen of the Chinese Empire showed his peculiar smiling face at the opening.

"Well, what the hell do *you* want?" asked Johns.

"You likee one man wo'kee you?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Wantee job—altee same—no talkee what do. Washaman, him telle me mebbe so one a-man top side a-house likee man wo'kee. Vellee good man ahme; no stealee, no bleakee glass, no go China-house altee time, gammel fan-tan."

"You're a pretty good talker," said Johns, coldly, looking the while at the pagan with quizzical gaze.

"Vellee talkee me. No got job, vellee good talkee—heap got job, talkee no got," answered the Celestial, with confident firmness and the smile of his ancestors.

"And you don't steal?"

"No stealee—no takee nodding;" then, having insinuated himself more nearly into the room so that he saw the strange array of mirrors, he pointed to that lot of property, saying, "Me heap muchee sabbe him. Sabbe washee him—sabbe cleanah him vellee good—no bleak him 'tall."

"Well, you come to-morrow. I haven't time to talk to you now."

"All light—to-molla. What time come?"

"Eight o'clock in the morning."

"All light. To-molla, eigh' galock, me come;" and he departed down stairs to the music of the clip-clap-clatter of his curious shoes.

Johns and myself followed the Celestial menial down into the streets, leaving the door of the mirror hospital locked behind us.

The dining-room toward which Johns directed his steps being down in the cardiac regions of the city, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the to-and-fro goers and news-seeking idlers, and could again feel the political pulse of the nation throbbing against the gates of sundown. Johns paid no attention, being accustomed to city sights and sounds; while I could not but feel and note the excitement. Already there began to be a sense of sullen defiance in men's faces. The loud, lifting shout and eager hand-clasping were gone, and men gazed upon the variations of bulletin blackboards with firm, grim countenances. Men felt, but did not reason out, that there was a hitch in the election machinery somewhere. The ballot failing—what then? Anarchy. Let us wait. So the great turmoil settled down to grim repose; and the "posterity of the Constitution" quailed before their own engine of peace

As we walked along among and through the passing crowds I could feel that the elective franchise was weakening among men. I could scent the failure of the many, and easily divine how that the ballot power, starting with the few, then being battled about to amuse the many, may come back to its starting point, and be again the instrument of the few. At length, as we neared the restaurant, I asked:

"Johns, are you glad that we captured Cornwallis at Yorktown?"

"What?"

I repeated my question.

"Well! well! We did capture Cornwallis—didn't we?" responded Johns. "Well, now, don't you know," he continued, "that's the first I've heard about Cornwallis for at least twenty years? Why don't we say more about that victory?"

"One reason is, it did not occur in New England; but are you glad we did it?"

"I suppose so. Why not?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, but it is something, too. The old rooster ought to have kept his red-coats at home."

"Does it make any difference what color the army coat is, if the army rules?"

"Why, yes—of course."

"Not to me," I said, as we entered the room where tables, dishes, and white-aproned waiters abound.

I suppose nearly all men and many women know what is done in a restaurant, and yet to me the entrance into a strange place of that kind is ever a sort of surprise, not to say embarrassment.

The confident manner and emphatic tread of the waiter seems a sort of menace to my shy nature, while the bold stare of the old *habitué* of the place, as he lowers his newspaper and looks steadily at me over the tops of his pinch-nose eye-glasses, gives me the feeling of being accused of something green; all of which, added to my ever-futile attempts to unravel that gastronomic charade, the "bill of fare," puts upon me an impressive sense of my own littleness and rural homeliness. On the matter of the bill of fare I appeal to my rustic countrymen to say if it is not a delusion and a snare to the empty stomach of the man who is accustomed to have his food placed before him, like a Democratic State Convention with every well known delegate in his place and the country fully represented.

By the time my nerves were somewhat composed the waiter brought our order, and in a rattling, banging, homeless, heartless rapidity placed before me an array of small dishes, each

of which, by the smallness of its contents, seemed to say, "Meat for one," "Stew for one"—in fact, everything or anything only for one; a state of things calculated to make a family man feel lost. What chance with such dishes is there for the yearling who sits in his little high chair at my right, or the three-year old at my left, to reach their chubby greasy hands fondly around my plate and call for a divide? I almost dropped tears into the black adulterous coffee as I momentarily thought of the restaurant isolation and dreamed of "my young barbarians at play." A restaurant is no good place for the family father of a numerous progeny. The place is not redolent of the family virtues. These little oblong dishes with their units of grub seem to sing a solitary song like this:

"No one to love, no love to fight,
No one to weep if a fellow gets tight."

We could not talk while lunching of anything but politics, because there was a political epidemic, and at the numerous tables were men gesticulating with knife, fork, or fingers while talking through working jaws, and the absorbing subject was the ballot; hence, like a true ruminant, I chewed in silence and wondered inwardly as to the effect of these political epidemics on the health of the republic. Is the political spasm which we have each four years a healthy orgasm, or does it lead to softening of the political brain? Does it indicate a sensible love of country, or is it only a maudlin, senile passion? Is it the ragged remainder of what we have been, or is it the swelling germ of a better life? If at this point I had not strangled on a misdirected gulp of coffee there is no telling what fearful conundrum I would have put to myself.

We finished our lunch, and Johns and I passed out once again into the streets of America. I could not then, nor can I now, dispossess my mind of the overpowering shadow of "our institutions" as the politician pleases to call them—"our American institutions"—hence all the streets that ever I saw, having seen streets in no other country, are to me American streets. Real provincialism has no abiding place in our republic. The out-door impression is everywhere the same. The people are clothed alike; the horses are harnessed alike; the heavy wagons are painted alike; the light wagons and carriages have all the same glitter of varnish; the buildings vary only as to the relative amount of bricks, woods, stones, and irons which enter into their construction. There is the merest faint odor of antiquity in the oldest street—no quaint or curious footways from the

"Sit down." Then, throwing his hat upon the chemically stained table, he rushed to his dark corner, and almost instantly came out again with a roll of those crisp paper-proofs in his hand. These he laid upon the table. Then, sitting down at the same table, he took from his pockets two things—one of which was the photograph we saw in the gallery show-case, while the other was a magnifying glass. For a few minutes he absorbed his attention by looking through the glass alternately at the proofs and the photograph from the gallery. Then, striking the table with the soft side of his clenched hand, he exclaimed, "The identical same, by heaven."

"The same?" I echoed.

"Yes," said he, again looking through the glass at the pictures. "She's older and grander looking now, but she's the same 'girl' she was at least twenty years ago. Just take this glass and look at her. You see in my pictures, which came out of yon old mirror, she is all of the Italian painter's fancy of the Madonna, less the holy nimbus, while in this picture she is the Roman matron, beatified by the snows and spring-flowers of Saxon Europe. Perhaps you will not see in the photographic black and white the sense of color which I feel."

I took the pictures. I looked at them through the glass.

"Noble female animal," I exclaimed; "and yet, withal, great of intellect, too. Johns," I added, while still looking through the glass at the face and form of the picture, "if I were not the well wedded father of a numerous interesting progeny, I should desire, at this moment, to go somewhere to find a woman like this and fall in love with her with all my might."

"You will go a long way before you find a woman like that, and when you do find her, she will be mortgaged, body and soul, to some other fellow."

"Do you think so strong a nature as this would be so mortgaged to anybody?"

"Yes; I have an idea that a great woman—a really great one—clings greatly to her accepted love, as she, also, does to her children."

At this point, a new thought coming into John's head, he popped off toward his dark room, with the photograph in his hand, saying as he went, "Ah, excuse me."

When John Johns goes off in that manner, I know by old experience with his kind that I may see him again in an hour, or a week, as the humor takes him. So, after waiting some time, I said:

"Excuse me—I'm going down town."

"All right," said Johns, from his den, "I'll see you soon."

Going down stairs into the street, I felt relieved from the incubus of Johns's mesmeric force. These highly concentrated and compressed people always fascinate me. Highly polished steam engines have the same effect upon me when I watch them running rapidly, with that simmering hint of a broken silence which may end in explosion.

I went about my own little business among the thousands and thousands of other nameless people who, like myself, were seeking to bring together the incongruous items of daily human life. I had not further converse with J. J. for more than a week, though each day, sometimes more than once, I called at his place only to find his Mongolian servitor responding to my call with:

"Him all light. Allee time catchee photograph. No talkee him. Him tellee me, him flen' come, me talkee—by um by all light."

I did not call upon my old former partner again for more than another week, and when I did then call, his servant said:

"Him go travel. No tellee me nodding. Me no know."

"How long is he gone? How many days gone?"

"Thlee day—no see him."

Becoming weary with waiting on the eccentricities of my friend, I wended my way to the depot, and took the cars for home.

When I arrived at home, I found an epistle of some length, addressed to me, in my village post-office box. I carried the letter home, and, after I had looked about my place, and spoken a pleasant, friendly piece to the cows, horses, pigs, and fowls, and made myself otherwise sociable and comfortable among my own, or, rather, among the things to which I belong, I settled down to a perusal of my correspondence. The long epistle ran thus:

MY DEAR MAC:—You are the only sensible man I was ever really acquainted with. You are the one go-ahead man that knows when to quit. Not knowing that, I am both a fool and a beggar.

I "hunted" the woman whose photograph you know I got from the photographer. I found her. With my new power I made her hunt me. I sent her, in part, the pictorial history of her old times. She came to my place, dressed like a dignified duchess, having with her a four-year old girl dressed like a princess.

She, with the child, climbed the dusty, dark stairs to my studio. I offered a chair—she took it, and sat down—the child clinging about her knees as it followed me with its eyes. The woman took from her satchel the pictures I

had sent her with my note, in which I had written, "if it is important to you to know more of this matter, call upon John Johns, No. — J — Street," and laid them in her lap, under her hand.

"You sent me this note and these photographs?"

"Yes, madam," I answered, taking a chair at a respectful distance in front of her.

"What do you want?" she asked, dryly, while the child, quitting her knees, came over to my own, and began softly smoothing down the ends of my beard.

"I want to know if it is to your interest to have the means of making those pictures destroyed?"

"No, it is not to my interest," she answered, calmly.

"Very well, madam, then the means will not be destroyed," I said, coolly, as I half unconsciously took the child upon my knee.

"You look like my mamma," said the child, gazing steadily up at my face.

At this speech of the child, the mother cast a startled half glance at me, yet remarked:

"It is my desire to have everything connected with these pictures destroyed—but I cannot say it is to my interest."

"You know best, madam."

"I am not certain that I do," she said, "but I wish to tell you (however you came by your knowledge, and I do not ask how you came by it) that I am not, and never have been, the thing which your pictures in some degree indicate."

"It is your face, is it not?"

"It is my face."

"It is your form?"

"It was my form. I was a girl then."

"Very good, madam, I seek no explanations."

"But you should not be harder with me than the facts."

"I am not."

"But, pardon me, sir, you are."

"If the pictures say less, or say more, I am content. I shall add nothing."

"You looks like a good man," said the little one, laying her head contentedly against my vest.

"But that will not do, sir. I believe in following the truth, cost what it will, but I am not willing to submit to more or less than the truth. Now, there are only two ways that you can add to your fortunes by making me ashamed; one is that I pay you money—the other is that you sell what appears to be, but is not, the story of my shame to the public. In either case it would bring grief upon my house. I deny no fact—which do you propose to do?"

"Whichever you desire, madam."

"But I desire neither."

"I think we understand each other."

"No, sir, I think you do not understand me. I have come at your summons to say to you that I am a woman who cares not one straw for her own life, if it could be disconnected from those who are dearer than life, and to ask you, if you should seem to be a gentleman, not to injure, through me, those who never did themselves or others any wrong."

"What shall be my compensation for this gentlemanly condescension?"

"A gentleman's clear conscience, sir."

I laughed.

"Well, sir," said the madam, rising, "I have asked all I came to ask, and I tell you now, without anger or alarm, that when I was a girl alone in this wild country over twenty years ago I was wild as the country was—wild as an old Californian; but," and, taking her child by the hand, she stood erect—"but I never was, nor will I now be, a hypocrite or a liar."

Something in the woman's proud attitude, as she uttered these last words, brought me the slightest reminder of long, long ago; but before I could have time to locate the reminder in its rightful place, the madam continued:

"You must see, sir, it is no use—no use for me to buy your accusation if you are not at bottom a gentleman; and, if you are a gentleman, it cannot be for sale."

I thought this a pretty keen bluff, but you know that I am not easily bluffed. Yet I admitted to myself that she was playing against one of the weakest combinations in my hand.

"I am complimented, madam, for the liberal offer to class me among gentlemen."

"But you do not accept it?"

"No, madam. I have not yet had cause to agree with the Honorable Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who advised his young friend to 'perjure yourself like a gentleman, sir,' rather than swear to the truth of a lady's character."

"Yet you are an American born?"

"I have that honor, madam."

"And have sisters, I may suppose?"

"Not in the plural. Perhaps not now any sister, but one I did have long ago."

"Suppose I were that sister?"

"Pshaw, madam; all this is away from the matter in hand."

"Very good, sir. If no appeal can reach your gentlemanly instincts, my mission here is entirely ended. I will not buy you—let the consequences be what they may," and she opened the door toward going out.

"Perhaps, madam, in proof of the courage you wish to evince in refusing to 'buy me,' you

will give me the name of the maiden who figures in these poor photographs of mine."

"My maiden name? Yes, sir. It was Henrietta Moidorn."

She passed the door, closed it behind her, and was gone. I did not call after her. The room seemed riding on the pulse of an earthquake. Everything was mixed. I sank into a chair by the table utterly nerveless. I was pursuing and trying to shame my own flesh and blood—my own and only sister. I could feel the place warm on my vest where the child's head had rested.

There is little more to tell, old man. Long as you have known me, much as I have talked to you alone in the mountains of the sage-land, faithful as you have been to me, and truly as I have respected and trusted you, there is one chapter of my personal history I never have told to you, and now never will.

My great discovery looks to me now like a crime. I shall bury myself and it together.

Good-bye, old man. There is nothing you can do. There is nothing worth doing for your old friend, John Johns. You may write or tell what you like about me, as I shall then be out of the way forever, where nothing human can affect,

Yours truly, in fact,

JOHN JACOB MOIDORN.

I finished reading the epistle. I wrote this sketch. I have reflected over the whole matter, but as I am not the heir of John Johns, or, more correctly in the new light, of John Jacob Moidorn, I did not look after its effects, although I read myself thin of flesh over the daily papers hunting accidents, suicides, mysterious disappearances, and morgue reports. I do not know what became of my old friend, or of his sister, or of the Chinaman. I do not know why Tilden was not elected President in 1876, nor why "Poiper was defayed," and I don't believe anybody else does.

J. W. GALLY.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF THE TELEGRAPH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

During the early period of its history, say from 1849 to 1853, California was isolated from the rest of the world, there being no telegraphic communication on the Pacific Coast whatever. The first movement to put a line of telegraph in operation was made in 1852, when Messrs. Allen and Burnham obtained from the Legislature of California a franchise giving them the right to operate a line between San Francisco and Marysville, *via* San José, Stockton, and Sacramento, for a term of fifteen years—this right to be exclusive, provided that the line was completed by the first of November, 1853. The company was organized under the name of the California Telegraph Company; but, owing to disastrous fires in 1852, it was found impossible to carry out the construction of the line under the first organization. In 1853, the company was reorganized, and called the California State Telegraph Company. The stock was fully paid up, and the Directors, in order to secure the charter, energetically set to work to complete the line within the time specified in the original franchise. W. B. Ransom was appointed Superintendent, and W. M. Rockwell, who for many years after was a prominent hardware merchant in San Francisco, had the contract for

the construction of the line. I had at that time just returned to Sacramento from the mines, where I had been trying my hand at mining, and by accident met Mr. Ransom, who learned from my conversation that I was a practical telegrapher, and immediately engaged my services to take charge of the wire party then being fitted out at San Francisco. I at once left for that city, where on my arrival I took command of the men employed to string the wire, at the same time learning that the pole-setters were already many miles in advance.

The party numbered five besides myself—our means of transportation being the running-gear of a wagon, on which were placed loose boards enough to carry our meager outfit. This consisted of a coffee-pot, small sheet-iron boiler, tin plates, tin cups, knives, forks, and blankets. The wagon, drawn by a pair of well broken mustangs, in addition to carrying our camp equipage, served the purpose of carrying the reel and running out the wire. It was then the thirteenth of September, 1853, when work was commenced; and as the line had to be completed and in operation over a distance of two hundred miles before the first of November following (six weeks), there was no time to lose.

Our little party worked energetically, and on the first day we strung up about three miles, camping for the night at what was known as the Abbey, a wayside house on the outskirts of the city. The next day we made about six miles, having commenced early in the morning and working until dark. The day had been a very foggy one, and as the country at that time was but sparsely settled, and but little land fenced in in any direction, we found ourselves, when the day's work was over, lost in the fog. Toward the close of the day, and shortly before leaving off work, we had noticed, as we came along, a squatter's cabin, to which, having no tent with us, we had decided to return and seek shelter for the night. To find this cabin was now our great desire, that we might be protected from the cold winds and fog. Separating, but with the understanding that we should keep within hailing distance of each other, we groped in the dark and fog for more than an hour, but without success. The squatter's cabin seemed to be a sort of befogged "Will o' the Wisp"—with this difference, we were sure that it was there somewhere, but to save our lives none of us could find it. We finally determined to give up the search, roll ourselves up in our blankets, and make the best of it on the ground. In our eagerness to find the cabin we had overlooked our supper. This had now to be prepared. It took but a few moments to decide what it should consist of. Our larder was so limited as to dispose quickly of all controversy on that head. But simple as the meal was, it could not be prepared without fuel, and, while searching for sufficient wood to make a fire, one of our party ran up against the cabin we had so long and anxiously sought, and which all this time was within a few hundred feet of the spot we had selected as our camping ground. Worn out as we were with a long and hard day's work, the prospect so unexpectedly opened up of passing the night under shelter, and in the warmth of a cheerful fire, was received by all with feelings of unlimited satisfaction. A kind-hearted squatter received us most hospitably, and welcomed us to the shelter of his cabin, which our party, small though it was, completely filled. Coffee was soon made, and this, with some canned meats and vegetables, soon satisfied the inner man. A few minutes' chat sufficed to tell the news of the day, and, then, rolling up in our blankets, we sought and quickly found a well earned repose.

All this to me at that time was, in reality, but little hardship. My journey across the plains had thoroughly broken me in to the roughness and simplicity of camp-life, and as I

stretched out that night, and often afterward, in my blankets on the "soft side of a plank," I enjoyed a rest rarely experienced by any even when surrounded by the greatest luxuries.

The next morning we made an early start, breakfast being finished before daylight. There was no eight-hour law at that time, and as the work had to be pushed forward rapidly, our time was from daylight to dark. In these days we put up from five to seven miles of wire a day. On the fifth day out we reached a ravine known as the Cañada Diablo, near what is now Belmont, and the site of what was afterward noted as the Ralston mansion. Here the first attempt was successfully made to open up communication by telegraph with San Francisco. On testing the line I found a good current from the San Francisco battery, and, after having connected my instruments, placed myself in direct communication with that office, then established in what is now the old City Hall. This was the first message ever transmitted on the Pacific Coast over a telegraph line. After this, regular communication was opened up every evening between our camp and the city, and the progress of the work reported.

The telegraph at that time was a source of great curiosity to almost every person along the route, particularly to the native population, who looked upon the construction of the line with the greatest wonder. Many of them in ignorance of its real purpose and not understanding the use of the poles erected along the road at regular intervals, strung with wire with a cross-arm on each pole, conceived the idea and expressed it as their belief that the Yankees were fencing in the country with crosses to keep the devil out.

From this period the work was successfully carried on without any incident of importance until we reached San José. At this place the first regular station was opened. The office was fitted up on the day following our arrival, and I soon had it prepared for business. While these preparations were being made the portion of the street fronting the office had rapidly filled up with a crowd of people, a large proportion of whom were native Californians, all manifesting the greatest interest and desiring to know what was going on. The day being warm, the windows of the office were wide open. As they opened on the sidewalk all that I was doing inside was plainly visible to those standing without. Observing the anxious and inquiring expression on the faces of those who had managed to get near enough to thrust their heads through the open window, it occurred to me to act in a very mysterious manner in order to see what effect it would have upon my spec-

tators. I had just received the first message from San Francisco, which, after it had been copied, I placed in an envelope. On seeing me do this my audience thought, as I supposed, I was preparing the message for transmission. I took it from the table on which I had placed it, and instead of handing it to the boy for delivery, I put it, holding it in my hand, under the table which was provided with sides sufficiently deep to hide the envelope from their view. As I did this I kept my eyes fixed on the wire, while, with my right hand, I took hold of the key and began working it. The moment the crowd heard the first click of the instrument they all rushed from under the veranda out into the street to see the message in the envelope pass along the wire. On seeing them rush out tumbling one over the other to catch a glimpse of the message, we on the inside burst out into one long and continued roar of laughter. Our laughing seemed to puzzle them still more. But little by little they began to realize that they had been made the victims of an innocent joke. They at first manifested signs of disappointment that their expectations had not been realized; but instead of passing any time in vain regrets, they immediately set to work to find out what really had become of the mysterious message. And, after all, their conception of this, although a mistaken one, was a very rational one. To one who had neither heard of the telegraph and electricity, nor conceived the possible existence of the latter, what could be more natural than to suppose that the envelope and its contents were propelled under the agency of a motive power along the wire from one point to another. As they had failed to see it pass along the wire their second supposition was that the wire was hollow and that the envelope with its message inclosed was forced through the hollow part, and with this idea they asked whether such was not the case; nor would they believe the contrary until, for themselves, they had examined the end of the wire. Conviction on this point put an end to their conjectures. The telegraph was to them the very hardest kind of a conundrum. It was impossible of solution. Their final conclusion was that it was an enchained spirit—but whether a good one or an evil one they could not quite determine—over which I had such control that it was obliged to do my bidding. Under this impression they departed one by one, looking upon both the telegraph and myself as something, as the Scotchman would say, “uncanny.”

After having fully equipped the office at San José for business and placed it in regular telegraphic communication with San Francisco, I

prepared to push on the next day for Stockton, when, just as we were on the point of starting, I discovered that the coils of wire that had been stored at San José were much larger than those we had used between San Francisco and that point, and were consequently more difficult to handle without changing the reel. We made only three miles that day, camping at night in front of a farm-house, the occupant of which had left the Eastern States before the advent of the telegraph. When supper was over he visited our camp and appeared much interested, watching me attentively while I was communicating with San José and San Francisco. He could not realize that it was possible for me to hold a conversation, through the medium of a little ticking instrument, with persons so far distant. In fact, he expressed grave doubts as to the truthfulness of my assertion that I was speaking with any one at all, saying that it was impossible for any one to read or interpret the clicks made by the little instrument in front of me. And so satisfied was he of the correctness of his views that he stated his willingness to back them up by a wager. He then requested me to tell him what it was I had just communicated. I told him I had informed the operator at San José that the machinery I was using for paying out the wire needed some alterations, and that I would return there the next morning to have the necessary changes made. He thereupon very kindly volunteered on certain conditions to take me to San José in his wagon. The conditions were that I would accept his offer to furnish watermelons for the whole party on its being proved that the communication I had stated as having been sent by me to San José had been received at that office over the line. But to make sure that no advantage should be taken of him, he requested me to send another message to the effect that on our arrival at San José in the morning the operator must promptly appear at the door of the office and say “Watermelons.” My agreement to do this seemed to increase the interest my rancher friend held in me, and he very generously tendered me the hospitality of his house, in which I enjoyed the luxury of an excellent bed. After a hearty breakfast in the morning, a good pair of horses were brought out and attached to a buggy, in which was placed my reel, and we started for San José. Drawing up in front of the office we were met by the operator at the door, who promptly saluted us with “Where are the watermelons?” My companion slapped me on the back, delighted at being fully convinced of the reality and importance of the telegraph. The watermelons were quickly provided, and as they were worth at that time

a dollar or more apiece, they were considered a great treat. When the feast was over, he made many inquiries about the telegraph, examining into the mysteries of its working; after which, the changes in the wire-reel having in the meantime been made, we set out on our return to the camp, where, on our arrival in the afternoon, work was again resumed.

Nothing worthy of note occurred after this time until we reached Sunol Valley in the mountains east of the San José Mission. On the night of our arrival there I was taken down with fever, brought on by fatigue and exposure to the night air and fog. I had not slept under a roof since leaving San Francisco, except in the few cases I have mentioned. Near the spot where we camped was a rough Mexican hut containing some two or three rooms, in one of which was a bar where liquors were sold, and principally patronized by the native population. There were none but Mexicans about the place, and not one of these understood my language. But notwithstanding this, I endeavored to make them comprehend that I was ill and desired a bed and shelter for the night. This, after some difficulty, I succeeded in doing, and one of them finally conducted me to a shed at the end of the building, where a cot was pointed out to me as my bed for the night. It was a rude and cheerless looking place, but feeling that even that was better than further exposure to the night air, I reluctantly accepted it. As it was already dark when I arrived at this point, I could see and judge but little of the surroundings; so after having arranged for my lodgings, I returned to camp in order to consult with my foreman for pushing on the work the next day, knowing well that while the fever lasted it would be impossible for me to accompany the party. I certainly felt little inclination to remain in the lonely and miserable spot that had been assigned to me as a bed, with no one near to whom I could speak or make known my wants. But it was a case of Hobson's choice—that or nothing. The choice was perhaps less inviting than the one presented to "Hobson," for it was in reality that or an aggravated fever. I realized the fact that the occurrence of the latter might not only endanger my life, but also the success of the whole enterprise, in failing to have the line built and in operation within the time prescribed. In addition to the loneliness of the place there was the uncertainty as to whether my life was safe with these Mexicans, there being at that time a good deal of ill feeling between the Americans and the native population, in consequence of the former squatting on lands supposed to belong to the latter.

That these were no idle fears was established by the fact that but a few days previous we had learned of two Americans who had been *lariated* and dragged to death by the natives. The question, therefore, of my remaining alone with these Mexicans was discussed in camp with considerable feeling. We none of us carried arms, and so were poorly prepared for defense in the event of any attack being made on us or any of our party. But as we were not in the land business I concluded there was no risk in remaining, and the fever from which I was suffering produced such a depression on me that, to tell the truth, my feelings were those of utter indifference as to where I stayed so long as I could obtain some repose. I, therefore, determined to accept the situation and make the best of it, taking the precaution, however, to hint to my party that if they heard any unusual noises in the night they had better be on hand. I then returned to my "hotel," where, taking a seat in the bar-room, I passed a couple of hours before retiring to my lonely cot in the corner of the shed. During my stay in the bar-room several very ugly-looking natives rode up, their arrival announced by their jingling spurs. They would dismount, take their drink, smoke their cigarette, remount, and disappear in the dark. They were all well armed with pistol and knife, and seemed to me as cut-throat a looking lot as I had ever set eyes on. It is quite possible that my nerves, which, owing to the fever, were in a very shaky condition, may have magnified the look of villainy in the faces of those fellows, but the appearance of them as they entered the room was not such as was calculated to inspire peace and quietness in the mind of one situated as I was at that moment. I could not, however, sit up all night, so at last concluded to go and make a more intimate acquaintance with my cot. And concerning that cot let me say a word more. I had a keen appreciation of what the upper side of a crockery crate was as a mattress; my trip across the plains had initiated me into the mysteries of what a sack of flour was as a pillow; my early journeyings through California had made perfectly clear to me the very doubtful delights of a sand-hill as a bed; but that Mexican cot positively combined the tortures of all three. From that night I had, I think, a much clearer idea of the Spanish rack and Inquisition.

On rising in the morning, the first thing I noticed, to my great surprise, was that I was in sight of a rather pretentious looking, new frame building, about which I observed signs of American civilization. It did not take me long to make a closer investigation of it nor to find out who were the occupants. They turn-

ed out to be a very clever Yankee, his wife and several children, with whom were quartered some carpenters engaged in completing the building only recently occupied by the family. I was welcomed to the house and provided with comfortable quarters, finding also there, what at that moment was of importance to me, a well assorted medicine chest. Concluding to remain there some days, until the fever was broken, I gave full instructions to my party to proceed with the work, and in the event of anything unusual occurring to send back at once and let me know. The house was well furnished with fire-arms. It was, in fact, a small arsenal, there being rifles, shot-guns, and revolvers enough to arm the entire family, carpenters included; and, as the proprietor informed me, every member of it, down to the youngest child, knew how to fire and load, they were well prepared to defend themselves in case of an attack. This they were living in daily expectation of, having been notified by the natives that they must vacate the premises. As I afterward knew, they were never obliged to do this. The house contained too many rifles and revolvers to suit the native complexion. I remained with them two days, when, feeling stronger and improved in health, I began to investigate for some means of leaving, there not being any public conveyance through that part of the country. I was told that if I would go to Livermore's, some twelve miles distant, I would very probably be able, at that point, to intercept teams traveling between Stockton and San Francisco—they being obliged at that time to go through Livermore's Pass. As there was no hotel at the place, my only chance of shelter, after reaching Livermore's ranch, was to ask quarters of him; and this, I was assured, would be promptly refused, as owing to his early settlement in the country he had become thoroughly Mexicanized. At that time, in 1853, he had already been in California over twenty years, had married a native and raised a large family. A Scotchman, I believe, by birth, it was said that in early life he was a sailor, and that the vessel in which he sailed had been wrecked or he had been left on the coast. In any event he must have arrived here as early as 1830, for at the time of my visit to his place, in 1853, some of his children were already more than twenty years of age. As it was necessary for me to reach Livermore's, in order to find there some conveyance that would take me to town, I looked about and found an old Texan, living at a short distance from the house of the American in which I had been made so comfortable. This Texan agreed, for a proper consideration, to take me in his ox-

cart, which was something after the style of Father Tom's *curriculus*, consisting of two wheels, with a platform delicately balanced, and drawn by a pair of oxen. It took us the entire day to make the distance to Livermore's ranch, which we reached as the sun was setting. I put on a bold front, walked into the house and called for the proprietor. As the *employés* about the place were all Mexicans and did not understand any English, it was some time before I succeeded in making known my wants. The old gentleman finally made his appearance, and desiring to know what I wanted, I introduced myself, stating who I was and the nature of my business. He took a general and very suspicious survey of my person. The "telegraph" to him was a mystery. He had seen the poles crossing his lands with many misgivings. Still, he had heard and read something of the telegraph, and now, that it had come so near to him, he became interested. He began questioning me as to its working, in a manner, I thought, rather to prove that I was not an impostor, trying to thrust myself upon his hospitality as many roaming miners had done in those early days. But when I exhibited to him the little box instrument I carried with me under my arm, he became at once very much interested, cordially inviting me into his house.

My old Texan friend, after seeing me safely ensconced, bade me "good evening" and prepared to turn his oxen's heads homeward, which he hoped to reach by midnight. The old fellow was well prepared for defense and said he had no fears of the road. I paid him a good fee for his services, and he left apparently well satisfied with his day's work. Being still feeble and with little appetite, I felt, when supper was announced, in poor trim for a regular Mexican meal, composed of jerked beef stewed with peppers and other spices, Mexican beans, and *tortillas*, a species of pancake something like what miners call "slap-jacks." Although Livermore was at that time considered one of the richest men of California, his lands comprising all the plains of the valley bearing his name, covered with horses and cattle to the number of some fifty or sixty thousand of which he was the sole owner, the interior and household arrangements were of the most primitive character. The food was badly served without a cloth, rude benches for seats, and although possessing thousands of cows there was neither butter nor milk on the table. After supper was over, I entertained the old gentleman with an explanation of the working of the telegraph, his wife, a full-blooded Mexican woman, and children making up the party. From time to

time he would interpret my explanation to his family, none of whom understood a word of English. They all appeared greatly interested in what I had to say, and on separating for the night, it was with many kind wishes on his part that I should enjoy a comfortable night's sleep.

At that period there was no land in the valley fenced in. Here and there could be seen a *corral*, but nothing to show that the land was made use of except for grazing purposes. Livermore himself had none under cultivation with the exception of a small garden patch irrigated by a stream near the house. At a short distance from this I overtook my party, and, after giving further directions to my foreman, I decided to remain where I was until such time as I could procure a conveyance, or some means of transportation to San Francisco. This I was fortunate enough to obtain the next day. An acquaintance on his way back from Stockton kindly offered me a seat in his buggy. We reached Hayward's that evening and remained there all night, arriving the next day in San Francisco.

In the meantime, and while my party was working toward the north, Colonel Baker, at present of the firm of Baker & Hamilton, had charge of the wire party working from Marysville south, and as, notwithstanding the diffi-

culties encountered, and the fact of the men being inexperienced, the work was pushed vigorously forward, the line was completed and in operation through to Marysville by the 25th of October. This was in time to save the franchise which would have expired on the 31st of that month. This franchise, as I have stated, gave the company the exclusive right of telegraphing for fifteen years from the date of the completion of the line, and proved to be a very valuable one. The opening of that line placed all the large cities of California in direct communication, and as money was plentiful, and time valuable, the telegraph was largely made use of. The tariff between San Francisco and San José, a distance of fifty miles, was seventy-five cents for ten words, and twenty-five cents for every additional five words or fraction thereof. From San Francisco to Stockton, Sacramento, and Marysville, the rate was two dollars per ten words; as much as it now costs to send a telegram of similar length from San Francisco to any part of the United States. Still, no complaint was made by the public that the rates were too high. They seemed glad to have the use of the line at any price, and probably no line in the world, of the same length, has ever done so large and profitable a business as that of the old California State Telegraph Company.

JAMES GAMBLE.

A VERSE-PAINTER OF STILL LIFE.

A Dutch painting in verse! This aptly describes other poems in Edgar Fawcett's volume of *Fantasy and Passion*, besides that which shows us a quaint old chamber hung with "time-touched arras," wherein sits a lady

... "large and fair,
In luminous satin whitely clad,
With mild pearls in her auburn hair."

It is still life, but the touches are realistic. We see every peculiarity of the room—the wainscot woods, "rich with dark shapes, odd of mold;" the gleaming walls dimly pictured in mediæval designs; even the gorgeous, massive table-cloth, whose thick, stiff cloth

"Wears in its mossy woof what seem
A hundred splendids, tangled dyes."

"There, too, fruits in luscious color glow;"
filled with garnet wine is the "frail, fantastic

crystal flask;" while, crouching at the lady's feet, the hound,

"Lean, sleek, and pale gray like a dove,
Whines wistfully, and seeks her face
With starry eyes that look their love."

Of course, there are tastes which are not touched by one of Brookes's paintings of fish out of the water, but long for a battle picture; and these call for less fantasy and more passion, instead of portraits too tamely photographic. But would not such dissenters find the same fault with an entire school of modern poets who delight to "paint nature with over-dye of detail?" Against all these pre-Raphaelites may be invoked the teachings of Lessing in his *Laocöon*, touching the difference between such instruments of art as the pen and the brush, or chisel. Caspar Hauser, cry the disciples of the dramatic regenerator of Germany, sees the landscape flattened on the window-

pane, but why should the unconfined mortal have his vision so distorted? If we must look through transparent mediums, they continue, let us use the stereoscope, at least, and get solid views. But, better still, let us examine the world of outdoors for ourselves.

With this contention it is not our province to deal. What matters the fashion of the lyre if its chords be but touched with skill? We are not discussing "the poet of the future;" whether prose poetry or poetic prose be preferable as a vehicle of original ideas is a problem for Wordsworth to grapple with, and his latter-day followers to settle, each according to his own sweet will. The strains of melody are enticing, and we do not always stop to inquire how the warbling was produced. So we ask no questions, but attentively listen to the address to the oriole.

"How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

Here may not be the ecstasy of Shelley's "Skylark," or the pensiveness of Bryant's "Waterfowl," but there is a splendor of imagination and power of compression which would atone for many noddings of the muse.

Nor do we find in these poems, often of dainty texture, the tumult of nature, or that remorselessness of hers which stirred John Stuart Mill to cry out against her works. True, the earthquake may appear, as the giant dreams in his troubled sleep, but the play of heat-lightning is the strongest token of storm and stress. It is the hovering sea-gull, not the petrel of the ocean wastes, which swoops past us. But the quieter moods of nature, which have ever attracted the race of poets, are mirrored with fidelity and reflected in all their variety. Thomson could not exhaust the seasons; and why should we not again hear, as the author of "Thanatopsis" insists we ever should, of the clouds, the winds, the dew, the sea-shore, and the spring-time? Can the treasures of the garden tire us? Can wealth of epithet be lavished too freely on those visitors to our grounds?—the hummingbird, whose "dim shape quivers about some sweet, rich heart of a rose," while from its "palpitant wings" steal sounds "like the eerie noise of an elfin spinning-wheel," or the butterfly, "satrap of the air, pirate of a floral sea," in whose fluttering wings

... "dull smoldering color lies,
Lit richly with two peacock eyes."

Flower and fruit pieces, though not of the Jean Paul Richter type, abound in this book, which is so full of the prevailing tints of the age. It is not novel, though it be pleasant, to find again the grapes "droop their dusty globes of wine," or the winter violets lifting their heads from earth's white covering. Grasses, and mosses, and fern, and ivy, and trees, and weeds, all thrive in this over-luxuriant field, and these, like the blushing roses, appear in satiating profusion, as in the wondrous land, which is also described, where a solitary daisy was welcome as a relief from the "monotony of magnificence."

But more characteristic of this poet's imagery is the allegorical form in which his ideas are embodied. The moth flutters about the lamp as the type of singed sin; the stainless water-lilies, bursting from soilure and decay, symbolize the saving grace of some dark spirit. Even the toads awaken dreams

"Of thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
That squat in hideous dumb repose
And guard the drowsy ladies in
Their still seraglios."

Inanimate objects arouse teeming fancies like those to which Dickens, if Taine be trusted, gave too much rein. The "cool benedictions of the dawn" suggest the many hearts that vainly plead for the dew of affection; fire is the slave that longs to "revel a while in red magnificence." The "fragrant silkiness" of the "roseate thistle" holds visions of calamitous battles, "of treachery and intrigue, revolt and brawl," and mournful fate of Mary Queen of Scots. The willow tree recalls meek Desdemona raising her sad song, or the poet finds "mad Ophelia, just before her doom," hang on its "treacherous branch" her "wildwood sprays." Even the satin's sheen makes the observer see

... "rash Romeo scale the garden wall,
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars."

Gaudier fabrics, covered with flowery devices, wrought intricately with pearly spray and wreath, arabesques and scrolls and leaf-like ornaments, bring before us

... "courtly gentlemen with embroidered hose,
And radiant ladies with high powdered hair,
Stepping through minuets in colonial days!"

Reminiscent this of Tennyson's figure of Enid in her faded silk "beside the ancient dame in dim brocade."

Least attractive are those stanzas in which verse seems to become a mere mechanic exercise, and an enlarged edition of the rhyming

dictionary appears to be foreshadowed. But even here epithets grotesque and varied, originality of phrase and aptness of illustration, redeem that semblance of jingle which involves even the later productions of the poet laureate in coils of musical but meaningless repetition, and in Swinburne makes richest melody monotonous and dissonance doubly welcome. The refrain, however, is managed with masterly power in the picture of one who in death is seen

... "to repose with placid eyes,
And know not of the wild world that it cries, cries,
cries!"

For his reviewers, however, our poet of culture has a shaft worthy of *Lothair*. The author of *In Memoriam* said of his imitators:

"All can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed."

In the same vein this dainty verse-maker disposes of the critical wasps:

"Crude, pompous, turgid, the reviewers said;
Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick."

Yet these missiles did not prevent the book from being loved by those who do not put their love in print; and, though the poet quivered at the stings of this buzzing band,

"White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
Went flying with his fame beneath their wings.

"And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore;
And it befell that after many years,
Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said—
'A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read—
The power and passion of his younger days.'"

Nor do we fail to learn the poet's views of men of literary note. Poe and Whittier are contrasted as antipodes. The former prowls—

... "where fancy's owl
Sent long lugubrious hoots through somber air."

The latter's words are like pearls; his thoughts suggest the aureoled angels:

"We seem to have felt the falling, in his song,
Of benedictions and of sacred balms."

Memory brings before us Dickens's scenes in "Life's Masquerade," and Thackeray's pictures of

"Dowagers, in rouge, feathers, and brocade,
Sneering at life across their cards and tea."

We are shown, too, the palatial brain of Herbert Spencer, while the poisonous myrtles that bind the hair of Baudelaire's muse, his poesy's morbid splendors, wake a thought of some toad-haunted humid brake, where

"Some rank red fungus, dappled like a snake,
Spots the black dampness with its clammy bloom."

Hans Christian Andersen's "flower-cradled fairies" enchant us, though not more than romance's monarch, Dumas *père*,

"Pillaging history's mighty treasure-chest."

Keats's sad fate is bewailed, and the brief career during which

"He dropt before the world those few flowers
Whose color and odor brave all blight of years."

Finally Gustave Doré passes before our view:

"How rare the audacious spirit that invokes
These shadowy grandeurs, and can bid appear
All horror's genii, awful and austere,
And paint infinity with a few strong strokes."

No multiplication of specimens could more completely show the field worked by one, who, while not free from the current faults of the time, has furnished us quiet pictures and portraits in admirable tints, touched with a glow which gives them the aspect of reality.

NATHAN NEWMARK.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER V.

James, the invalid, was first to open his eyes next morning at "The Oro." He had retired much earlier than his cousin. Moreover, his New Hampshire habits still clung to him in spite of his change of climate and condition.

It might naturally be supposed that his first thoughts would be directed toward Blair, still sleeping soundly in an adjoining bunk. This was not the case, however. Neither was he to begin the day by dwelling on fond remembrances of his Mary far away. Was it Andy, then, or the murdered Judge, or the clergyman

who had fallen from grace? Who or what was it that occupied the morning reverie of the Yankee boy? After leaving him to an unmolested two hours of profound deliberation, we will let him discover the subject at his heart, in his own time and manner.

When he could no longer keep his feelings secret, he slowly raised himself to an upright position, and, adjusting his glasses, sat peering around him from out his humble bed like a rejuvenated Don Quixote. Marks of care and hardship were discernible upon his face, and there was in his mien somewhat of sadness, but over all played a light that bespoke a mixture of wonderment and quiet happiness.

"Cousin Mortimer," he called, presently, in gentle but rather anxious tones, "isn't it time that we had a little *breakfast*?"

"Ho, Jim, have you and your appetite made up?" responded Blair, drowsily.

"We are on the best of terms, I believe," replied the other; "but that is not all. I have something very strange to tell you."

"One of your fearfully elaborate and complicated dreams, I will warrant."

"If it were a dream it would be less interesting. On first waking I took it for such myself, but having thought it over and over for two hours or more, I now pronounce it a reality."

"Byron, you remember, had a dream that, after all, was wholly destitute of the subtle material of which dreams are composed," said Blair, now sufficiently awake to have a hearty laugh at the gaunt, angular figure of James, braced stiffly up, and clothed with a liberal woolen shirt dyed a flaming red.

"Byron would have been glad enough, had he been favored as I was last night, to suffer all the torments that have harassed me since we landed."

"Is your brain right clear this morning, Cousin Swilling?"

"That it is. Come, let us rise, and, after breathing a few sniffs fresh from the bay, 'I will a tale unfold' that shall touch your Stoic's heart."

"Good! You are going to be eloquent. That means that your story is to deal with the tender passion."

Blair's curiosity was not greatly excited; but he rose, and the two were soon seated at their morning meal, when James began:

"You had not been gone more than an hour last night when I was awakened by the gentlest voice that ever spoke in the ears of man."

"Oh, James!" interrupted Blair. "Treason! The fair maid of Swansea shall be instantly informed."

"Mary's voice is sweet enough for me, Cousin Mortimer; but if I tell the truth I must acknowledge that this one surpassed it."

"You are mad, man—mad!"

"On the contrary, I am perfectly calm and sane; but if you will not listen I may as well desist from my story."

"Proceed. I will not interrupt again."

"Upon hearing the voice I opened my eyes, and by the dim light shining through from the next room discovered a female form, clad in black, bending over me."

"Zounds!" ejaculated Blair, forgetting his promise. "What did you say to her?"

"I rallied, and said, 'good evening, madam.'"

"Ye gods! Was that the best you could do?"

"I thought you were not to break in upon me again," answered the speaker, pausing to give his glasses a brisk rubbing and a careful readjustment before his mild, gray eyes.

"I know; but what a chance for a scene!"

"Of course it was; but I am no man for a 'scene.' In the first place I could see very indistinctly, and had I been able to get a good view of her face, though it might have been that of an angel, I should have thought that more than likely her errand was not one to be encouraged."

"Well, hang it! What next? I hope the woman was not as dumb as you seem to have been."

"Perhaps I was dumb, and perhaps I was only judiciously reserved. She did not seem to wish me to say anything further, for she began talking herself: 'I learn that you are ill,' said she. I thanked her, and replied that I was not in my usual health, but trusted that I should be restored by morning. 'You have very recently come among us,' she continued, 'and it is but to be expected that you would suffer from the exposure of your journey—from the radical change of climate and mode of living.' Just at this moment I fancied that I could see the face of my visitor, and I suppose she became aware of my desire and effort to do so. At any rate, she drew her veil, which appeared to be very thick and black, more closely over her features, and sought to divert me with some of the prettiest and kindest talk about old scenes at home, the heart-sickness of wanderers, and so on, that one could imagine."

"In the name of all gallantry," cried Blair, "did you keep mum and let the sphinx monopolize the thousand graces of language that might have been evoked in return?"

"Why shouldn't I? She was by far the best talker."

"Oh, James!"

"When she had finished, I again thanked her for her seeming interest in my welfare, and begged to know who she was."

"Now you begin to show your colors," said Blair, maintaining the teasing attitude that he delighted in assuming toward his simple-hearted relative. "Who did she say she was?"

"Her reply was this: 'It would do you no good to know who I am—so please let that pass, and accept instead this little vial of medicine, which, if you take as directed, will, I am confident, keep you in health until you have become acclimated.'"

"Merciful heavens! a doctor in woman's clothes," exclaimed Blair. "You thanked her again cordially for the cordial, I presume, and let her go."

"It was the only course left me; for no sooner had she advised me to take her prescription before going to sleep, than, as sweetly as she had roused me, she bade me farewell, and glided noiselessly from the room."

"James, I am half inclined to believe that you have recovered your bodily health at the expense of that of your mental faculties. Why did not your cautiousness, your thrice-virginal fear-and-trembling, prevent you from tasting the contents of the vial?"

"Any one would have felt perfect confidence in such a visitor. 'It is not possible that she can wish to do me harm,' I said to myself; and, first examining the directions as best I could by striking a dozen matches, I acted in accordance with them."

"And you attribute your improved condition to the mysterious benefactress, do you?"

"Yes, I must say that I do. Certainly I am feeling right well at this moment, and I had no hopes last night of getting out of bed to-day. The sleep that I enjoyed after taking the drops was very different from that I first fell into."

"Where is the enchanted vial?"

"Here it is," answered James, drawing the article from his vest-pocket and passing it to his inquisitor.

"I thought it would say 'Elixir of Life,'" exclaimed Blair, "but, by Jove, it is a modest label, and the handwriting is both pretty and honest. James, you need not be surprised if, to-night, I am dangerously ill myself."

Having finished their breakfast and the conversation that has just been recorded, our young friends bent their steps down to the new Broadway wharf. "What do you suppose became of the Judge's mule team yesterday?" asked James. "You remember how he boasted that no one would dare molest it."

"It is a question of far greater importance to know what became of the Judge," replied the

other. "It must lessen the torments of a lost soul somewhat, I think, to go to perdition directly from California. The change cannot be very violent—and that reminds me that I have not told you my last evening's experience; your strange tale having almost made me forget that I had had any."

"Sure enough, it is your turn."

Blair now began a recapitulation of the facts obtained from Marshall; and was still so engaged when they had been some little time upon the wharf. At length, threading their way along the planks, between the piles of boxes and scattered groups of traders, they came to a spot somewhat apart from the busier scenes of action. Here their attention was suddenly arrested by the groan, seemingly of a human being in distress. They stood still and listened. Hearing it a second time, though fainter than before, they advanced in the direction whence the sound came. Again the groan was heard, and after a close search among the bales and barrels filled with various merchandise, they found the body of a man wedged in between two great boxes, over the top of which, to serve as a roof, was stretched a hide still wet with recent rains. The body lay face downward, and it was not without much prying and lifting that access was gained to it, its position changed, and its features exposed to view. When this was finally accomplished, the horror-stricken young men recognized the lineaments of the imbecile, Andy Wheeler. Every effort was made to nourish the little life that was left, but in vain. One more groan, a slight convulsive twitch of the emaciated frame, and death had put an end to the wretched wanderer's woes.

"Thank God!" exclaimed James, tears obscuring his vision. "To see him live I could not, but I can follow him to his grave with comparative relief of mind."

"Yes, it is better so," said Blair, mournfully.

"Poor fellow! he is cared for now; but the news will be bitter to those at home."

"It will crush his old mother, Cousin Mortimer. Every day she has been anxiously looking for his return. Well, we must give him decent burial, and break the news as gently as possible to his family, by the next mail."

"I am positive," said Blair, "that this is unknown to Ensign. He promised to see that the unfortunate was made comfortable if care could effect it. Undoubtedly, in a fit of delirium he gathered strength enough to escape from his room, and straying to this place, here made his own death-bed unaided and alone."

"In all probability, like occurrences are common. Before you were awake this morning, I heard two men, outside my window, telling

about the body of a young man that was found two hours previous, among the bushes on the hill yonder. Grown despondent with misfortune, he sought that locality, equally desolate with this, and took his life by cutting his throat with a razor."

"I thought you chicken-hearted, James," said Blair, "because you grew faint in the El Dorado, but I must say, that there is evidence of true courage in your demeanor at this time. It is not good for us to dwell upon these distressing incidents. After having done our duty by the dead, we will forget the past and engage our minds in the pursuit that turned us to this inhospitable shore."

"That is the proper course. To think that we are near a place called 'Happy Valley,' and yet are witnesses of such scenes as these! Only heaven can forgive like inconsistency."

CHAPTER VI.

Has the reader said to himself that events crowd too quickly upon our adventurers in the Land of Gold? Has he thought that the most ludicrous and the most solemn experiences would not be likely to visit the same breasts in so rapid succession at any period or in any locality? If so, it is an error that does not call for censure. It only reveals the need of a closer study of the remarkable days now under contemplation. The period of '49 and '50 in California remains unique, and unique it must endure. The danger is not that its peculiarities will be overdrawn, but that they will not be struck out in characters sufficiently bold and incisive. History will not say too much; it will rather content itself with depicting too little. Where men are so situated that they necessarily live, as it were, a year in the space of a day, to the pen that would follow them exaggeration is well nigh impossible.

When our sojourners from New England had laid away the mortal part of Andy Wheeler, Blair found that, simple as the preparations had been, he had expended one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. The body was buried in a box. The digging of the grave and the carrying of the body to it were the main sources of expense, but these services could not be procured without the startling outlay before mentioned. Not that every man in the community was so mercenary, so indifferent to the common decencies, not to say politenesses, of civilized society, but this was the case with the class to whom, in the great haste, application for assistance was made. Even Rev. Joshua Johnson hinted that the prayer that he offered after the plain box had

been lowered into the earth was not intended as a gratuity. Blair, incensed beyond measure, gave the renegade a sharp reprimand, together with a gold piece. The rebuke could not have gone very deeply into the preacher's conscience, for before the sun was down the gold piece adorned one of the tables of a prominent gambling-house. "The dominie is a little too drunk—that's all," whispered the winner, as he quietly slipped the piece in his own pocket.

"Well, what next, Cousin Mortimer?" asked James, as the shadows of his second night in San Francisco descended, finding him much wiser than when he landed, though his schooling had been of so short duration. "To the mines without further delay! What is your voice?"

"I am agreed," was the response; "and if you will write to the Wheelers, I will meanwhile go out and ascertain the necessary particulars for our journey."

The friends had not been long separated when Blair returned.

"I have it all arranged," said he. "We will take passage in the *Pioneer*, a little iron boat constructed in my glorious old Boston. The boats between here and Sacramento have just begun to make regular trips, and I think we shall have a speedy and pleasant voyage. We ought to have good accommodations, for the fare is something of an item."

"How much?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Well, we will convert some of our coin into dust, and when paying our fare, balance the scales with my jackknife instead of the captain's. It may prove a saving. I will propose it, anyway."

"It surpasses human ingenuity to match elsewhere the audacity of California prices. I have it in mind to prepare a schedule for the benefit of the restaurateurs and hack-drivers of New York. But I have some further news for you. As I passed the El Dorado, I spied a graceful female about entering. Thinking that something novel might be learned by following her, I did so. The moment she made her appearance, all the tables being occupied by deeply interested players, the whole house rose to a man, and with a politeness you would hardly credit, she was ushered to what proved to be the place of honor. 'That woman cannot have come here to play,' I remarked to a by-stander. 'Wait a few minutes, and you'll see,' was the reply. And, sure enough, I did see. There seemed to be magic in the woman's every move. When she came to throw her cards with the male players, 'twas done with matchless ease and elegance."

"It was *she*—it was my visitor!" exclaimed James Swilling, his countenance animated, and his head thrown up like a giraffe prepared to browse in the top of some green tree.

"I thought you would recognize her," returned Blair. "I did, in a moment, from your description. She was dressed in neat-fitting, plain black, and her heavy veil was closely drawn down over her face."

"Did she speak?"

"Not once that I could hear."

"Had you heard her voice, you would have pronounced it a fit accompaniment for such an attractive person."

"I enjoyed enough," returned Blair, carelessly, as if perhaps he had been exhibiting too great an interest in the mysterious stranger. "Graceful form and motion, finely turned hands without a blemish and sparkling with diamonds—these I saw, these only; and what do they all amount to?"

"I think they go a great way toward making life pleasant," responded artless James, little suspecting the use he would one day make of the words last spoken by Blair. "See what an influence they exerted over those wild creatures by whom she was surrounded."

"You may be in error as to the cause of the woman's power over her male companions. The manner in which she swept up the piles of gold and silver, one after another, was enough to insure her respect from the very coins themselves."

"Who can she be? She was evidently well known in the evil place where you found her. But why should a woman that frequents gambling-houses seek poverty-stricken me out, come to my sick-bed, and, having counseled me as gently and wisely as my mother ever did, leave me medicine, unasked and unrewarded?"

"There is no accounting for people's eccentricities. A kind heart and vile practices are not infrequently united in one and the same person."

"There is nothing too strange in this wild land. I had already made up my mind not to be surprised at anything; but this is an extremely severe test of the strength of my resolution."

"Stripping the case of all glamour, James, this angelic being is, beyond all question, a bad character."

"I don't believe it," answered the other, stoutly. "My candid opinion is that she is good. She has some doubtful habits, very true, but may be she is driven to them by necessity. No, sir; I am bound to think the lady's face is as fair as were her words and her deed to me; furthermore, that despite the sus-

picious practice of gaming, her soul is as pure and beautiful as her face."

"Well done, Jimmy. I never saw a man improve faster than you have since you sipped from the enchanted vial. Another visit from the unknown benefactress, and you would take to writing love sonnets so fast that there would be no time left in which to delve for the precious metal."

"At this particular instant, I own to feeling very much changed for the better in spirit and in body; but no love matters will deter me from the mines. I am growing very anxious to pick up my first nugget."

"Can't I prevail upon you to remain another day, just for the sake of finding out who this lovely apparition is?" asked Blair, a smile at the same time playing on his handsome features.

"I fear it was your own curiosity, cousin, that prompted that question."

"Do you, indeed? Then what would you say should I tell you that I had the pleasure of an introduction to the lady?"

"I should say that it was no more than I could reasonably expect."

"Well, I didn't have it; and let us make an end of this sable-clad beauty by my telling a few facts that I learned concerning her. And after that I have still further news to communicate."

"Let me hear; but if I had known what you were enjoying, I should not have been here, meanwhile, tracing these pages, to be washed blank again by tears from the eyes of poor Andy Wheeler's mother. Yes, I would, too. I'll take it back. But go on, and give me your account."

"One of a group of eager spectators, I had the pleasure of watching the lady play for about a half-hour. During this time, scarcely a loud word was spoken. A spell seemed to have fallen upon all present. The roughest miner put on gentle behavior; and his weather-beaten face lighted up with a kind of fatherly affection as in deferential silence he followed the game. The players all appeared to be experts. I cannot understand how the lady could see through the black veil (for it completely hid her face), but she did see, and that most accurately. At first luck ran against her. At this stage of the game, it would have interested you to see the solemn looks that gathered upon the features of nearly all present. It was as if the fair player's loss was their own. Suddenly the tide turned, and, sir, when there were *eight thousand dollars* at stake, she gave one exquisite toss of her white hand, the winning card dropped from it, and the money was her own. Wild uproar follow-

ed. The miners cheered, threw up their hats, and cried, 'Long live the Gazelle!' The din continued several minutes, when a gentlemanly looking person taking charge of her spoils, the favorite player passed from the tent as noiselessly as she came."

"Good! glorious! So say I, 'Long live the Gazelle!'" cried James, spreading out his long arms and rising hastily from his seat. "'Gazelle!'" he continued, striding round the room, "Oh, what a pretty name!"

"I know of but one that is sweeter," responded Blair.

"Never! What is it?"

"Mary!"

James was again trapped. He shut himself up like an umbrella; and, his face covered with confusion, dropped back on the three-legged stool from which he had arisen. Blair took great delight in this harmless mischief. It may be, too, that he thought such jocose reproof wholesome for James's excitable, easily influenced temperament and character. James would often feel hurt, sorely hurt, for a moment; but the next found him uttering expressions of forgiveness for the wrong committed against him.

"Cousin Mortimer," said he, on the present occasion, "I am at a loss to know why you must indulge in so many jests at the expense of my affection for the sweetest creature on earth."

"What!" exclaimed Blair. "How long is it since you believed this of the little gambler in black?"

"No, no," answered the other. "Perhaps I expressed myself too strongly; but I never, for a second, thought of comparing her with my Mary. I only meant that she was pretty, and had been very kind to me."

"Well, well, Jimmy," said Blair, going up to him and rubbing his hand softly over James's closely shaven head, "I did abuse you this time. You are one of the best fellows in the world. You love your Mary, and she loves you. Consequently all my nonsense ought to pass you by like the empty wind. Now, look up. Do you know what night of the week it is?"

"I declare I have forgotten," answered James, trying to feel again at ease.

"It is Saturday night, boy. To-morrow will be Sunday, the great gala day in California. The *Pioneer* does not make her next trip until Monday, and I think I shall find little difficulty in convincing you that it is best for us to remain over. Hear," continued Blair, taking a circular from his pocket, and beginning to read as follows:

FUN BREWING—GREAT ATTRACTION!

HARD FIGHTING TO BE DONE!—TWO BULLS AND ONE BEAR.

The citizens of San Francisco and vicinity are respectfully informed that at four o'clock, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5th, at Mission Dolores, a rich treat will be prepared for them, and that they will have an opportunity of enjoying a fund of the raciest sport of the season. Two large bulls and a bear, all in prime condition for fighting, and under the management of experienced Mexicans, will contribute to the amusement of the audience.

PROGRAMME—IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

Bull and Bear—*Hercules and Trojan*—will be conducted into the arena, and there chained together, where they will fight *until one kills the other*.

{ JOSE IGNACIO, } Managers.
{ PICO GOMEZ, }

ACT II.

The great bull *Behemoth* will be let loose in the arena, where he will be attacked by two of the most celebrated and expert picadors of Mexico, and finally dispatched after the true Spanish method.

Admittance, \$3. Tickets for sale at the door.

{ JOAQUIN VATRETO, } Managers.
{ JESUS ALVAREZ, }

"More blood to be spilled!" spoke James, as Blair laid down the paper, with a pompous flourish. "Undoubtedly we ought to see the wicked exhibition," he continued; "but do you think it would be a proper way to spend our first Sabbath?"

"That is to be thought of. We shall probably not have the opportunity again, however, and I fear we should not be much better employed did we remain here in our quarters."

"Couldn't we go to church *first*?" asked James, his mind seeming to be occupied by thoughts of an exceedingly solemn character.

"Never!" was the quick response. "Let us not play the hypocrite—saint one-half the day and devil the other."

"Perhaps you are right, Cousin Mortimer; but, somehow, the thing sets hard on my conscience," sighed James. "Nevertheless," he continued, brightening up a little, "we ought to be forgiven this one transgression."

"Yes," answered Blair, "on the whole, I feel willing to take my chances;" and here the discussion ended. Blair lit his pipe and fell to reading Montaigne, an author that accompanied him in all his travels; while James, reminded anew of certain promises made to his mother, carefully opened a pocket Bible (which, by the by, had seen little use of late) and sought, among its pages, pardon for what he knew to be a wrong resolve for the employment of the morrow. It was very late when our Yankee

boys retired for the night; but long after they dropped asleep the sound of revelry rose and died away, and rose again, in the brilliant saloons and the dark, treacherous streets of San Francisco of '49.

CHAPTER VII.

Sabbath morning dawned, giving promise of a calm, clear day. In no land could the sky be of a purer blue or the air filled with a more delightful and invigorating freshness. Nature appeared to be aware of the presence of the day of sacredness and rest. The bay lay bright and smooth from shore to shore; while its scattered islands, like grave and respectful giants, sat spell-bound on their watery thrones, their admiration divided between the cloudless azure above and the still, lucid depths at their feet. With nature it was Sabbath; man alone remained untouched by the divine sympathy. The cousins rose and went forth into the air. It was the hour for the familiar warning of the church bell—it did not sound; the hour for the slow procession of elderly worshipers, for the happy but hushed bands of cleanly-attired children to be moving toward the sanctuary—these did not appear. Visions of the little New England village where James was born, and where he had always lived, stole into his mind and would not depart. He tried to banish them, and Blair made effort to assist him; all was in vain.

"I know you will laugh at me," sighed the homesick boy, "but my eyes see only Mary, with her hymn-book in her hand, waiting for service to begin in the old church on the green."

"If that is the sum total of the scene before those glistening spectacles," exclaimed Blair, "then, Jimmy, you are done for. I who stand by your side have not the slightest difficulty in seeing, even to its secret recesses, the most forsaken-looking medley of tents and sheds that was ever permitted to cumber the ground."

At this explosion James stretched forward his long neck, as if to take in the entire town at a glance; and, suddenly smitten with the justice and appropriateness of Blair's outburst, despite his despondency, laughed outright. That moment the sound of fife and drum rose on the air, and a huge vehicle drawn by four mettlesome horses rolled into sight. Upon nearer approach, it was perceived that a mammoth grizzly bear was being borne about the streets in his cage; upon the sides of which were fastened posters whereon could be read, in large letters, the advertisement before given.

"He looks as if he could not wait till four o'clock for his combat," remarked James.

"I am growing impatient myself," responded the other. "What shall we do to occupy the time between this and the conflict in the arena? Upon thinking it over," continued Blair, after a pause, "I fear that my objections made last night against going to church did not fully satisfy you. If such is the case, I had much rather you would attend service. You know my action is no criterion for the conduct of another."

"I think I should feel better to go to church," returned James, "though I have decided to behave badly after coming out."

There was a little strategy in this advice of Blair. What it was need not be now revealed. Suffice it to say that James went to morning meeting, and his companion—elsewhere. So separated, we will leave our friends until they again found themselves together, on the way to the battle of the animals.

Having traveled about two miles south-west from San Francisco, they came to a decayed little village, composed of a few one-story *adobe* buildings, when they were informed that they had arrived at Mission Dolores. The town presented a singularly melancholy aspect, which its drowsy inhabitants of Spanish and Indian blood intermingled rather increased than relieved. These languid people, steeped in the sluggishness and superstition of years, having attended the mummery of the monks and friars at mass a few hours previous, were now ready to dream somewhat more actively over the scene of carnage about to be enacted. Four o'clock came, the musicians plied their instruments, and soon the amphitheater, directly in front of the church, was occupied by some three thousand people, who had paid for their admission to the elevated seats the sum of three dollars apiece. As the reader may imagine, all nationalities appeared to have sent their delegates to this assembly. From all ranks, with skins of every hue and tongues of every accent, they came; men and women, youths and maidens—yes, and children.

The moments passed slowly; the eager crowd could not brook delay. The clamorous brass band blew its loudest, but soon as it paused the shouting and stamping of the multitude was renewed. At length, all grew suddenly silent. An attendant stood at the door of the pen of "Hercules." Another instant, and the furious animal, being loosed, bounded into the arena. With lowered head, his tail madly lashing his great sides, his eyes burning with wrath, he glanced angrily at the crowd, then bellowed and pawed the earth as if to declare his utter

defiance of the forthcoming foe. At this juncture the mounted Mexicans, lassos in hand, made their appearance before him. Instantaneously he rushed toward one of them, when the other, with surprising quickness, threw the lasso over his horns. This was no sooner done than the rider first attacked found opportunity to hurl his lasso also. It, too, fastened itself round the bull's horns, and he was thus made stationary midway between the nimble picadors. A third man now hastened in, and, grasping the imprisoned beast by the tail, twisted it until he was brought to the ground. While so prostrate, a second assistant lost no time in securing his right hind leg with a long chain. This done, the other end of the chain, by a process of equal dexterity, was bound with thongs to the left fore-leg of the bear, the leg having been first artfully drawn from beneath the partially-lifted trap of his cage, which was close at hand. The trap was now drawn completely up, when "Trojan," an enormous grizzly, weighing some fourteen hundred pounds, slid carelessly out into the open space. He had dispatched three foes of the family of the one before him, and only a sullen growl, rather of indifference than of rage, indicated that he was aware of an approaching encounter. The bull, on the contrary, immediately manifested his eagerness for the fray. Moving backward the length of the chain, he so gave the bear a jerk of warning, and rushed upon him.

"Now, ye gods of the ancient gladiators!—"

Blair had not time to finish his invocation before the bull had struck the bear like a thunderbolt, and rolled him headlong in the dust.

"Glorious!" cried James, excited out of his wits. "Glorious!"

"Keep your seat—sit down!" responded Blair, seizing his comrade by the extremity of his rather short coat. "You are worse than a woman."

"Look at him, look at the bull get ready again!" continued James, mechanically resuming his place. "He isn't hurt. At him again, old fellow!"

And the horned beast did "at him" with redoubled fury. This time, however, Bruin was ready to give him a more suitable reception. As he dashed against him, he clapped his arms around the neck of Taurus, and hugged him like a huge vice. The bull, choking, struggled desperately to free himself. Finding this impossible, he sought to drive his sharp horns into the ribs of his antagonist. This he succeeded in doing, goring a horrible gash. But Bruin was now prepared to return the injury with a yet more terrible retaliation. A moment these mighty foes writhed in close struggle;

when the bear, seizing in his massive jaws one entire side of the bull's face, crushed it as if it had been made of paper. The cracking of the bones, as Bruin ground them between his great teeth, brought the first grand demonstration from the audience. Now rose cheers from hundreds of throats, and resounded the deafening clapping of hundreds of hands. The dreamy-eyed daughters of Spain were not less enthusiastic than the male members of the assembly. They, too, cried "bravo!" and with their own peculiar grace, waved their handkerchiefs in expression of unmistakable delight. As for James Swilling, he was entirely beside himself with the general excitement, but particularly because of his intense sympathy for the worsted combatant.

"Thunderation to Jupiter!" he shouted; "let go of that."

"I don't believe the bear hears ye," answered a clownish boy, from the next tier of seats below.

James certainly did not hear the observation of the boy; for with clenched hands and firmly closed teeth, he continued to rivet his gaze upon the exhausted, bleeding brutes in the arena. These had now, from sheer inability to longer grapple, arrived at a suspension of hostilities. They drew themselves apart the length of the chain, and stood peacefully eyeing one another as if to say, "We are very equally matched; let us call it a draw game, and attend to our wounds."

This would seem a very commendable course under the circumstances; but it was altogether too dull for the audience. The managers had promised a fight to be terminated only by death; accordingly they leaped into the inclosure and goaded the bleeding brutes with spears until, remaddened with pain, they again rushed upon each other. It was a brief close, for the bull, summoning all his strength, struck the bear on the lower jaw and shivered it.

"There, there, now you've got it, old fellow!" cried James, the boy who turned pale at the sight of blood in the El Dorado. The hard side of him was, at present, uppermost; indeed he was wholly changed—so much so that he would not have known himself had he stopped to consider his feeling and conduct.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the spectators.

The air was filled with this exulting cry. The contest was ended; both combatants were prostrate in the dust, neither of them ever to rise again. Immediately the chain was removed from their limp and useless limbs, and horses being hitched to them, groaning and weltering in their own and one another's blood, they were mercilessly dragged out of the arena.

James Swilling was very much like a windmill. There was something in his awkward, flapping motions that reminded one of that unique instrument. But still more did he resemble it in character. Whenever the wind blew, then would James become active; and just in proportion to its power would be regulated the number of his revolutions. In a word, he was wholly dependent, in thought and action, upon the breezes and gales of fortune. He had more good intentions, had made more excellent resolves, and forgotten them with more astonishing rapidity, than any fifty boys of his age and cultivation. As has been said, he had received only a common-school education; but in certain branches he was uncommonly proficient. When thoroughly engrossed in a congenial subject, James frequently proved himself in possession of sound judgment and of the raw material for a logician. Again, when his emotional nature (it was this that played such havoc with him) gained ascendancy, all his wisdom and sobriety of thought would be overthrown. Blair knew that he was not the boy to leave home. Daily, he expected that some tidal wave of excitement would overtake him and hurry him away beyond recall. On the present occasion, after the removal of the antagonists, James came to himself as quickly as he went out of himself upon their entrance.

"Cousin Mortimer," said he, "I don't know as I care about staying to see the other fight." So saying, he rose as if to shake the dust off his feet as a testimony against the profane place, when, missing his footing, he fell through between the tier of seats where he had been sitting and the one next below. A straggling fall of several feet, and he found himself sprawled on the ground, considerably bruised and shaken. It was high time for James to meet with an accident, and Blair was not at all surprised. Hastening to his ill-starred companion's assistance, he got him once more in an upright position, and was about leaving the amphitheater with him, when this windmill of humanity spied "Behemoth" bounding into the arena.

"I'm all right," he shouted. And, forthwith scrambling back to his seat so unceremoniously vacated, awaited with unabated eagerness the second act of the cruel play.

Presently two mounted picadors, armed with swords, entered, and faced the formidable bull. These were no sooner in sight than the animal, made frantic by their presence, charged upon them. The trained horses and riders avoided his onset, only to be ready for a more sudden bout immediately to follow. This, too, they evaded with great adroitness. The bull, having

now become exasperated by his failures, bespattering the ground with the foam of his wrath, and rushed a third time upon the riders with deadly aim.

One of the horses slipped and fell. His rider leaped aside unhurt, but the poor horse was in an instant gored to death. Quickly the other picador dismounted and gave fight to the bull, while the first led the remaining horse outside. At this juncture, a third Mexican, dressed in fancy-colored tights, entered the inclosure; and, with a sword in his right hand and a red flag in his left, saluting the enthusiastic audience, he took upon himself the responsibility of the battle. Waving the flag tauntingly in the face of the bull, the angry animal dashed down upon it only to find that his enemy was not behind it, but standing safely on one side. Again and again the flag waved and the bull charged—the matador, as he was called, still remaining unharmed. This irritating process was continued for some minutes, when, having thoroughly exasperated the foiled animal, the matador began throwing into his shoulders small darts of steel, on the blunt ends of which were fastened little flags. A half dozen of these torturing instruments being driven into the flesh of the bull, he prostrated himself in the dust and rolled over and over, stinging with the sharp pains they inflicted. Finding no relief from this effort, he rose to his feet again and made a final charge against his foe. It was too swift and furious for the eye to follow; but no sooner was it accomplished than the matador was to be seen standing beside the deceived animal, his sword plunged to the hilt into its breast. One grand cheer went up from the multitude, and the Sabbath sport at Mission Dolores was ended.

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning following the bloody day at Dolores our young friends took passage on the *Pioneer* for Sacramento. Ensign, having called the evening previous, was prevailed upon to make one of their company. He had, as he supposed, placed Andy Wheeler in safe keeping; but the man left in charge proved truant, and the result was as the reader has already learned. Ensign brought with him two newly made acquaintances—one Dr. Durgin and his young wife, a lately married couple, recent comers to this coast. There were, besides a number of miners, several boys on board. These youthful spirits gave life to the trip by incessant volleys of mother-wit and frequent

outbursts of song, their favorite words for music being:

"Oh, California! That's the land for me.
I'm bound for the Sacramento
With the wash-bowl on my knee."

As the little boat moved along up the bay into the Sacramento, it was through water very different in appearance from that which is found in the same locality to-day. The river was clear, and gleamed like a tortuous band of gold beneath the morning sun. For miles inland, upon either bank, the level land stretched away without a break, and vast herds of wild cattle roamed at pleasure over its rich pasturage. It was not the time of year when this valley appears most pleasing; but it was easy to imagine the oak, sycamore and willows, the grapevines and varied shrubbery that clustered on the banks at intervals, glowing in the green of early spring. Particularly simple was this effort of mind for the only lady on board, the pretty and girlish wife of Dr. Durgin. She revealed this fact to Blair very soon after his introduction to her. Indeed, she seemed disposed to devote her time and talents to the handsome Bostonian for the remainder of the passage.

"Is not this a most romantic world?" said she. "What land could be more suitable for the loves of the children of the wild? We have not passed a group of quiet trees that did not compel me to see there some dusky maiden leaning upon her young warrior's arm. Yonder, for instance—isn't that the sweetest place in the world for the runaway daughter of some frowning brave to step into the canoe with her lover and glide in secret bliss upon the bosom of the river?"

"She don't know much about Injuns, I reckon," whispered a miner, at Blair's elbow.

"I can appreciate your mood, madam," returned the Bostonian; "but the rank-thistle-nodding-in-the-wind element, I fear, is more attractive viewed (as you seem to see it) in poetry than when an actual occurrence in nature."

"Ah, Mr. Blair," replied the other, "you men are determined to decry the gentlest and tenderest scenes of earth. In so doing you abuse the poets not only, but the facts. Do you not suppose there is genuine affection in the red man's breast?"

"I know very little about the haunts of affection; but I had never entertained the idea that it paid much attention to *epidermis* or *cutis vera*," returned Blair, with a smile intended to be not altogether disagreeable.

"Then," continued the lady, "the Indian hunter's wooing of his 'dusky mate' was more

beautiful in itself than the finest thing that could be possibly said of it."

"The conclusion is reached, and I do not see that words of mine could unsettle it, so I shall be compelled to acquiesce," responded Blair, with a slight inclination of his uncovered head.

A pretty blush creeping over the fair cheeks of Mrs. Durgin did not escape Blair's notice, though it appeared to have much less effect upon him than upon the miner before alluded to. This honest-faced fellow, not having seen a really attractive woman, perhaps, for a twelve-month before, did not feel like losing an opportunity to inspect one at his leisure. So he had remained near enough not only to see advantageously, but also to hear the greater part of the conversation. Upon discovering the blush, he was so elated that he could not forbear uttering a compliment.

"Stranger," said he to Blair, "if a remark o' mine had fetched that thar tincter to the lady's countenance, I should call it the richest lead I had struck since I made my hundred dollars a day on Scarecrow Bar."

This tribute to her beauty caused Madame Durgin to exhibit a much deeper color than at first. She was quite disconcerted, not to say offended; and it is not known how many shades more she would have presented had not the Doctor approached in the nick of time to restrain her from further feats of facial alchemy. Ensign was now through with his smoke and chat with the Doctor; so Blair ingeniously yielded his place to his not unwilling friend. Madame Durgin was not overjoyed with the exchange, but she and her new companion were soon on apparently good terms.

Blair's indifference to women in general has already been alluded to. It will also be remembered that while James was at church the day before he himself was elsewhere. He kept his whereabouts and his errand a secret from his comrade; but that is no reason why the reader should not be let into enough of his privacy to learn the fact that the object of his perambulations and inquiries was none other than the "Gazelle." So it may have been partially for the reason that he could not entertain thoughts of two women at a time that he now determined to think of none at all; and, seating himself in a remote quarter of the boat, employed the time in writing to an old chum in Boston. An extract from his letter may prove welcome to one interested in our story:

"Greatly to my surprise the old ship brought us safely to port. On the whole, the voyage was a comfortable one; but I would not advise you to run a like risk of wind and wave. I write so soon after my arrival because it is exceedingly uncertain how long I may be

able to identify myself as your *quondam* friend. Changes are so violent here, and follow in so rapid succession, that whatever a man may be one hour is no guarantee as to what he may be before the expiration of the next. Scientists, I believe, allow seven years for the system to effect a complete change. This time may be applicable to Boston; but in San Francisco as complete and thorough a renovation is brought about easily in seven months. If my hair is not white before you get another letter from me, it will be for the reason that I have found a region where one's brain need not spin like a top with excitement, and where one can breathe, eat, and sleep halfway secure against startling interruptions. I am anxious enough to get at the gold, but this is not the cause of the perturbation of which I speak. Disturbance is bred, as it were, in the very air. Everything is wild. No law of man or nature that I have been familiar with extends its jurisdiction to this coast. Humanity has run riot; and, as Dr. Johnson would say, 'there's an end on't.' Only two or three days in San Francisco; but let me give you a hint of a few of the more prominent episodes with which so brief a career has been favored.

"No. 1. A murder committed before my very eyes not only, but the victim being a man with whom I was in conversation at the time; and what is worse, Ensign, our common friend, being the perpetrator of the deed. He (Ensign) is excusable, however, as things go here, and is sustained by the better portion of the community.

"No. 2. Found a miserable wretch, without shelter or friend, down among some old boxes by the water, grappling with death. Arrived just in time to see him draw his last breath. He was an acquaintance of my companion; so, with the help of two men and a drunken clergyman, we buried him.

"No. 3. Have seen an angel gambling. Saw her reduce to her own possession \$8,000 in the space of thirty minutes.

"No. 4. Have expended from my own private purse nearly \$300, having so gained no more than the necessities of life, and the satisfaction of having done my duty.

"These four enumerations are sufficient to convey an idea of what life is here; I might add many more.

"Every nation on earth has sent a vagabond here. To-day he is begging, but to-morrow he may command his thousands. Hopes and fortunes go up and down almost too quickly to realize what has taken place. Uncertainty is the presiding deity, and all men, high or low elsewhere, here find themselves upon a dead level of equality. Ministers of the gospel turn porters (most dissipated ones at that); doctors, lawyers, judges drive mule-teams, shovel dirt, or become menials in the hotels and saloons. But, believe me, not for poor pay. A man that we wouldn't employ to superintend the ash-barrel at home can here get his eight dollars a day as a carpenter, a shoveler, or master of whatever task he may be willing to undertake. Money comes so easily and is so plentiful that it is really good for nothing, after all. Unless one does as did a Virginian a day or two since—shoulder his gold and hurry home—he is as well off with one dollar as he is with a thousand. It is of no use to try to fill up pockets already full of holes. Some men, of course, are too cunning to fall into the prevalent ruinous habits. I am informed that certain gamblers from the mother country manage to send home the average sum of \$17,000 each per month. It is into the coffers of such bankers as these that the earnings of

the reckless miners go. For weeks together these thoughtless gold-diggers will take out of the earth from three to five hundred dollars a week; then drag their rheumatic limbs down here and throw all away in as many days—yes, in as many hours. If worse comes to worse, why one sure remedy remains: a man can cut his throat, shoot or hang himself, at any time or place, without fear of interference.

"And yet, what is stranger than all, amid this confusion and subversion of every recognized canon of civilized life, there is a certain degree of order, and a substratum of solid, reliable, vigorous manhood. You would be astounded at the amount of business transacted in San Francisco. The town can't stow away one-tenth part of its merchandise. Some twenty ships are used at this date as warehouses. Fate has undoubtedly singled out this rampant mud-hole for greatness. Sometimes glorious visions of its future pass before my eyes; but they vanish as soon. I would not for the world do injustice to this immortal band of pioneers. Their faults are great, but great faults are the counterparts of great virtues. Already there is a church and school in operation; and in many other ways the seeds of order and peace are being sown. Recklessness so extreme cannot continue. Innumerable lives and fortunes must yet be lost before the end is attained; but I firmly believe that, one day, this land will be spoken of with pride by Americans and by the people of all nations that recognize the prosperity that is achieved through perilous toil and the sacrifice of whatever is dearest to the heart of man.

"After this strain of eloquence, I know you expect a spurt of the ridiculous. Well, allow me to present you with a list of liquids, the majority of which may be procured at one of San Francisco's countless saloons. The business of these places sufficiently attests this baby settlement's strides toward the prosperity of adult years. The one now in point is a canvas structure, but behold the treasure it contains:

"Scotch Ale, English Porter, American Brandy, Irish Whisky, Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum, French Claret, Spanish Sack, German Hockamere, Persian Sherbet, Portuguese Port, Brazilian Arrack, Swiss Absynthe, East India Acids, Spirit Stews and Toddies, Lager Beer, New Cider, Soda Water, Mineral Drinks, Ginger Pop, Usquebaugh, Sangaree, Perkin, Mead, Metheglin, Eggnog, Capilliere, Kirchwasser, Cognac, Rhenish Wine, Sauterne, Malaga, Muscatel, Burgundy, Haut Bersae, Champagne, Maraschino, Tafia, Negus, Tog, Shambro, Fisca, Virginia, Knickerbocker, Snifter, Exchange, Poker, Agent, Floater, I O U, Smasher, Curacao, Ratafia, Tokay, Calcavalla, Alcohol, Cordials, Syrups, Stingo, Hot Grog, Mint Juleps, Gin Sling, Brick Tops, Sherry Cobblers, Queen Charlottes, Mountaineers, Brandy Smashes, Whisky Punch, Cherry Bounce, Shamporone, Drizzles, Our Own, Red Light, Hairs, Horns, Whistler, White Lion, Settler, Peach and Honey, Whisky Skin, Old Sea-Dog, Peg and Whistle, Eye-Opener, Apple Dam, Flip Flap, One-Eyed Joe, Cooler, Cocktails, Tom and Jerry, Moral Suasion, Jewett's Fancy, Ne Plus Ultra, Citronella Jam, Silver Spout, Veto, Dracon, Ching Ching, Sergeant, Stone-Wall, Rooster Tail, Vox Populi, Tug and Try.

"Of course, bowie-knives and pistols, cigars and tobacco, are the unfailing companions of these spiritual pleasures. How would you enjoy setting out with the determination to go through such a list at the modest expense of twenty-five cents per indulgence? As before intimated, not every one of these elixirs of delight ad-

vertised is to be procured just at present; but the go-ahead proprietor informs me that if the rush to this port continues, and the gold holds out, he will have every article named behind his bar at the expiration of another twelvemonth.

"I haven't said a word about women. Knowing me so well, you may attribute my silence on this point to obedience to my natural bias; not altogether. There are no women to talk about. A few females of Spanish extraction are to be met with, wrapped in gay-colored shawls; but it will be some time before I make love to any of 'em. They waltz elegantly, I am informed, and, to my own knowledge, they have lustrous and rather pretty black eyes; but their teeth are yellow with tobacco smoke, and their stockingless feet exhibit heels that could be much improved by the brisk application of a rough cloth saturated with warm soap-suds. A few civilized Americans have their wives and daughters with them, though I have been honored as yet with the acquaintance of only one of them, and that acquaintance is not more than an hour old.

"I heard a good story yesterday (and it is undoubtedly true), illustrating the demand for respectable female companions. A lady from Virginia lost her husband shortly after her arrival at San Francisco. Before a week passed she had received three offers of marriage.

"Notwithstanding the fair objects of song are absent, the poets of this land sing to them as if their charms were actually before their eyes. The favorite songwriter of all the region, several months since, sang his own ballads, interspersed with recitation and character acting (the name of no other performer appearing upon the programme) to a house large and appreciative enough to yield him a net profit of \$500. I append one of his

efforts, clipped from a newspaper, that you may gain something of an idea of his skill in versification. The muses seem to be very partial to this bard. He first makes his verses, then sets them to music, then renders them, so conjoined, with his own mellifluous voice:

"To ———.

"Oh, lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave for thee a wreath
Richer than any queen could wear.
For thou shouldst have a coronet
Not glittering with costly gem;
The primrose and the violet
Shall be thy queenly diadem!

"The jessamine bank shall be thy throne,
The hawthorn blossomings for thee
Shall breathe their fragrance, while the song
Of nightingale and humming bee
Shall be thy music, and the shade
Of leafy bower and myrtle green
Shall yield for thee a sanctuary
Where thou shalt dwell in peace serene.

"Then, lady, take these buds and flowers
And twine them in thy nut-brown hair,
And I will weave a fragrant wreath
Richer than any queen could wear.
For offerings of gold and gems,
Lady, I would not bring to thee;
But weave a wreath whose blossomings
May bloom in immortality!"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER.

The "globe-trotter" has become a familiar apparition. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but his species is ever present. The individual changes, but the type is fixed. It is not so much in the field-glasses slung at his side, the decanter tied to his knapsack, the Indian hat—nor yet in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of baggage and bundle—as it is in a certain air of traveled condescension, a sort of cosmopolitan patronage of the provincial human fixtures who have never been "abroad" that one can distinguish the typical tourist.

You can tell him almost at a glance, and yet he is as multiform as Proteus. He is English, French, German, Swiss, Russian—even Chinese. Sometimes he is American; in which case you can pay him no higher compliment than by mistaking him for an Englishman. He has been everywhere, and is really an entertaining companion. Last summer he scaled the dizzy heights of the Jungfrau, picked his way

over the slippery surface of the Mer de Glace, yachted in the North Sea, and listened to the weird Norwegian songs as the fisherman pulled out into the open *fiords*. Last winter he studied the Eastern Question on the Bosphorus, sought of the Sphinx the solution of her impenetrable mystery, climbed Mount Sinai, and walked in the storied paths of Gethsemane. For such a man one must feel respect, even admiration. He knows the customs of many peoples. He is possessed of much curious and unique information. His views are comprehensive. Travel has given him intellectual length, breadth, and altitude. There is an amplitude in his views that is refreshing. He sees beyond the horizon. He is a citizen of the world.

But there is one sort of tourist—be he of what nation he may, and be he possessed of what unlimited learning—for whom this writer cannot command a feeling of respect. It is the man whose wealth and position have given him

opportunities of travel, and who has, therefore, climbed the revolving globe, but who has never made himself acquainted with the scenery, the characteristics, the capacities of his own country. An Englishman who knows every land except England, a Frenchman who has learned everything that is not French, an American who has drunk of every inspiration save the broad democracy of his native land—these are creatures who have thrown away the corn of life that they might preserve the silken tassels and the golden husks.

Perhaps the most powerful story which has been produced by any of the latter-day school of Boston writers is Mr. Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*. Philip Nolan, a young army officer of the United States, became entangled in the conspiracies of Aaron Burr, was arrested, and tried before a court-martial. At the close of the trial the President of the Court asked Nolan if he desired to offer any proof of his loyalty to the United States. In a fit of anger he cried out, with an oath, "I wish I may never hear of the United States again."

The Court President was one of the most loyal in those loyal days that followed the Revolution, and was terribly shocked at these words.

"He called the Court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"'Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.'

"Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"'Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there.'

"The Marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of Court.

"'Mr. Marshal,' continued old Morgan, 'see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day.'

This sentence was rigorously executed. Nolan was put on a man-of-war bound for a long voyage. When this ship was ready to return he was transferred to another. Fifty years came and went, but he never saw his country again. No one was allowed to mention the United States to him, or to give him the least intelligence from home. No newspapers were allowed him until every paragraph and every advertisement that alluded to America had been

cut out. He was a shunned man. He grew shy and reserved. He choked down an almost irresistible longing to learn something of his native land. Remorse and despair preyed upon him as, year after year, he floated upon the ocean without a country or a home. Great changes took place, of which he knew nothing. From thirteen small colonies the nation expanded until the seas alone checked its further progress. States and territories were added, and cities were built, of which he had never heard.

At last he lay upon his death-bed, and a comrade, taking pity upon the poor fellow, disobeyed orders and told him of the wonderful progress, of the additions and annexations, of the discoveries, the great names, the heroic deeds, the books, the speeches, the wars; in short, epitomized as best he could the events which had taken place in the fifty years in which the nation had been sweeping on to its splendid destiny. After Nolan's death they found, on a slip of paper that he had written, the following directions:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be greater than I can bear? Say on it:

'IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN,

LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

It is a great pity that every American does not read this story—often. Here is a land with a population of fifty millions, and with an area (if we include Alaska) nearly as great as all Europe. Upon its broad acres every vegetable product known to man may be raised. As an agricultural nation it stands at the head of the world. In manufactures it is disputing precedence with European countries, and in many arts and industries is already far in advance of them. The laws of political economy have a wide play, affording unusual opportunities for generalizations. To the thoughtful mind, therefore, no people will seem better worth studying than this restless, progressive American populace. But not alone to the student are there attractions. The scenery is unrivaled. Europe has no Yellowstone, and the world cannot match Yosemite. And yet it is rapidly coming about that the only people who have not seen Yosemite are Californians.

The immediate incitement to the writing of this article was the casual meeting by the writer in San Francisco, during the last summer, of

a gentleman whose life-note sounds the anti-phone to that of poor Nolan—a quiet, well informed, modest, unobtrusive, Christian citizen, who loves his native country, and who has traveled more, perhaps, than any other living man over its length and breadth. So keen was his observation, so extensive his information respecting the arts and industries, the life and customs, the wants and needs of every part of the Union, that I determined to use his life as a text to preach a sermon to American citizens, and particularly to that class who have seen every land except their own. I allude to Mr. Alfred S. Gillett, of Philadelphia. I take the liberty to give, briefly, and as accurately as I can remember them from several disconnected conversations, such events of Mr. Gillett's life as bear upon the subject in discussion.

When he was about eight years of age, his father, a New England clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination, removed to one of the new States of the West, where for several years the members of the family had a taste of that primitive frontier life which has been the stimulus of so much that is good and ennobling in American manhood. Young as he was the sturdy lessons of these early days were not lost upon the successful business man of later years. After a time young Gillett returned to New England for a short period at school, after which he entered the mercantile establishment of an older brother, where he remained until 1837. He then went to Georgia as bookkeeper for a large house, which soon after determined to establish a branch of their business in Texas and sought to induce Gillett to enter into a partnership with them in that enterprise. But like most self-reliant natures the young man had begun to feel a desire to stand by himself and for himself, and he had also acquired by this time a love of travel and change. He again returned to New England and invested the small capital saved from his earnings in such merchandise as he believed to be salable in the young Texan Republic. This was in 1840. Four years before, Texas had revolted from Mexico and set up a government of her own. The war with the mother country was still in progress, and the tenure of property was uncertain. Movables were held at the owner's risk. But Gillett was successful in his ventures and realized handsomely from his goods. Among valuable acquaintances made at this time was that with Samuel Houston, then President of the infant republic—an acquaintance which ripened into the friendship of a life-time.

Returning after a period to Georgia, Gillett engaged in business on his own account near his former location. Charles A. Wickliffe was

then Postmaster-General of the United States, and appointed him postmaster for the district in which he resided. For a while he prospered in business. But the portentous cloud of civil war was already casting its shadows over the land. Gillett's pronounced Northern sentiments made it uncomfortable, even dangerous, for him to remain, and at a sacrifice of business interests, he left the south and took up his abode in Pennsylvania.

In 1850, he engaged in the business of underwriting in Philadelphia. For this calling, his energy, his early experience in mercantile life, and his knowledge of the different parts of the Union, eminently fitted him. He rallied to his support men whose names will be recognized by all Philadelphians; among others Hon. Joel Jones, first President of Girard College; Chief Justice George W. Woodward, Judges Loring and Strong, and Messrs. Cunningham, Sheppard, Swain, and Simmons. The result of this association was the organization of the Girard Fire Insurance Company, with which Mr. Gillett has been continuously connected until the present time, now holding the office of President. This position has been particularly congenial to him, because it has given him opportunity to gratify his taste for travel and observation. It is not within the limits of our purpose to follow up the details of his career. It will be sufficient to state the general fact which bears upon the object of this article.

Within the last thirty years, Mr. Gillett has visited, and traveled through, and carefully studied, every State in the American Union, and every Territory except two. He has been in every city in the United States which has a population of more than twenty thousand. Many of these trips have been on business, but the great majority were undertaken for his own profit and pleasure. His last excursion was a visit to this coast, during which he went to Oregon and Washington Territory, returning overland, by way of southern California, through Arizona and New Mexico. The railroads do not yet connect, and the journey through the last named Territories is considered peculiarly hazardous, especially by stage or private conveyance. One of the New York papers, in noticing this "jaunt," speaks as follows:

"It is a fact not generally known, that to the insurance profession belongs the honor of having one of the best, if not the very best, traveled American citizen; that is, one who has seen quite as much, if not more, of this country than any other American. We refer to Alfred S. Gillett, the well known and accomplished President of the Girard Insurance Company of Philadelphia. On trips of business and pleasure from time to time, it has been the good fortune of Mr. Gillett to

visit every State in the Union, and every one of the Territories, except Montana and Idaho. We know of no other person who can boast so thorough an acquaintance with the country, or who has a better appreciation of the extent of Uncle Sam's farm. Within the last ninety days Mr. Gillett has traveled about ten thousand miles in journeying from Philadelphia to Chicago, San Francisco, and the whole length of the Pacific Coast, going from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, thence to Puget Sound and out through the Strait of Juan de Fuca, thence by ocean steamer to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego, thence by sail and stage to Santa Fé, thence to Topeka and Chicago *en route* for Philadelphia. Making such a trip at this season of the year was a most arduous and venturesome undertaking, and one from which ninety-nine out of a hundred individuals would shrink. The Puget Sound region was found full of points of interest, and such as well repay a visit. The journey through New Mexico was more perilous than interesting, and was calculated to deter one from selecting that route for a pleasure excursion. A special escort was provided and ready to accompany Mr. Gillett on his way through the Territory, but owing to telegraphic interruptions was not furnished, and the journey was made alone and unattended through the most dangerous part of the route by stage. On arriving at Santa Fé, he was met by General Hatch, of the regular army, who rendered courteous attention, and afforded valuable aid for the rest of the journey to Topeka. The General declared Mr. Gillett the only person who had dared to make the trip unattended. The *Santa Fé New Mexican*, of January 18, in noting his arrival at that point, said, 'His trip was one that is rarely taken by Americans for any purpose, and Mr. Gillett is probably the only man who has ever made it in the winter for pleasure,' and we will add, either in summer or winter, or for either business or pleasure."

In round numbers, this gentleman has traveled more than two hundred thousand miles,

all within the confines of our common country. The result is not only a marvelous amount of accurate information; a clear insight into social and political, financial and industrial matters; but a high and absorbing degree of patriotic feeling like that which prevailed in the early days of the republic, but which of late has become enervated into a *blasé* cosmopolitanism.

It is a great pity that biographies are written only of the great. The real lessons of life are not learned on the battle-field or in the Senate Chamber. There are hundreds of business men in their counting-rooms, hundreds of artisans in the factories, hundreds of laborers at the plow-handles, whose lives are more full of wholesome example than many whose names are cherished by the gaping world. Just at present, I believe, we need a lesson on our snobbery; on our aping of foreign ways; on our bowing and scraping to foreign lords, who, for all we know, are barbers in disguise; on our rolling of foreign words, like sweet morsels, under our clumsy and mispronouncing tongues; on our liveried coachman and our ridiculous ancestral trees; on our going abroad to "finish" the education which never has been begun at home. Here, around us is Democracy—the dream of the world. Here is broad and liberal thought. Here is nervous, world-moving progress. And the man, who by example or precept teaches us to observe and respect the mighty energies that are moving with resistless force on every side, has given us a lesson upon which it were well to ponder.

JOHN C. BARROWS.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

"What I have borne on solemn wing
From the vast regions of the grave."

—WM. BLAKE.

All night I toiled across a boundless plain—
A moving speck beneath the sky;
I heard afar the pouring of the surf,
And from the sea of death a cry.

Ah, deep and solemn is this realm of death,
A vast and dim and weary land!
And tall and pale are its flowers sweet,
And fiery red its wild sea-strand.

Crimson the sea, crimson the burning stars,
The lagging moon's a disk of blood,
And black are the forests of moaning trees,
And dark their shadows in the flood.

Sometimes a wind blows through the gloomy sky,
The furious billows strike the clouds,
And wildly then the phantom ship of death
Sweeps by, with spectral shrouds.

For masts, three giant jinn as black as night
Stand up, and spread their wings;
For ropes, the braided tresses of their hair,
Afloat, or woven into rings.

Black is the whistling cordage, black the sails,
And black the giants' streaming crests;
No crew is seen, but well the ship obeys
The ghostly pilot's stern behests.

Aloft, two grinning skulls at stern and bow
Flash fire from out their hollow eyes,
And ever forward lean the living masts,
And fast the bounding vessel flies.

Crimson the sea, crimson the burning stars,
The lagging moon's a disk of blood,
And black are the forests of moaning trees,
And dark their shadows in the flood.

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

GOOD-FOR-NAUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

It was going to rain. Franky Wilkins got the young ones in and counted them. She ran her bright, sunshiny eyes over the rollicking troop, and her smile faded.

"Where's Good-for-naught?" she asked.

"Oh, ma, should think you'd know 'thout askin'," said Bill. "She's round to Marvin'ses."

"I'd like to know what takes her there so often," said Mrs. Wilkins.

"Why, she helps Mrs. Marvin take care of the baby and do the work."

"*Her* a helpin' anybody," ejaculated Mrs. Wilkins; "think o' that now, when she'd ruther die than do a hand's turn at home."

"Mother," said Mr. Wilkins, "you may be sure its mighty little help she gives. You'd better look into the matter, and see that she don't pester Mrs. Marvin's life out of her, hangin' round there so much."

"*Her* a helpin' anybody," repeated Mrs. Wilkins. She laughed. The idea of Good-for-naught making herself useful. She laughed again—such a meaning, intelligent laugh; an indulgent, kindly laugh; a laugh that had motherly pride in it, too. Mr. Wilkins understood the full meaning of that laugh, and there arose

before him a perfect vision of his absent daughter—a comprehensive vision that covered her whole life from the moment the nurse laid the fair, twelve-pound baby in his arms down to the present morning, when, as he phrased it, she "got away with the whole family—mother and father included—in a general blow up."

Mr. Wilkins sat forward, bolt upright in his chair, and scratched his head smilingly. His thoughts were exhilarating.

"*Hit*," he said, meaning Good-for-naught, "do you mind, Franky, when we went to Conysburg to see your sister how the little devil *would* stand up in the kerrige all the time, and how she fought you for trying to hold her? She wouldn't let you even tech her dress on the sly like. She kept a lookin' round and a snatchin' her little frock outen your hands till pretty soon the kerrige took a bump and stood still, and out she pitched into dust a foot deep."

"And its mighty fortunate the dust was so deep," said Mrs. Wilkins. "But wasn't she a pickle when you took her up?"

"And do you mind, after that, how you couldn't hold her tight enough to satisfy her? But wasn't she scared, though? 'Twas the richest thing I ever see. That was the day she called you 'an old sinner.' 'Hold me, ma,' she

said. 'Now, ma, take hold o' me dweess,' and she gathered up a little piece of her dress and crowded it into your hand. 'Now, if oo let doe of me, ma, me'll be *awffy* mad. Me don't want to pall out adain.'

"Yes; and, being as she'd tormented the life out of me before she fell out," said Mrs. Wilkins, "I thought I'd torment her a little afterward. So I pretended to be very indifferent, and would let her dress slide through my fingers till she got so worked up she gave me a piece of her mind. 'You mean old tinner,' she said. 'Me'll trade you off and det anuder ma. Where did me dit you, anyhow?' 'I expect the Lord give me to you,' says I. 'I wish he hadn't a done it,' says she, as quick as a flash, a flingin' me a look backward over her shoulder — 'I wish he hadn't a done it; nor he wouldn't neider, only you're so mean he didn't want you hisself.'

Mr. Wilkins laughed hilariously.

"She got away with you there, old woman," he said. "Fact is, she's been getting away with us all ever since, too. But wa'n't she the prettiest baby that ever lived?"

"Now, pa," exclaimed a babel of voices, "you said Nett was the prettiest, and Sally, and Bill, and—and—"

"You was all the prettiest," said he, kindly—"each in his or her turn."

And, indeed, such another bright, handsome lot of children it would be hard to find, and so many of them—eight in all—and all in a bunch. Good-for-naught, the eldest, was barely fourteen, and Sally, the baby, was two years old. Next to Good-for-naught, whose name was Hope, came a quiet, gentle, obedient girl called Netty. The space between Netty and Sally was occupied by five boys—Milton, Byron, Leonidas, Alexander, and William Henry Harrison, whose every-day name was Bill.

Now, two peas were never more alike than Bill and his sister Hope—in consequence of which they resolved themselves into a small mutual admiration society, and fought each other's battles against the other combined six. Bill, however, being the younger, had a way of revealing Hope to herself (not always pleasantly) by copying her actions and her sayings, and even of projecting himself along the line of her character into absurdities and follies, which it was in her to commit, but from which pride and good taste restrained her. This sometimes brought a volley of wrath upon his head from his precious ally, which he bore with great meekness, but which he would in no wise have borne from any other member of the family.

After Bill was born and began to develop his ruling peculiarities, he out-heroded Herod to

such an extent that his father began to think he had been premature in bestowing the name of "Good-for-naught" on the first child. Still, in cogitating the matter, as he often did jocularly, he concluded that "Bill" was the next best thing he could do.

"They ain't neither of them much account," he would say to his wife, with evident pride; "but you bet they can just furnish music for the rest of 'em to dance by."

Mrs. Wilkins had done her duty (as she believed) by Hope in trying to bring her up to be a useful woman; but either her system was at fault, or there was that in Hope that would not yield to other people's ideas of usefulness. If sent to wash the dishes she would slip up into the attic with *Pilgrim's Progress*, and there, lying on her stomach with the book beneath her face, would go with Christian to the Holy City, rarely reaching home again before night. All during this delightful trip she gave momentary flashes of thought to the probable fate that would befall her on going again into her mother's presence. But her mother never whipped hard, and never whipped at all if the culprit could turn her anger aside by some witty remark; and a little wit from one of the children went a long way with Mrs. Wilkins.

But let us follow our heroine to the "Marvins," as Bill called them, and see her for ourselves. Mr. Jack Marvin—Dr. Marvin rather—was educated for a physician. He thought himself a mechanical genius. In reality, he was fit for nothing at all—unless it might be an angel. It is not positively asserted that he was fit for that. If, however, the absence of evil, the negative virtue of harmlessness, together with a very happy disposition, are the requisite attributes, the idea occurs that he might have been intended "to loaf around the Throne," as John Hay expresses it, and that he would have answered in that capacity as well as a better man. At all events, he had no faculty for getting along in this wooden world. He was a busy little fellow, always working at something of no possible utility, and neglecting his practice to do so.

He made models of impossible machines. He had a model quartz-mill with ever so many stamps in it. It came in time to be used as the family coffee-mill—the whole family collecting about it every morning to watch the little stamps as they pounded the grains of coffee—those immense boulders—into powder. He had a model reaping-machine which could be made to mow its way through a cabbage-head, in consequence of which cold-slaw became a favorite dish among them. He had a model steamship, and many other models, constructed out

of cigar-boxes principally, and nearly all of them unfinished, or finished so hurriedly that the latter end of each one had appeared to forget the beginning.

Now, the Doctor, poor little soul, made the same impression on an observant person that his models did. He was unfinished. And worse still, nature seemed to have forgotten the original intention of his design. He had the brightest, most interested, and innocent eyes ever seen. His forehead was very bare; and as he had but the segment of a nose, and a rudimentary mouth like a tadpole's, he created the belief that he had been born prematurely, and had never caught up.

At an early age, while yet a college student in one of our Western cities, he had run away with and married a pretty school girl, who had never been inside of a kitchen in her mortal life. When the boy's father heard of it, and went after the little fools, he found them up four-flights, in a seven by nine room under the roof, vowing eternal constancy throughout all the heavenly future without enough money between them to buy a scuttle of coals. The sight of his helpless boy and the beautiful "child-wife" disarmed his anger, and, being a jolly old soul, he took his vengeance out in laughter.

"Here's richness," quoth he. "Married in Lilliput and keeping house under a cabbage-leaf."

He did what he could for them time and again, and finally rid himself of the responsibility of their support by sending them to California.

"I guess you'll not starve, Jack," he said. "There's a special providence for fools and children, and you can claim protection under either clause of the provision."

So by hook or crook they drifted into a populous and prosperous neighborhood, where the Doctor tinkered the neighbors' bodies when he could spare time from his toys, which was a great annoyance to him; so great that he was frequently known to hide under the bed, or in the closet, when a knock that sounded at all ominous came upon the door, while his little wife met the visitor and serenely lied about her husband's absence.

Now, this little wife kept house, or rather she lived in a house that kept itself. She was about seventeen years old by this time, and her venerable husband was approaching the dotage of twenty-three.

There was a baby, of course, and a venturesome infant he must have been to come into life under the guardianship of those other infants—his parents. And yet, with what must

be regarded as an inherited recklessness of consequences, he had made his appearance, even laughing at the forebodings of the wise, and conducting himself with an irrepressible jollity highly reprehensible under the circumstances.

Mrs. Marvin, who had a great dread of the mature matrons of the place, clung to Hope Wilkins with an intensity of girlish affection characteristic of the sex in its early development. Hope was surprised and flattered by this preference, and secretly thought Mrs. Marvin was the loveliest and brightest of human beings. Indeed, it is no wonder she captivated the awakening fancy of the undeveloped girl. She was a new revelation to Hope. She could play the piano, though there was not one within twenty miles of them—yet she could play it, and that was something. She could compose poetry—really sweet, touching little verses. She had a box of water-colors, and could paint pictures. She took a portrait of Hope, and it looked very like her, indeed. Her little hands flew over the paper, and the beautiful forms of nature sprang like magic from beneath them. Hope also had a natural talent for drawing, and this Mrs. Marvin discovered, and proceeded to develop. She was a strangely gifted creature, this young wife, without one practical idea in the world. She knew nothing about cooking, housekeeping, or the care of her child. Hope, having been brought up in an orderly family, knew all these things theoretically, though so far she had refused to apply her knowledge. But now, here was some one who seemed in a measure dependent on her superior ability—who regarded her few practical accomplishments as evidences of amazing wisdom. This flattered Hope, and caused her to attempt the dizziest heights of housewifery. Sometimes, when pressed by necessity, she even attempted bread-making. However, as she felt all her efforts in this department to be failures, she preferred smuggling it to the family from her mother's pantry.

It is inconceivable to what an extent Franky Wilkins would have opened her bright eyes could she have seen "Good-for-naught" so industriously employed. At home she could not stir up a spoonful of thickening without "making such a muss" her mother would rather do it herself than clean up after her. Another duty Hope shouldered was making the family clothes. Had any person related this as a fact to Mrs. Wilkins the statement would have been received with laughing derision. Still it was true. Hope could not be trusted to hem a dish-towel at home; but here she boldly cut into the raw material and brought forth dresses for the baby

and his mother also. It is true the little one's dresses were mere slips puckered into shape, with a drawing-string about the top, and sleeveless. It was a style of dress to be appreciated in hot weather, and little Jack frequently showed his appreciation of it by snaking it off over his head at the risk of choking himself and going naked. It seems hard to believe, but this young iconoclast, this breaker of customs, if not of images, was so thoroughly imbued with the family traits as to be perfectly satisfied in the garb of Cupid, and but for the compulsion put upon him by Hope would never have suffered himself to be dressed at all. "Paint me, mamma," he used to say; "paint me in boo and wed streaks, and make me pooty."

And then this venerable and dignified mother would get down on the floor with her paint-box, and, laughing at the various devices suggested by her prolific imagination, would paint his fair, fat little body in all the colors of the rainbow; often streaking one leg in rings, and the other in perpendicular bars or long spirals. This afforded her infinite amusement—this and a hundred other little ideas—so that her ringing laugh was not long silent in the house.

It was no rare thing for Hope, in her frequent visits, to find the child in the condition described. She made it her first business in such a case to wash him all over, and compel him to submit to the tyranny of clothes, even if she had to slap him a very little in order to accomplish her purpose. So it came about that he looked up to Hope and respected her out of all proportion to the respect he had for any one else. He took very little notice of his father at all, but his mother was his chief playmate. She sang hundreds of songs to him, and to Hope as well—Scotch, German, and English ballads; all the nursery rhymes; snatches from Moore, Campbell, and Scott never yet set to music. She told them fairy stories and love stories, and when her supply gave out she made others and went ahead.

And this was Hope's education. Better than all the books in the world, with more unerring precision liberating the latent faculties of this gifted girl, was the unconscious teaching of this child-woman. In this the whole family combined. It was not alone what was said and done, but what was unsaid and undone, that helped to teach her. It was the helplessness of the family that gave character and strength to those about them; not only to Hope, but to Stephen Whitehall, a brother of Mrs. Marvin, who had followed his sister to this State, after she had been here a year or two.

Stephen Whitehall was a cripple and an invalid. He was Mrs. Marvin's twin brother. He

had missed his sister and almost his only companion so much after her marriage that he could hardly live without her. His parents thought he might recover his health in the perfect climate of California, and saved up money, by slow economy, to send him here. He could not remain long in her family without coming into the same relations with them that Hope did. He saw their inability to do anything useful, and this prompted him to make an effort for their support. He had been a student always, and had no difficulty in passing an examination and getting the position of assistant teacher in the village school. And so the boy toiled for this family and saved for them, and week after week grew thinner and paler, until he looked as if a breath would blow his light out forever. Thus it came about that Hope and Stephen Whitehall were the special providence to these "fools and children," and all went well with them. But it was little Hope's mother dreamed of her growing capability for usefulness, as she did not choose to reveal it at home, where it would be in too much demand; so she passed in her family for the same "Good-for-naught" as ever.

Hope was like her mother, though few people knew it, and the mother was a remarkable woman. A woman of great heart and intellect, and of the happiest disposition. Her physical organization was almost perfect. She was large and fair. Her muscles were firm, her step elastic, and her whole appearance magnetic and grand. She was a woman who laughed; not as ordinary laughers, but with intelligence and meaning. Her laugh was jolly, witty, satirical, humorous, indulgent, kind, loving; sometimes meaning yes, sometimes meaning no; sometimes it was pitiful and covered a world of pathos swelling in her sympathetic breast. It was ever ready, spontaneous, and beautiful, and so full of meaning that no one could mistake any one of its manifold expressions. Her children were all more or less like her, though, perhaps, none so much as Hope and Bill. In her management of these olive branches she was little less inconsistent than the average mother. She petted and spanked them alternately, and they were all more or less rebellious, and generally had their own way. So far, Hope had been the most troublesome, and, as Mrs. Wilkins said, had "egged" the others on.

When the first children were small, Mrs. Wilkins had ideas on the subject of diet and started out with the intention of feeding them mush and milk for supper. The rebel Hope fought this measure unsuccessfully for ten years and then abolished it. Almost every night, if not too tired and sleepy, she would have some

new complaint against her supper. "There is pizen in it," she would say; upon which the other children would refuse to eat it. Nor could the assurance of their mother to the contrary remove their fears until Hope had been forced to recant; which she rarely did until the ever ready switch made its appearance upon the scene of action. Another dodge was "the cow had put her foot in the milk;" another, it made her sick, it gave her the colic, it gave her the headache, it killed Mrs. Smith's little boy, made him "have fits so's he tore up his ma's things and beat his ma and then died; and his ma felt so sorry she cried seven leaven days, and *then* she couldn't stop, and served the mean old thing just right, too. One night, during a temporary absence of her mother, she told the younger children she positively would not eat it; she intended to starve to death right off. The little things flocked about her in great alarm and begged her to eat. Highly gratified by the sensation she was creating, she went still further; she laid on the floor and pretended to be in the death throes of starvation. She pitched her body about with amazing energy, considering the character of her disease, and reminded her audience of the dying struggles of a headless chicken, thereby making her acting all the more forcible to them. Her sister Netty and the other children sent up the wildest screams of dismay, which so pleased her that she quit kicking, rolled her eyes up out of sight, crossed her hands and died. At this juncture, the most dismal and frantic howls rent the air, and in the midst of them Mrs. Wilkins marched in and performed the miracle of restoring the dead to life by the use of a small rattan kept for that and similar purposes.

As Hope grew up she was prolific in means by which to gain her own way, and in this manner succeeded in rendering herself a perpetual torment. She was noisy and self-asserting at one time, and gentle and reticent at another. She was adventurous, full of strange experiments, always amusing herself and often amusing the other children, though without any intention of doing so.

Instead of studying her school-books, she illustrated them. Along the margin of every page she drew pictures innumerable of all possible and impossible, animate and inanimate things—whole caravans of absurdities. They meandered down one side of the page and up the other all through her books. She was scolded and whipped for it again and again. She took all the scoldings and whippings, wiped her pretty eyes, pulled the hair down over her flushed face, scowled on all the world from

behind her straggling locks of tawny gold, then catching up book and pencil, another moment would find her wreathed in smiles and pursuing her endless work of illustration. She was a natural-born author; only, instead of writing her thoughts, she expressed them in pictures.

One of her idiosyncrasies was her dislike of boys. They interfered with her. She didn't understand them. She was hard to understand herself, but there was method in her madness. There was none in that of boys. To her, they were an incongruous scramble of insane noises, dreadful cruelties, and senseless, mischievous sports. She avoided them except in cases of necessity, and then she handled them without gloves. Many a miserable dog she rescued from their tormenting hands. Clubbing her slat sun-bonnet, she would swoop down upon a crowd of them, striking right and left, dealing vigorous kicks, "darkening the sun" with flying hair clawed from their astonished pates, and doing it all with such incredible rapidity as to leave the impression that a cyclone had passed that way. It is true, her young teacher was scarcely more than a boy, and yet she felt for him nothing but kindness. He was but four years older than she was, and sickness had made him appear effeminate. He was tall enough, but slender and pale, with a gentle, pathetic face, molded to an expression of suffering. It was his condition that aroused Hope's sympathies in his favor, and caused her to make him the one exception in her rule of universal dislike for boys. She was always kind to him, and he, in return, felt a strong desire to assist her in her studies, even at recess; for it gave him acute pain to see the bright, independent young thing so frequently punished by the head teacher. It soon became apparent, however, that she permitted him to instruct her only because she thought it conduced to his pleasure. For her part, she had no intention of giving any particular thought to her books. Could she have expressed herself she would have said that books were an impertinence to her; being a child, her expressions were actions. Stephen, at last, got a glimmering idea of the true state of the case, and his first regret that she should be a dull scholar changed to an unexplained admiration based upon what he, and every one, considered her chief defect. So truth bores its way through mountains of prejudice, and makes itself felt even while scorning to give its reasons. Stephen admired the strong, beautiful child and clung to her. Always, at recess, she sat by him instead of playing out of doors, showing him her pictures and weaving a romance in explanation of them. No reference to his health, nor to the crutch

he walked with, was ever made by either of them; and Hope was too thoughtless to observe his increasing weakness. But one day he was absent from his post and then the school-room looked deserted to her. She had no thought of being in love with him, but yet she loved him most tenderly in her innocent, sympathetic, half motherly way. She felt uneasy about him. She reflected—for the first time consciously—on his sickly condition, and wondered she had never been uneasy about him before. As the day wore on, she grew more and more indifferent to the passing events, and, when school was dismissed, she went straight to Dr. Marvin's. Stephen was in bed. He promised to be better to-morrow, but to-morrow found him still weaker; and the days came and went and weeks and months slipped past, and all the time he was growing weaker and his suffering was becoming more intolerable, until his life was one prolonged agony.

Hope's services now became acceptable indeed in the Marvin family. She managed to escape from school nearly half the time, and scarcely ever spent an hour at home except at night. She was growing into great usefulness. Her quick sympathies were driving her out of herself. She was developing into a grand woman. She and Mrs. Marvin, when not otherwise engaged, would draw the table to Stephen's bedside and there paint their endless fancies, while he looked on and enjoyed it as well as his suffering condition would permit.

It was about this time a distinguished looking stranger made his appearance at the village hotel. He was from New York, and came to California on a trip of recreation. His health, he said, was threatened by reason of much close application of business. He was pleasant and sociable, but not overly communicative. It was evident that he loved nature. He was enthusiastic about the scenery and climate, and lingered among the hills and *cañons* with glowing eyes and inexhaustible love. He made an acquaintance with the children.

"Nothing in all the world," he said, "could exceed the beauty of California children."

After a while he began to wonder how he could ever go home again without taking the angelic children, the hills, the shadowy gulches, tree canopied, vine garlanded, fern carpeted—in short, the whole beautiful State—with him.

One day he was intercepted in his evening walk by a troop of sparkling, beaming fays, all carrying school-books. They knew by this time that he loved them, and so they surrounded him, talking to him in the most unrestrained manner. Presently a little girl opened her book to show him her treasures: a new thumb-

paper, a number of small paper dolls dressed in hollyhock leaves, a sheet of foolscap covered with hieroglyphics, bird, beast, and reptile, gnarled old trees, leaves and flowers, things in form and out of form—such objects as start up from the moving darkness of night beneath the closed lids and reveal an antecedent world of half organized beings. Strange fancies surely—suggestive, puzzling, full of crude genius.

"Where did you get this, my dear?" Mr. Brownell asked.

"Good-for-naught made it," came from half a dozen voices.

Mr. Brownell continued to look at the drawing. His eyes glowed with unusual warmth.

"Good-for-naught? And who is Good-for-naught?"

"Why, Hope Wilkins; that's her name; only she's no 'count at home, nor at school, and so everybody calls her 'Good-for-naught?'"

Now, Mr. Brownell's answer to this was incomprehensible to his hearers, and would have been equally so had the whole town been present. What he said was this:

"In the latter days angels will walk the earth unawares. And where does this girl live, my dears?"

Any of them could answer this question. They showed him the house, the top just visible over the hill.

That evening a cold wind came through the tree-tops from the north. Franky Wilkins thought a fire in the sitting-room would improve the looks of things. A fire suggested apples and nuts to the youngsters. And so the children, five boys and a baby girl, sat around the blazing logs cracking nuts, with Bill talk-talk-talking, making what seemed to be a living business by the energy he devoted to it—talking with his breath coming in and going out, and occasionally getting choked on a syllable, and going instantly into a nervous spasm for fear some one of his brothers would edge a word in before he recovered his use of speech. He had just struggled through a masterly effort in the way of unchoking himself when the clock began a little grumble, preparatory to striking seven. Now, this clock had a very weak voice, and not much command of what it had. It would grunt and grunt, and then give a feeble "ting," and grunt again for some seconds, and articulate another "ting." This it did quite fairly on the small hours. As the number of strokes lengthened toward twelve, however, it became discouraged, and usually gave itself up for a bad job somewhere between eight and ten.

"Her's a going to strike, boys," said Bill; "let's help."

So they all grunted in chorus as she grunted, came in unanimously on the "ting," grunted again, and so on to the end.

"Bully for her," said Bill. "I believe her could a done it by herself this time. Her talked it off as fluent as a duck pickin' up dough. Somebody's a comin' to bring good news. Now, you'll see; that's a sign."

At this moment the gate-latch clicked.

"Told you so," said Bill, jumping up in the air, and sitting down again instantly with his face to the door.

Sally gave a little sympathetic squeak of joy, that sounded as if it came through a very small gimlet hole in the top of her head, and turned her bright, expectant face to the door also.

When the word "Come in" was given, Mr. Brownell lifted the latch upon what to him was a beautiful tableau. Six lovely child faces, each one an interrogation point, gathered around the fire; back of these a responsible, motherly looking little girl, with smooth brown hair and Madonna features, sewing by the light of a lamp on a round table. This was Netty. Then came Franky's grand head, with its crown of gold and her beaming smile of welcome. Last of all, Mr. Wilkins, bluff, honest, stanch old fellow that he was, and a very handsome man withal.

For a moment Mr. Brownell's heart stood still in the presence of this lovely group, and then beat again in pain and gloom. He recalled his own family circle before death had claimed wife and children one by one, leaving him a lonely man with nothing but his business for amusement.

Then he introduced himself, and, taking a paper out of his pocket, asked if this little girl was the one who drew the figures on it.

"That's Hope's work," said Mr. Wilkins. "Hope is two years older than this one—in fact, she is fifteen now, I believe. She is visiting at a neighbor's to-night."

"Is she much in the habit of doing this sort of thing?" asked Mr. Brownell.

"Her'll do it all the time if her gets the chance," said Bill, who now pressed forward to do the family talking.

Mr. Brownell took the small man on his knee, and again addressed Mr. Wilkins.

"You have a very talented daughter," he said, "and her talent, unlike that of many other people, possesses a money value. I was a mechanic in my youth, trained to the trade of pattern making. As I grew older I began to work for myself, and in time built up a great business. I especially succeeded in beautiful designs for molding and carving. After a while,

as my taste ran in that vein, I began the manufacture of wall paper, drawing many of the patterns myself. I left New York about three months ago, first placing my business in experienced hands, to take the only recreation I have had since, as a boy, I was apprenticed to my trade. I have been fortunate—in business."

Here he paused and looked around upon the handsome children, sighing deeply. Some invisible tendril went out from his heart in that sigh, and drew the little Sally to his side. He took her upon his unoccupied knee, apparently without seeing her, as if it was the habit of his life to care for and protect children.

"I have employed many persons of talent to assist me in this department of my work, but none who gave evidence of such native genius as the young lady who made these drawings."

Then he looked at the paper in his hand a long time, seemingly forgetful of the presence of every person in the room. Presently he looked up.

"Where is your daughter Hope, Mr. Wilkins?" he said. "I would like to see her."

"Her's at Marvin's," said Bill. "I'll go and get her."

But he suddenly thought about its being dark outside, and amended his proposition by offering one of his brothers as a substitute, whereupon a discussion arose.

"*Fraid to go, you are,*" said Aleck derisively, "and *that's* what's the matter with you."

Bill denied, and Aleck affirmed, and for about a minute nothing could be heard but "I ain't," "You are," gradually sliding into "Y'ain't," "Y'ar," each boy cleaving fast to his own word, until Mrs. Wilkins silenced them by asking which one of them would go for their sister. Aleck was perfectly willing to start, on the strength of his mother's request, he wished it understood, and not because Bill wanted to send him. Then Mr. Brownell said he would like to go there himself. He had made Dr. Marvin's acquaintance, and had been wonderfully pleased with his many original ideas. So he and Mr. Wilkins walked there together.

Now, the evening was chilly, if not cold. There was a fire burning in the wide chimney as the visitors entered, though the family were as far from it as possible. The room was long and large, as if in its construction it had been intended for two rooms, and the partition had been omitted. In the back part of this long room there was a bed, in which some one was lying, and near the bed a table where Mrs. Marvin and Hope were sitting, with little Jack between them in a high chair. It was hard to tell whether they were working or playing.

They were surrounded by drawing materials, and Hope was busy with her brushes, but laughing a little, apparently at some of the child's nonsense. Mrs. Marvin seemed to be making a business of laughing, as Bill did of talking. She had just completed the picture of a wasp on her child's arm, so natural as to make him a little nervous about it, though understanding its nature perfectly well. On one of the pretty boy's snowy shoulders perched a humming-bird, or rather it hovered above it, so consummate had been the skill that created it. Around his neck was painted an elaborate coral necklace and cross, and about his wrists were bracelets to match. So here he was, as fine as a king, his mother affirmed upon her introduction to Mr. Brownell, with never a dollar's outlay, and only a yard of ten-cent muslin for his royal robe. He was perfectly clean, thanks to Hope, and the brightest, jolliest little beggar ever seen. He kept time to his uproarious laughter by kicking the table underneath, making the cups and paint-boxes jingle. It was only after much persuasion he consented to sit on Mr. Brownell's lap, and then it was a glimpse of the gentleman's watch that decided him.

Mr. Brownell apparently took little notice of Hope at first, directing all his attention to Mrs. Marvin; however, he was drawing his own conclusions of her.

"What an earnest face," he thought. "There is power of concentration there, and depth of character. She is a true artist. She has enthusiasm and a noble imagination."

Hope was working away at her picture, but presently an invisible messenger from Mr. Brownell's inmost thought touched her, and she raised her calm, truthful eyes and bent them with a look of beautiful innocence and modest intelligence upon him.

As he met this look he arose from his seat with quiet dignity, and stood by her side. He had no thought of asking permission to examine his work, neither was he presuming on her as a child. Indeed, he did not think of her in relation to her age, but as one to be deeply respected, whether child or woman. Hope recognized the thought that prompted his action, and pushed the picture on which she was working a little space toward him. He looked at it earnestly for some moments, and then turned his eyes upon the exquisite profile of the young artist. Before he spoke, he subdued a thrill that sought an outlet through his voice, and said, calmly:

"You design admirably"—he paused, not knowing whether to call her "Hope," as from her wonderful naturalness he felt it would be

appropriate to do, or whether to adopt the more polite phraseology of "Miss Wilkins." It really seemed a consideration of deep importance for the moment, but the pause was growing awkward, and he compromised—"Miss Hope," he said, "and your execution is really remarkable."

He waited for her to speak, but she also seemed waiting for him to continue.

"I saw a page of your sketching to-day for the first time, and it is in consequence of seeing it that I came to see you this evening."

She turned her face more toward him and a little up, but her eyes did not yet meet his.

"Came to see me!" she said, in a surprise of which her words and tone would have conveyed only the faintest idea to an unobservant person. But Mr. Brownell noted a touch of hoarseness in the limpid purity of her voice, and rightly attributed it to concealed emotion—an emotion quite new and inexplicable to Hope herself. What dreams had she been cherishing whose realization lay in the words of this noble looking stranger? None that she knew of; and yet the answer to her question stood revealed instantaneously. The very atoms of her being had been silently shaping themselves all through her life up to this point, and far beyond this—to a realm of indefinite and shadowy beauty to be revealed to her step by step as she should go on. He thought she was waiting for him to speak.

"Yes, I came to see you," he said; and then he told her substantially what he had told her father, and named the monthly amount she would receive if she consented to go and work for him—an amount so large in comparison with anything she had ever dreamed of that it almost took her breath away. It was twice as much as her hard-working father could earn, and yet he kept his large family on his earnings—kept them though in much privation, and refrained from going in debt.

"And poor pa works like a dog," she said.

It was easy to trace the current of her thought from this remark; and Mr. Brownell, with a touch of shrewdness inseparable from business men, smiled a little, saying to himself, as he went to his seat, "Let well enough alone—she'll go; that's the leaven that will work." Then he opened conversation with Mrs. Marvin and Mr. Wilkins in a brisk, lively tone, never once turning to glance again at Hope, who sat like a statue, unmindful of the talk, her eyes large and intense, her thoughts indistinguishable, being feelings rather than thoughts, while the leaven worked and worked.

Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Marvin were as yet unaware that Mr. Brownell had made Hope an

offer that would probably affect her whole future, though Mr. Wilkins had reason to suppose that the offer would be made in time. But there was one in the room who had heard every word, and noted the full effect. And while Hope sat lost in dreams of the future, a pair of dark eyes looked upon her from the pillows—eyes holding in their dim shadows the awful despair of death. It must have been a half-hour she sat in perfect stillness before the beautiful picture her imagination was painting—the generous plans she was proposing for those she loved, the happy surprises she could bring her brothers and sisters; but at last, with a start and an irrepressible impulse, she turned to the bed—turned to meet the awful look of those dark eyes, to catch with both her hands the now outstretched hand of the crippled and suffering boy.

Her movement had been so sudden and impulsive as to cause the disarrangement of some light articles of furniture near the bed, thus producing a noise that attracted the attention of those who were sitting around the fire.

"I can't go," she said; "oh, I can't go." Her words were a groan. The whole family moved toward her.

"Oh, Stevey," she was saying, "I can't leave you—I can't leave you."

Then, when she saw her conduct was noted, she shrunk away to the foot of the bed, bending down upon it as if anxious to escape observation, but unable to control her emotion, and repeating, "I can't leave Stevey—I can't leave Stevey," uttering the words to those about her in a child-like tone of apology, whose purity and innocence touched every heart in the room.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Wilkins did what he could to soothe his daughter, and presently took her home, leaving Stephen to explain the situation to Mrs. Marvin.

Mr. Brownell was much surprised at this new revelation of Hope, and cast about in his mind for a suitable explanation. Could she be in love with that poor creature so evidently on the verge of the grave, he wondered. It seemed impossible. What then could have caused her emotion at the idea of separation from him? He reviewed each incident, every word she uttered; he acknowledged to himself a deep interest in her, and he wished to get at the bottom of the feelings that agitated her so. He found it impossible to gain his own consent to the idea of her being in love with him. He

thought of the leading expression of her face, an expression betokening enlargement, sympathy, an expanded benevolence, and this seemed to give him a clue.

"The mother-feeling," he said, "is uppermost in all of 'em from the time they are born. See how they love dolls, especially after their arms and legs are broken off. The more you cripple 'em up the more tenderly they cling to 'em. I don't believe I know any more about them now than the day I was born. However, I don't think Hope is in love with 'Stevy,' as she calls him. Her manner was too open and frank for that. No, no—he is her playmate and friend. She has ministered to his wants so much since he was sick he is even more necessary to her than she to him. He is the engrossing object of her tender sympathy and loving, motherly commiseration. Why, bless the girl's heart—what a heart she has! She pities him and has that love for him that is born of pity. She would feel the same if he were a girl instead of a boy."

He went to see Hope a number of times, and found her usually at Dr. Marvin's, where he often followed her. He soon saw that his persuasions had no effect on her. She did not argue the point with him at all; but when pressed for a decision would shake her head a little as if unwilling to say "no" to him. He felt her delicacy on this point; he also felt that any undue pressure on his part would elicit a firm refusal. There was a vein of iron underlying the soft and unruffled surface of her character.

He was at Dr. Marvin's so much he came at last to know positively that no love relations existed between Hope and Stephen. He spent many an hour by the invalid's bedside, and began, first, to pity him, and then to love him.

"Here is a strange development," thought he; "a boy, who, if he were well and active, would be nothing but a strong, loving, sweet-natured girl, so far as character goes. But what a lovable creature he is!"

Then Mr. Brownell would pause in his thought, quite lost for expression. It was impossible to analyze the charm of Stephen's disposition, for he seemed to have been born without the selfish impulse; and with what fortitude he bore his awful suffering! Sometimes, after hours of extreme torture, he would turn his face to the wall and weep silently, but he never uttered a word of complaint. And the responsibility of his sister's family, that he had carried so long, was still on his shoulders, a constant weight that he could not put off. "Oh, to be tied down here," he thought, "and *want* in the house."

Unconsciously to himself, Mr. Brownell was coming into strong sympathy with all this family. Its cares were becoming his cares, its pleasures his pleasures. Several times he had shared their queer little incongruous dinners, in which the lack of dainties was made up by the excess of fun; even poor Stephen contributing his share of nonsense.

By slow degrees the feeling that Stephen *must not die* was taking possession of this kind-hearted man. His strong will arrayed itself against such a possibility.

"What," thought he, "so much beauty and goodness to drop out of this world where it is so needed! No, never—it *must not be*."

In the meantime, Stephen was using all his influence to persuade Hope to go to New York with Mr. Brownell. He was made wretched by the thought that it was for him she was sacrificing so good a position. One day, he made his voice very steady—indeed, almost jocular in its tone—as he talked with her about it.

He thought it would take him only about three months longer to peg out, he said, at the rate he was traveling; and then a second-class funeral, and a record in the town paper of his manifold virtues, would wind up his affairs.

"And you see, Hope," he added, "it won't pay you to wait for the drop-curtain when you lose so much by it." Then, in a deeper voice, he said, "Let me persuade you to go. You are a strange girl if you refuse to listen to the injunction of a dying friend. Oh, Hope."

Hope turned toward him with a gesture almost of fierceness, as if it were in her thought to strike him; then she ran out of the room, and came again no more the whole day.

But Mr. Brownell came and stayed with him for hours. Mr. Brownell began to see—to feel, rather—why Hope would not leave him. He was growing into this condition himself. One day he asked Dr. Marvin the nature of his disease. He had been hurt when a child, the doctor said, and the wound had never properly healed. An abscess or some foreign growth had developed slowly, first causing him to lose the use of his leg, and afterward consuming his strength, gradually killing him.

"Could nothing be done for him?" Mr. Brownell asked.

"Had it been taken in time it might have been cured," the Doctor thought. "It is too late now."

Mr. Brownell looked at this little, limp doctor, and drew his own conclusions of him and his opinions.

"The Doctor's ideas on the state of society in the next world are probably as good as anybody's," reasoned he; "but he is too slack

twisted physically to be able to hold physical facts. His medical knowledge I wouldn't give a fig for, though, to be sure, he may know it all for all I know; yet I'll not take his word in the case of this boy."

Then he broached his half developed plan to the Marvin family. He wanted to take Stephen to New York with him, where he could have him properly treated. There was a chance of his recovery. He could not find it in his conscience, he said, to abandon that chance. He should feel himself little better than a murderer if he did. He could not tell how it was the thought had taken such a hold on him, but it was there, and that was all he knew about it.

When Stephen heard of Mr. Brownell's proposition he gained new life instantly. His apathy vanished. His spirit grew strong enough to triumph over his miserable body for the time, and compel it to a certain amount of helpfulness. He was far too sick for this to last long, but the family looked upon it as an augury that he would get well. So the plans were all laid, and Mr. Brownell, and Hope and Stephen, were to start to New York on a fixed day.

Franky Wilkins was doing some thinking in these times. She was going to lose her girl. It was all right, so her head told her, but her head could not reason her heart down on the subject. Her laughter was infrequent now, and when she treated her family to its sound its tunelessness was tremulous and suggestive of tears. This peculiarity in it brought her husband into the secret place of her mother-life, and he found it an uncomfortable place indeed.

The children of the family were easily reconciled to the idea of Hope's going. She would send them things; she would come back again some time, and then it would all be so grand—they would have such a good time then. But Bill took the matter quite seriously. He wanted Mr. Brownell to take Sally instead of Hope. Sally was no account, he said, and anyhow he wanted Hope himself.

There was quite a little stir of preparation going on in the house. Mrs. Wilkins and Netty were busy sewing for Hope. The boys all went to school except Bill, and it fell upon him to do all the small errands in the family. Now, this state of affairs he resented, and he waited until his life became a burden to him.

"I'm tired of work, ma," he often said.

His mother thought work was good for boys. "It would loosen up his skin and let him grow."

"I don't want to grow, ma," he informed her. "I want to be like Tom Thumb, and get money easy. I don't want to work, and I won't work, either. I'll kill myself first."

"Bless us and save us," laughed his mother. "It runs in the blood."

And then she told him how Hope tried to die, and was brought back to life with a switch.

"Yes," he said, "but Hope didn't know how. I'll die dead and fast. I'll make a sure enough die out of it, and then you'll feel awful bad 'cos you worked me so hard."

Scarcely a day passed without this threat in one form or another, and it became a standing joke among the brothers. Of an evening, on their return from school, they would profess great surprise at finding him alive.

"Ain't Bill dead yet?" was the standing question among them. Each morning their leave-taking was most affecting, as not expecting to see him again in the flesh, the dearth of tears on these occasions finding compensation in the endless "woo-hoo" they howled in unison.

This jocular way of treating the matter strengthened Bill's resolution, until a day came when he had been worked so terribly human nature could hold out no longer. He had brought in three baskets of chips, had set the chairs up to the table twice, and gone once to a neighbor's to borrow a sleeve-pattern.

"Durned if I'll stand this any longer," he said to himself as he sauntered into the parlor to be out of the way of work. "I ain't a goin' to let ma run this caravan any more. I'm tired of life; it don't pay. Ma says Hope tried to die and couldn't. I know she could a died just as nat'ral as life if ma'd only had gumption enough to let her alone. But ma's never haves any sense no how. Course Hope couldn't stay dead when they was a whippin' her. She's too gritty for that. Nobody'd stay dead and take a poundin'. Catch 'em at it! They'd get up and pitch in unless they was too awful, mis'ble dead, and then nobody wouldn't whip 'em. Now, then, I'm a goin' to die dead. I ain't got nothin' to live for. Ma ain't got no sense—she's a eejot. Sally's meaner than anybody—squack, squack, squack, if you just crook your finger at her, and run and tell ma—that's her. And there's them boys—durn 'em—boo-hoo, boo-hoo—good-bye, Bill; give my love to the divil when you die. I wish there was a sure enough divil, and he had every one of 'em. And there's Hope a goin' away, and Stevey; everybody I love a going off, and everybody I hate stayin' to home. That's just my luck. Durn things, anyhow. I'm a goin' to lay me down and die, and I mout as well do it now before ma wants any more chips. Won't she be 'sprized when she comes in and finds me dead. She'll feel awful bad, too—good on her head. She'll feel so bad that she'll just paw up the ground and make things howl all day and

all night. Now, here goes this caravan for a long journey"—stretches himself out on his back, and folds his hands on his breast; wonders if there really is a devil, and comes to a sitting posture instantly; decides that there nothing in it, "cos if there was he'd a had ma long ago;" lies down again and composes himself to his last sleep; cranes his neck up and looks along the line of his body. "Durn that hole in my knee—it spoils the looks of the corpse; makes it undignant." Then he makes up his epitaph. "'Here lies William Henry Harrison Wilkins. He was the goodest little feller ever lived—only nobody didn't know it. He'd a made the smartest man in the world if he'd a lived, but his ma made him do things he didn't want to do till she killed him.' That'll make her squeak," said he; "that's the pizen that'll fetch her." Then his thoughts went back to the devil. "Guess I'd better pray a little to make it safe, anyhow"—rolls his eyes upward and launches out. "O Lord, I'm a dyin'; don't let the devil get me. I should a thought you'd a put a end to him long ago. Maybe you hev. If so, bully; if not, why then you can't do it too soon, 'cos you know nobody's safe with him a rummagin' round loose—not even me, and I'm the goodest little boy there is— What's that?"

He had sprung to his feet with a very red face. The object of his excited exclamation was a dragon-fly—his special abhorrence. It had flown in through the open door, touched his little clasped hands a moment and fluttered against the window-pane.

"Now, I've got you just where I want you," said he. So he took a small leather sling out of his pocket and some shot, and began to fire at it. He had almost emptied his pocket of shot—his mouth rather, for it was in this convenient receptacle he deposited them—when the dragon-fly careered backward in mid-air, made a side swoop, almost touching his tormentor's head, and darted from the room. At this moment the sound of his mother's voice reached him. She was calling him by name.

"You can Oh Bill, and Oh Bill, till you're tired," said he, stretching himself once more upon the carpet and composing his limbs in death. "There ain't no Bill as I knows on, or won't be pretty soon. I'm as good as dead already."

He had scarcely assumed this position, however, when he started up in horror, shouting so lustily that he soon brought the family about him.

"I'm shooted!—I'm shooted!" he yelled, jumping up and down in intense excitement—"I'm shooted!—I'm shooted!"

His mother began to examine his body, tearing his clothes off in extreme consternation. At last it was apparent that there was no hurt on him, but still he roared, "I'm shot!—I'm shot!"

"You little dunce," said she; "there's nothing the matter with you."

"Oh, there is—there is," he cried. "I'm shot; I swallowed a shot."

And this was the outcome of his suicidal intention. He was so glad when he found himself safe that he brought in an immense pile of chips for his mother without being asked, and he gave Sally two of his handsomest marbles that same afternoon. To be sure, he took them from her the next day; but let us not mention it. The "goodest little boy" that lives cannot be good all the time. HELEN WILMANS.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LUCRETIA MOTT.

The Island of Nantucket, situated on the south-eastern coast of Massachusetts, was purchased from the Indians for thirty pounds and two old beaver hats by Thomas Macey. Whittier tells in his *Exile* that Macey sheltered an aged Quaker from the pursuit of the parson and sheriff, and for thus breaking the laws against banished Quakers was obliged himself to flee from the mainland of Massachusetts. He took up his abode on the Island of Nantucket, where neighbors gathered around him, and the place soon became brisk in fishery.

On this little island was born Lucretia Mott, on January 3, 1793, the same year that Madame Roland perished on the scaffold. But the babe might lie yet awhile as unconscious of human storms as of the storms of wind and wave about her island home. There were happy childhood days before her, when she should gather many a sea treasure, listen to the tales of the fishermen, and watch, maybe, the great spiders hanging in their webs about the wharves and in the fishy-smelling warehouses. Her childhood also was a useful one, for the father was often away on trading expeditions, and as the children grew old enough they were taught to aid their mother in keeping a small store.

Mrs. Mott's parents were in comfortable circumstances, and might easily have sent their children to a select school, as was the fashion with their neighbors; but the father was a Quaker, and decided to send his children to the common schools, thinking that the select schools tended to a feeling of caste. This act of her father Mrs. Mott remembered gratefully in after years, saying that it had given her a sympathy for the poor. Her education was completed in a Quaker school in Boston, where she taught for two years after her graduation in order that a younger sister might have the advantages she had herself enjoyed.

A sketch of her life, which she furnished to *Eminent Women of the Age*, a book written some years ago, best tells of her thoughtful youth. She says of herself:

"My sympathy was early enlisted for the poor slaves by the class-books used in our schools, and the picture of the slave-ship published by Clarkson."

She speaks of her interest in temperance and labor reforms, and of women she says:

"The unequal condition of women in society early impressed my mind. Learning while at school that the charge for the education of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers women received but half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this was so apparent that I resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed."

One who so soon called into question the usages of the society in which she lived could not avoid coming into collision with them later.

She became an ordained minister in the Society of Friends, and traveled in the Northern States and a few of the Southern, preaching against slavery and intemperance. Her interest was for the moral questions of the day rather than for dogmas, but when the schism occurred in the Quaker church she took her stand with the Hicksite, or Unitarian division.

Her separation from the body of the church cost her many of her oldest and most trusted friends; and even thirteen years afterward, when she went to England as a delegate to the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," she was made to feel on one occasion the dislike with which the orthodox Quakers still regarded her. She made many friends among the cultured people of London, and among them the Duchess of Sutherland. The circumstance of which we speak occurred at a *fête* given to the American delegates by Samuel Gurnsey, brother of

Elizabeth Fry. This well known woman was an orthodox Quaker. She showed herself most cordial to all the delegates except Mrs. Mott, whom she took pains to avoid by passing into the house whenever Mrs. Mott came into the garden, and returning to the garden when Mrs. Mott happened to be in the house.

Mrs. Mott's nature was most free from bigotry. At her hearthstone all questions of the day might freely be discussed; and it was one of the lovable traits of her character that a limp feather, a dress in which a rent was exchanged for a pucker, could never hide from her appreciation any good quality the wearer might possess.

The next struggle of Mrs. Mott's life was in the anti-slavery cause; and as she had before fallen under the displeasure of the orthodox Quakers for opinion's sake, so she now seemed likely to be cast out from among the Hicksites for her work in the new reform. During the fugitive slave days her house was one of the principal stations of the underground railway, and for many years she refrained as far as possible from using anything produced by slave labor. In 1833, she joined with William Lloyd Garrison and others to form the first anti-slavery society. Public opinion was most bitter against the Abolitionists in the early days of the movement. A writer of that time, not an Abolitionist, declared that the circulation of a journal depended upon the abuse it heaped upon the Abolitionists. This abuse fell doubly upon the women engaged in the work. They were not only the hated Abolitionists, but women "out of their sphere." So exercised over it were the clergy of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, that they felt called upon to publicly rebuke "this most unwomanly proceeding." But neither a mob of arms or of tongues could daunt these women. In 1838, Mrs. Mott presided over a Woman's Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia. The mob surged about the building, threatening every moment to overwhelm them. In spite of the commotion outside, and the shattering of window-panes, Mrs. Mott succeeded in holding the convention to its work, and brought it to a successful close. That night the hall was burned to the ground, with the connivance of the city authorities. Collyer relates an instance of her tact. One night when a mob was driving the Abolitionists out of a hall, and the moment was one of great peril, Mrs. Mott said to one of the unprotected women:

"Take this friend's arm; he will take care of thee through the crowd."

"And who will protect you, Lucretia?" said the woman.

"This man," she returned, touching the arm of one who was of the mob, "will see me safely through the crowd."

And rough, red-shirted ruffian as he was, there was an American gentleman beneath the rough exterior. He gave her his arm and carried her safely out, protecting her life like a good "white knight."

As before mentioned, Mrs. Mott was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention held in London in 1840. The leaders of the anti-slavery cause in England had invited all the nations to send delegates to this convention; but when the American delegates arrived it was found that some of them were women, and the first three days of the convention were spent in discussing whether they should be allowed to take their seats. In England, Elizabeth Herrick's voice had been the first to cry, "Immediate Emancipation!" and Harriet Martineau had written against slavery, but still the eloquence of Wendell Phillips and others in behalf of women was unavailing, and their credentials were refused. William Lloyd Garrison arrived too late to take part in the discussion, and hearing what had happened to his countrywomen, he would not present his credentials, but sat a silent spectator of the proceedings. Henry B. Stanton was one of the delegates, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, then a bride, accompanied him. Thus, two able women—Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton—met for the first time. Long afterward Mrs. Stanton was asked what most impressed her in her London visit, and she answered, "Lucretia Mott."

They both felt the humiliation which had been meted out to women by this convention, and they decided that when they should reach home they would call a convention to discuss the social condition of women. Accordingly, in 1848 a convention was held at Seneca Falls, July 19th and 20th. The topics were the social, political, and religious position of women, and the most important step of the convention was its demand that suffrage be extended to women. The reform met with the contemptuous mirth of the nation, but earnest people are not to be turned aside by sneers. Year after year the woman suffragists have held conventions, talking to a few thoughtful, and many curious, people—their audiences usually being fringed by a number of rowdies, ready alike with boisterous applause and hisses. Slowly, but surely, however, the enfranchisement of women has come to be a question of the day, until, in 1876, the Republicans thought it of enough importance to give it a place in their Presidential platform for the centennial year. True, the question is

not yet popular, but still we think Mrs. Mott has died in sight of the "promised land" whither she sought to guide the womanhood of America. In Wyoming women have voted for some years. Governor Cornell, of New York, in his message for 1881, speaks cordially of the law passed last year by which women of that State were admitted to the school suffrage. In the State of Massachusetts women vote on school questions, and Governor Long, in his annual address, has just recommended that women shall receive the full franchise, a course which the poet Whittier cordially commends through the columns of the *Boston Advertiser*. Nor is this a question of our country alone. Both France and England are discussing the matter. Surely we have little need to feel faint-hearted when our cause commends itself to such men as Whittier, Herbert Spencer, Victor Hugo, and Dumas.

The last meeting over which Mrs. Mott presided was held at Philadelphia on the fourth of July, 1876. On that day, while the men were celebrating the hundredth birthday of the nation by reading sonorously from the Declaration of Independence that "taxation without representation is tyranny," the woman suffragists assembled in Dr. Furness's church, and held a meeting of protest. Mrs. Mott was then eighty-three years old, but in spite of the intense heat of the day she presided over the meeting for eight hours. It was in this summer that the writer met Mrs. Mott—a memory that is like a benediction. Her forehead was high and broad, the eyes kindly, and the features delicate. On

her mother's side she was a kinswoman of Benjamin Franklin, to whom her face was thought to bear a likeness. Combe, the phrenologist, said that hers was the finest woman's head he had ever seen. She was small of stature, never in her life weighing over ninety pounds. At the protest meeting, some one in the audience said that Mrs. Mott could not be seen on the platform, and requested that she should sit in the high pulpit.

"Well, friends," said she, "I am not high-minded, but, like Zaccheus of old, 'who climbed the tree his Lord to see,' I am small of stature, and shall have to go up for thee to see me."

Although growing too old the last few years to be abroad, she still felt an interest in the doings of the busy world. We have heard Mrs. Stanton tell that one day Mrs. Mott had been reading a paper-money tract. Finally, she took off her spectacles, and, turning, said, in her measured way:

"Elizabeth, does thee understand this question?"

At Philadelphia, November 11th, 1880, Mrs. Mott closed her useful life, and passed without fear into the unknown. From ten o'clock until the hour of the funeral, one person after another stood for a moment beside the sleeper, and then passed on with noiseless footsteps. She was buried in a quiet Quaker grave-yard, where the unpretentious head-stones scarcely show above the green grass. It is said that a thousand people gathered about the open grave, there being a noticeable number of colored people in the throng. ELLEN C. SARGENT.

BLIGHTED.

"The sun hath seared the wings of my sweet boy."

You who have forgotten your own childhood—you from whose hearts have passed all sympathy with such childlike aspirations as make up the sum of our early years—read no further. For you this history of a few episodes in a brief young life will have neither point nor pathos. It is intended only for such as still remember the first feeble struggles and growing power of those inborn predilections that bud, long unsuspected for what they are, in some young hearts, sending forth strong, clinging roots, which quickly enwrap the whole inner nature, while through the outer crust of rough thwarting or careless disregard they stoutly fight their way, gradually springing into flourishing existence, and assert-

ing their divine right to live no longer as simple predilections, but united and combined as the vocation of a lifetime.

I was returning home one afternoon many dollars richer than I had ever dared to dream of being but a few hours before. The flush and glow of success was upon me. I felt the happiest of men. All the weary past was forgotten—the lonely hours when I had toiled in quickly changing moods that alternated from dull despondency to brightening hope; the seemingly insurmountable obstacles which it had taken all my energy to battle with; the stinging disappointment of frequent failure in getting nearer the desired goal; the bitter sense of wrong

when my work was unjustly criticised, when my best efforts were unappreciated, misinterpreted. In the days gone by it had seemed to me that I had been chosen for the butt of fate. Now I felt that I had merely been serving the usual apprenticeship to art, and it was with a glorious sense of relief, as from an incubus, that I mentally threw off the yoke of servitude, and girded up my loins to stretch forward on the road to fame that lay seemingly so straight and smooth before me.

And what had created this revolution in my life? Only the sale of a picture. My last effort had appeared at the annual exhibition, had taken the second prize, and been purchased since for five hundred dollars.

Five hundred dollars! Ah, what a fortune it seemed, and what would I not do with it! In the first place, I should take my sister and her children to the sea-side. They needed a whiff of pure air, poor things, and Alice had been very good to me in the old time. How long, long ago that "old time" seemed, by the way! In the second place—

"Uncle Frank, Uncle Frank!" broke in a shrill young voice upon my reverie.

I was nearer home than I had thought, and my little six-year old nephew, Jamie, his sailor hat stuck on the back of his curly head, was bounding to meet me. His glad young heart was scarcely lighter than mine as I caught him up in my arms, and, laughing into his smiling face, said, merrily:

"Ah, Jamie, it is well to be bright and young like you, but it is a still finer thing to be a successful painter."

His face sobered quickly as I spoke. He clutched my hand tightly as I put him down, and trotted on beside me with a strangely serious air.

"You're a painter, ain't you, Uncle Frank? Mamma says so. Can everybody be a painter, too, if they like?"

"No, indeed," I answered, with considerable pride in my own superior gifts. "It takes a very smart man to make a painter."

"Doesn't little boys ever be painters?"

"Of course they are," I replied, thoughtlessly. "Why, I myself used to be always dabbling with paints when I was a boy. And some rather creditable things I did, too," I went on, musingly, "considering my tender years."

I was beginning to forget my small companion in thoughts, of my first efforts with the brush, when I was brought back abruptly to the present—so abruptly, in fact, that I almost lost my balance. A pair of small arms thrown impetuously around my legs had brought me with such suddenness to a stand-still as nearly to

destroy my equilibrium, while a childish voice, piteously imploring, sounded in my ears:

"Oh, Uncle Frank," it cried, "let me be a painter, too!"

"You a painter, you midget? I think your own little person would be better covered than the canvas. Let go, child. You should not do that in the street."

"I'll never, never, never let you go till you tell me I can be a painter. Please, Uncle Frank."

How big and bright his eyes looked in that small baby face, away down there by my knee.

"Please, oh, please, let me be a painter, Uncle Frank."

"What put such an idea into your head, child? Your mother would not thank me much if she thought I was responsible for it."

"My mamma won't care if *you* let me be a painter. She always says I must do jess what you tell me."

"Indeed! Then I tell you now, you young rascal, to loose those vice-like hands of yours and let me walk on."

My logic had no effect upon the boy.

"Will you let me be a painter, Uncle Frank? Please, oh, *please*, let me be a painter," pleaded pertinaciously this would-be artist.

He still held me prisoner, and I did not wish to risk hurting him by any great exertion of strength, while I was in far too good humor to effect my release by a show of anger.

"Perhaps you are not aware, my dear nephew, that a promise made under duress is not considered binding by a court of law."

The expression of utter blankness called into his face by this unintelligible remark lasted but a moment, for his mind quickly grasped the one word "promise," and turned it rapidly to account.

"You will promise to let me be a painter, Uncle Frank? If you promise, I'll let you go."

"Very well, then, Jamie, I promise. But remember," I added, with mock solemnity, "it is a promise made under duress."

And then, I was so light-hearted that evening, I enjoyed a good laugh at the boy's puzzled look.

Very reluctantly, as though doubting his own comprehension, he released my legs, and we walked on side by side.

"And you'll teach me to be a painter?" he queried, anxiously, as if not quite satisfied with the promise obtained.

"Well, perhaps I may some day, Jamie," I answered, wishing to please the boy by gratifying with this indefinite assurance what I considered a mere childish whim of the moment, at the same time that I postponed the fulfill-

ment of my promise until he should have had time to forget it. "But you must first learn to be a very good little boy. You must not tease poor Towser, nor chase the chickens, nor pull the flowers without leave, and you must go to bed every night at seven o'clock without begging your mother for another minute."

"You'll not teach me 'fore I does all that?"—very earnestly.

"No, not before you teach yourself to be a very, very good little boy."

The child gave a sigh—a most unchild-like sigh—and trotted on in silence. What a fine boy he was, to be sure. I had never noticed before what a good head and open brow he had. My sister Alice should be proud of her one son.

When we reached the house I had plenty to talk about to this sister of mine in regard to my plans for the future, and I thought no more of Jamie, who had run off to play. But at seven o'clock precisely in he walked, as solemnly as the proverbial judge, and said very seriously:

"Mamma, I's ready for bed now," and whispered in my ear as he clasped my neck tightly after the manner of affectionate youngsters, "Remember, Uncle Frank, I's going to be a painter—some day."

Alice was dumb with surprise. It had long been one of the innumerable petty troubles of her busy life to get her children early to bed, and here was the most rebellious of them grown suddenly docile. She could not understand it.

Early the next morning I was in my studio preparing a canvas for work, when I heard a clatter of little feet upon the stairs without, followed by a tap—a very small tap—low down upon my door.

"Come in," I said, and the door opened a very little, scarcely more than enough to admit a man's arm, I should think, and in slid sideways my small nephew, Jamie. "Hullo, young man! Some one to see me?" for the children never came near my den in the attic except to announce a visitor.

How bright the boy's face was as he came across the floor, holding himself as straight as a soldier, and there was not a vestige of sheepishness or timidity in his manner as he looked up in my face and said, with a little gasp of satisfaction:

"Now I's come to be a painter, Uncle Frank."

"Oh, you have, have you," I replied, in astonishment; "and pray who gave you permission, you young rogue, to come to uncle's room?"

"Why, you did," he said, reproachfully. "You said when I was a good boy, if I didn't tease Towser, or chase the chickens, or pull the flow-

ers, and went to bed at seven o'clock, you'd teach me to be a painter. Las' night I went to bed at seven o'clock, and I'll never no more do nuffin naughty. I's a good boy now, Uncle Frank."

"So you expect me to put faith in a reform twelve hours old, do you? Ah, Jamie, unluckily for you experience forbids. My child, you must be good for a much longer time before I can teach you to paint. One day is not enough, nor two days, nor three, but a great, great many days."

His face fell as I spoke. He was sadly disappointed, poor little fellow, and I wished with all my heart that he were ten years older so that I should not have to refuse him. Children's troubles are so short-lived though, was my next thought, that perhaps it was better for him he was not any older; for now I came to consider it seriously it would never do to have another artist in the family. My sister, so practical in all her ideas, would be decidedly opposed to such a choice of a profession for her only son.

"How long then, Uncle Frank?" broke in a pitiful little voice upon my meditations. "Ten million thousand days?"

"Not quite so many as that, Jamie," I answered, smilingly.

"Three days?" with a sudden brightening of expression.

"Didn't I tell you you must wait longer than three days?"

"One week then, Uncle Frank? Oh, yes; one week is plenty, plenty long enough for me to learn to be good. Say one week, Uncle Frank, please."

With rosy mouth pursed, dimpled chin dropped, and pleading eyes looking up so prettily from under their long dark lashes, little Jamie was an irresistible petitioner.

"And do you really expect me to believe that you, the most mischievous boy in the square, could be good for one whole week?"

"You try me and see," drawing himself up proudly. "If I'm good for one week you'll teach me then, sure, Uncle Frank?"

"Let me see—one week." Before its expiration, I thought, he will have forgotten all about this new fancy. "Well, yes, Jamie. If your mother tells me that you have been a good little boy for one entire week, I will make a painter of you, if a painter *can* be made without being born one."

He was quite happy again.

"All right. You won't forget? I must go shell peas now—good-bye." And away he scampered, innocent little soul, his heart no doubt lighter than a feather.

Four days later my sister told me in confidence that she did not know what had come to Jamie—he was turning out an angel instead of a child. I had almost forgotten our compact, when her words brought it back to my remembrance, but some one called her away before I could mention it, and afterward I quite forgot it again. By the end of the week my mood was changed. I found that the money I had received was not elastic enough to cover all that I had thought of doing with it. How it dwindled and dwindled when I came to portion it out! I was in my studio, feeling very blue over the impossibility of making it stretch as far as I wished it to, when I heard the quick halting step of a child who was making frantic efforts to advance rapidly, with the same foot always ahead, upon the stairs without.

"Hang it," I muttered, crossly. "Why can't Alice keep those infernal youngsters of hers in the nursery."

I must have looked rather forbidding, for the youthful ardor of little Jamie, who came tumbling noisily into the room, was suddenly checked when he caught sight of my face, and he paused abruptly in the middle of the room.

"What do you want?" I cried, angrily. "I can't be bothered to-day. Bundle out of this now—quick!"

"Please, Uncle Frank," he gasped, "you p-promised me. I's been good for one whole week, and now you—you—"

"Well, I what?"

"You are to teach me to be a painter."

"Painter be hanged!" Then, rather ashamed of my temper, I added, morosely, "You don't know what you're asking, child. You'd curse me all your life if I aided you to an existence like mine. Better quick death than slow torture. Just enough encouragement to be tantalizing—advancement at a snail's pace—hopes continually deferred—it is an enviable life, truly. Go away, boy, and don't bother me again with such nonsense."

I imagine the only intelligible words of my harangue were the last few, for when I uttered them his hands fell away from the apron he had been fingering, and his short upper lip quivered. But he turned away without a word and left the room.

I went on gloomily with my work for about half an hour, wholly unconscious of having done any wrong, and quite absorbed in my own morbid thoughts, when, as I moved toward the door to see the effect of a cloud I had put in, I fancied that I heard a strange noise outside. Again—a choking sound. I opened the door hurriedly and looked out. There, upon the top stair, crying as though his little heart would

break, sat Jamie. My conscience gave a reproachful twinge. Poor baby—he was too young for sorrow. I picked him up, and tried to comfort him, but he would not be consoled. His tears still flowed, and his little frame quivered, while his sobbing cry was to be a painter, a painter—only a painter. It could do no harm, I thought, to humor the boy. He would soon tire of his fancy, like other children, if he did not possess the heaven-born spirit of genius.

I have always maintained, and now more stoutly than ever do I uphold the opinion, that a child should be humored, to a reasonable extent, in its choice of amusements. For what we of maturer mind may look upon as a mere pastime, is often to a child occupation as serious as the pursuits of riper years. And what in one instance is but the exhibition of a mimicry, common to extreme youth, of that which it sees done by others, may in another be the demand of embryo genius for such employment as nature wills shall be the vocation of after years. Now that I realized how seriously the boy felt, I could no longer conscientiously deny him that which he had so evidently set his heart upon; and what surer way to destroy the charm, thought I, if he were merely possessed of the desire of imitation, than by placing the brush at once in his fingers? So I got an old saucer, mixed some water-colors thereon, and gave him an old book full of wood-cuts to ornament to his liking. His tears were quickly dried. A few applications of a pair of dirty white apron-sleeves, a finishing sniffle or two, and he was smiling as brightly as ever. All that morning he sat by the window, daubing away at the wood-cuts, happier than most kings, and quieter than any mouse. For several successive days he came up to my room for his "painter-lesson," as he called it, and I soon began to feel lonely during the hours when my noiseless little pupil was not perched on the rickety chair by the small table in the window.

Poor little Jamie! It was not long before he got himself and me into disgrace with his mother, whom I had as yet failed to inform of her son's newly developed taste for art.

I was putting on my overcoat in the front hall one afternoon, when I heard from the parlor my sister's voice, loud and angry, followed by two or three sounding slaps.

"Hullo," thought I, "what's up now? Alice doesn't usually administer her punishments in there."

At that moment the door opened, and out came little Jamie, his small, dimpled fists being ground tight into his eyes. As a natural consequence he stumbled and fell headlong over the door-mat.

"What is the matter, Jamie?" I asked.

He picked himself up quickly, hung his head to hide his woeful scarlet face, and tried to dart past me. I caught his sleeve, but he struggled and twisted away, glided out of my hands, and was off like a flash, his baby mouth set as firmly as a grown man's, and not a sob escaping from his tortured little heart. Tortured with childish shame, deep sorrow, and keen apprehension I knew it to be, when Alice, putting her hot, angry face out of the door, called me into the parlor and stood pointing tragically at the piano-cover. Truly it *was* a trying sight, that ruined green cloth, spotted and streaked with yellow ochre. Nor had the piano itself escaped. Sticking closely to one polished corner was a cake of vermilion paint that had been taken surreptitiously from my box of colors. Poor Alice! This was a serious matter with people of our scanty means, and, indeed, the sight before us would have tried the patience of even the wealthiest of saints. Yet my sister did not blame the child, she said, half as much as she blamed me. It was I who had been the primary cause of the mischief. I had put it in his power to do the harm. Half his aprons and his best dress had likewise been destroyed, and not even to please me could she consent to his being allowed to spoil the balance of his very limited wardrobe, much less the few presentable articles of furniture we possessed. Then and there she forbade me to leave brush or paint again within his reach, and placed her veto at once upon any more "painter-lessons."

I was not sorry that afternoon to escape from the house. Not till the next morning did I see Jamie again. He came creeping up stairs and into my *sanctum*, looking so woeful and crest-fallen that I had scarcely the heart to tell him his lessons must cease. Scold him I could not. I remembered too well my own first attempt at frescoing the walls of my nursery, and the wounded pride that had kept me from crying when I was whipped for naughtiness instead of being praised, as I had fondly hoped, for industry. I took pity on the sorrowful little face, that grew yet more woe-begone when I told him he was still too young to paint pictures like his uncle—that he must wait till he was an older and a larger boy.

"But, Jamie," I added, "if I can get your mother's permission, and if you will promise to be very quiet and make no noise to disturb me, I will give you another kind of lesson. What do you say to that, young man?"

"I don't want 'nuther kind of lesson—I want painter-lesson," he answered, neither petulantly nor pleadingly, but in a mournfully pathetic tone of resignation.

"Uncle means another kind of painter-lesson."

"Oh!"

What a rapid change of expression in that tiny countenance.

"I can't let you touch any more paints, monkey, because your mother says I must not, but you may sit here and watch how I make pictures; and then, if you look at everything I do, you will be able to do the same yourself by and by."

There never was a happier child than Jamie was then. He laughed and jumped and danced, clapping his chubby hands in glee. He was wise enough to understand that he could not again be trusted to handle colors, and was quite satisfied to stand by my easel, hour after hour, day in and day out, watching with never tiring eye the progress of my work; and to this I overcame Alice's objections by representing that it kept him out of mischief and would do no injury to his clothes.

Very soon he fell into the habit of asking me every morning when he came into the room:

"Uncle Frank, how soon now do you think I'll be a painter?"

And the answer was invariably more encouraging than truthful:

"Very soon now, Jamie—very soon."

When he was going away he would purse up his mouth and say, proudly:

"I'll be a painter to-morrow."

Sometimes he would ask, "Don't you think so, Uncle Frank?" And I would reply, "Perhaps, Jamie, if you keep on being a good boy."

Once I briefly answered, "Yes," when I was thinking about something else, and after that he would never go away contented until I had assured him that I was quite certain to-morrow would see him a full-fledged artist. But, as he strangely enough seemed satisfied that "to-morrow" should remain in the future and never claimed its presence in *to-day*, I rejoiced in having discovered this effectual, yet, as I considered it, simple and harmless method of warding off childish importunities.

So a couple of months went by, and, having sold another painting, which had long hung neglected at a picture-dealer's, down town, I was preparing to start on a sketching tour of a few weeks, during which time my sister would be able at last to take her children to the seaside. About a week before we were all to leave town I was invited to join an excursion party upon the river. I rose early and did a little painting before breakfast. How hot the weather was getting. Time, indeed, that we were off to a cooler spot. I should find it excessively warm on the water, I feared. Had I a linen

waistcoat to wear? Yes. I remembered some that had lain in my drawer since the previous summer. I went to my bed-room to look them up; found them, slipped one on, congratulating myself the while upon its being so presentable. Placing the forefinger of the left hand in the top button-hole, I moved my thumb about in the approved fashion, searching for the corresponding button. Alas! where was it? Gone. That would not have mattered much though if the second and also the third button had not been absent. And what was my chagrin to find all the waistcoats in the same condition. I remember then that Alice had ripped off the buttons some time during the winter to use for another purpose, intending to replace them with new ones. This was the way in which she fulfilled her intentions and took care of my wardrobe.

Just then came Jamie tearing up the stairs, and shouting lustily to "Uncle Frank" that Mr. Turner had come for him, and was waiting outside in his buggy. The message flurried me, for there was no time to spare. I felt provoked beyond measure at my disappointment, for the heat, early as it was, had already begun to oppress me. So I pulled off the offending garment angrily, gathered it into a small lump, and, with an effort that would have carried a cricket-ball half a mile, sent it flying into the farthest corner of the room. The exertion naturally made me still hotter, and the warmer I grew the more ill tempered I became, till, I'm ashamed to confess, I worked myself into a passion that could find vent only in language of doubtful propriety. Jamie, in affright, slipped out of the door and ran away.

I was in the worst of tempers, when, on my way out, I looked into the parlor which Alice was dusting to demand of her what she meant by leaving my clothes in such a dilapidated condition.

"Oh, Frank, I have been so busy lately that I forgot all about them!" she said, regretfully. "Is it too late now—"

"Too late? Turner's been waiting half an hour already," I asserted, with trifling exaggeration.

"I'm very, very sorry, Frank. I'll see to them to-morrow, and you'll have them fresh and clean for your trip."

"Yes, to-morrow!" I growled. "Easy to get out of a tight place by help of to-morrow. Just as if we didn't all know that to-morrow never comes."

I turned hastily from the room. In the door-way stood Jamie looking up at me with eyes and mouth wide open, an expression on his wee face as though he had been suddenly

soused in cold water. I pushed him roughly aside. Ah, that I had been less rough, that I had turned at the summons of his pleading voice, so full of earnestness, when I heard it behind me just before I passed out and slammed the hall-door—a door that his weak little hands could not open.

"Uncle Frank, Uncle Frank," he had cried. "Oh, wait a minute, one minute. To-morrow—"

I heard no more. Turner had gone across the street, a little higher up, to water his horse. I waited in the shade until the animal was satisfied and his master came back for me. As I jumped into the buggy, after a little delay to fasten a buckle of the harness, I chanced to look up at the house and saw little Jamie standing hatless upon the upper front porch, in the full glare of the fiery sun.

"Jamie," I called, "go into the house. It is too hot for you there without a hat. You'll get a sunstroke."

He looked down at me wistfully, but gave no answer.

"Your mother will be angry if you stay there. Go in like a good boy, or you will be ill to-morrow."

The child opened wide his big wise-looking eyes, and drew down the corners of his rosy mouth while he answered slowly:

"We all know to-morrow never comes."

My friend Turner burst out laughing at the strange reply, and I laughed in concert—laughed, when my heart should have smote me. For, I only perceived in my nephew's lengthened, reproachful visage, in the parrot-like solemnity of his infant voice, that the tables were being finely turned upon me. I guessed nothing then of the grave meaning my thoughtless words had had for him, poor little fellow; detected nothing of reproach in his lisping, childish utterance.

"You will see if to-morrow doesn't come when you find yourself lying ill in bed, young man," I said, still laughing. "Do as I tell you. Go in this minute, child—" and away we drove.

"Your sister's youngster, I suppose," remarked my friend. "A fine boy. You must be proud of him."

Very proud of him I certainly was as I looked back, frowning authoritatively, though my crossness was now quite banished, and waving him into the house, just before Turner whipped up his horse and we were whirled round a corner into another street.

When I returned home late that night, there was weeping and wailing where I had left sunshine and happiness. A blow, sharp and fa-

tal, had fallen upon the sorrowing household. Unheralded in its approach, it had descended silently, mercilessly, in the full light of day. There had been none prepared to ward it off, no loving hand outstretched to turn it aside. It had come without presage and struck down its victim swiftly and surely. Jamie—sturdy, healthy little Jamie, who had been all life and spirits but a few hours before—Jamie, who had come bounding, strong and happy, into my room that morning, who had fled from my anger agile as a deer, who had looked after me with clear, bright, intelligent eyes, from the porch where he stood, upright and sound in body, beneath the treacherous, destroying sun—this little Jamie was dead.

Ay, dead! "The only son of his mother and she was a widow;" the tender sapling that was to have formed the stout staff which should support her old age, and he was taken from her.

Where I had seen him last they had found him later, shelterless beneath the fierce heat of the noonday sun, and when they brought him in he had staggered and fallen lifeless against his mother's knee, blighted by that cruel sun's

hot rays. They led me to the room where he lay, so white—so still—as droops some fragile flower that has been ruthlessly plucked from its waving stalk, and now lies passive, still exquisitely fair, in the delicate beauty that will so soon have vanished. With woe unutterable, I looked upon the little figure, and, peeping from under the pillow where rested the curly head, I saw a crumpled paper. Mechanically I drew it forth. Only a newspaper cut—a group of Indians daubed with highly colored paints by a small white hand that would never hold a brush again—but it whispered to me of genius blighted in the bud. It disclosed to me the agony that young heart had suffered with its first disappointment. It revealed the weight of crushed hope that had fallen upon the boy's bright spirit when his immature mind began vaguely to realize the fact that his Uncle Frank—his oracle—had been deceiving him; had promised the fruits of a day that would never come. I bowed my head beside the sweet dead face and sobbed like a child in agony of spirit.

CONSTANCE MAUDE NEVILLE.

FOUR GERMAN SONGS.

I.—WINTER SONG.

From the German of Emil Ritterhaus.

There hangs a crafty ivy-vine
Close-wrapped about a leafless tree.
She talks to him of spring-time dreams,
When all his harms shall healèd be.

And if it come, the spring-time dream,
The tree's lost blooming will it bring?
My Heart, thou art the naked tree,
And ivy-vines the songs I sing!

II.—NIGHT GREETING.

From the German of Franz Kugler.

Before my window darkles
The moonlight sad and wan;
The watch upon my little stand
Unrestingly beats on.

There rings out through the silence
A hasty footstep's beat,
Alone, and echoing backward,
Along the empty street.

Their wings of dreams expanding,
 My longings rise up free;
 And, O my Life! in secret,
 I dream me hence to thee.

III.—SONG.

From the German of Bernhard Endrulat.

Why look up to the heavens?
 Ah cease, my heart, for see,
 The stars fall from the heavens—
 No joy falls thence for thee.

And comes the sun with morning,
 So be it, day by day;
 He shines and lights the others—
 Thou must in shadow stay.

And many a fragrant flower
 Unfolds, the light to see;
 Love weaves them in a garland,
 But Love thinks not of thee.

But hush! there comes an evening;
 There waits a long, dumb line
 Of cold beds, all made ready,
 And one of them is thine.

IV.—IN THE BOAT.

From the German of Julius Sturm.

High above me the glory of stars,
 My boat by the waves is shaken,
 And would I might sleep in the silent night
 And never again awaken!

O Life, how empty of joy thou art!
 O Heart, how art thou betrayed!
 And would that above me, asleep in the sea,
 The loud waves, pitying, swayed.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

PESSIMISTIC PESTILENCE.

The world has been amused by the chromo, after Toby Rosenthal, of the boy bawling because a goose hisses at him. But it might be amused much more by a witty delineation (which I wish I could give) of the bawling pessimists who are made miserable by the hisses of their own disappointed vanity or superstitions of various kinds, and are loudly lamenting that the universe is on the high road to perdition.

These sham philosophers, ignorant of the ends as well as of the methods of the higher philosophy, belong to three main classes, the communistic, literary, and sacerdotal. The growth of the secular spirit, the accumulation of knowledge and experience, the spread of education, the increase of independent thought, the exaltation of reason over tradition and of self-respect over slavish humiliation, the contempt for asceticism, the admiration of prog-

ress in the past and confidence in it for the future, have contributed to weaken the influence of the ecclesiastical profession in human affairs, and the losers cry out that the grand collapse is at hand. Such complaints have been heard in all ages. Every large organization claims to be the advocate of the only course that will secure national prosperity, and measures the evil of its defeat by the magnitude and confidence of its own expectations. It imagines that the present is worse than the past, and the near past than the remote past, with the general conclusion that humanity has passed far beyond the best period of its existence, and is rapidly rushing through the final stages of decay to final extinction. It is not strange that the sacerdotal caste, now looking back with envy on the time when their predecessors ruled court and camp, literature and art, state as well as church, and sincerely believing themselves the exclusive representatives of the divine power which ought to be predominant in all departments of life, should imagine that they see proofs everywhere around them of rapid demoralization. Cyprian saw similar signs, as he thought, sixteen centuries ago, and wrote thus:

"Infants are born bald. Life, instead of reaching old age, begins with decrepitude. Population is diminishing; the soil lacks cultivators; there are few ships on the seas; the fields have become deserts. Morality has suffered a similar decline. There is no innocence, no justice, no friendship; even intelligence is decreasing. Such is the general tendency of nature. The rays of the setting sun are pale and cold; the moon is growing perceptibly smaller, and preparing to disappear; the trees which formerly refreshed us with their verdure and fruit are dying out; the springs which poured out large streams are drying up, and now yield only a few drops in a day. God made it a law of creation that whatever has a beginning must grow, decline, and die. . . . We must not expect a diminution of the evils that now afflict the world. They will increase till the last judgment."

All communists are pessimists. If they should admit that the world is growing better, they would deprive themselves of an excuse for demanding the abolition or revolutionary reorganization of all political and social institutions. They tell us that material progress is impoverishing and degrading the mass of mankind, who will never obtain temporal salvation till they put the communistic agitators in power. These gentlemen are of course right, as well as sincere, in saying that they alone can save the country. Otherwise, they would not say so.

The literary pessimists are rhetoricians, whose power of expression far outruns their judgment, and who are disgusted by finding that the world

refuses to make their nonsense the rule of its life. Rousseau first attracted attention in the literary world by his argument to prove that the savage leads a nobler and happier life than the civilized man. To a person familiar with the material facts, notwithstanding the brilliancy of its declamation, this essay is absolutely ludicrous in the multitude and magnitude of its errors.

Of the English literary pessimists, perhaps the greatest is Carlyle, a very chief of the canters, windbags, and unrealities, which he made it his claim and pretense to denounce. Within the limits of a peculiar style original to himself, he is a great rhetorician, and thousands of young men have imagined, while reading his striking words, that they had encountered great ideas. Like Ruskin he has a wonderful genius for words, and makes a great display of generous impulse, but lacks common sense; and though in matters of taste he may often be right, you can never put the least trust in his judgment. He knew little of polity or evidence, and never in his life made a comprehensive statement of the material facts which must be taken into consideration before a respectable opinion could be formed on an important question. Claptrap rhetoric is the chief feature of his argument. He imagined that England was much nobler and happier in the thirteenth than in the nineteenth century, and undertook to prove it by telling the story of an abbot who ruled over the convent of St. Edmunds in the reign of Henry II. The logical conclusion is as clear as it would be in the proposition, "I have the toothache, and therefore judgment day is at hand." *Past and Present*, which, as well as Carlyle's other books, and especially *Sartor Resartus*, I read with intense admiration in my beardless days, though I now turn from them with a feeling akin to nausea, contains the following pessimistic sentences:

"Many men eat finer cookery, drink dearer liquors. . . . Are they better, beautifuler, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call happier? Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces on this God's earth? Do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally, on one another. To whom then is this wealth of England, wealth? Who is it that it blesses? . . . As yet none. . . . A world now verging toward dissolution, reduced now to spasms and death throes."

Among the Germans Schopenhauer is the funniest pessimist. He luxuriated in misery. He claimed to be a philosopher, and the world treated him with neglect. He denounced society, which laughed at him, and he grew furious.

The following is a translation of some of his lachrymose nonsense:

"Enjoyments are negative: that they give pleasure is a delusion which envy cherishes to make itself miserable. Pains, on the other hand, are felt positively, and, therefore, their absence is a measure of happiness. If the lack of tedium occurs with freedom from pain, the summit of good fortune has been attained; all the rest is chimera. . . . It is the greatest absurdity to try to convert this scene of suffering into a place of delight, and to make joy instead of painlessness the object of ambition. He errs least who regards this world as a kind of hell and gives all his attention to the construction of a fire-proof room in it. The fool runs after the pleasures of life and is deluded; the wise man avoids the evil. . . . If suffering is not the nearest and immediate purpose of our life, then our existence is the thing most contrary to purpose in the world. . . . The most effective consolation in every suffering is to see others suffer still more, as we always can. . . . We are like lambs frisking in the meadow while the butcher picks out those to be slaughtered before sunset."

I can imagine that, puffed up with an extravagant overestimate of his own talent, astonished at the refusal of the world to accept him as the greatest teacher, and embittered by the disappointment of his ambitious vanity, Schopenhauer wrote such stuff sincerely, but when he read over his own philippic, and polished its point, did he not have a feeling of satisfaction and even of enjoyment? Did he not think the world was lucky to have him to pronounce an anathema on it? To be logical, he ought to have denied the existence of any such words as enjoyment and happiness, or should have asserted that the definitions given to them are false. He should have said that laughing is a hypocritical movement of the muscles; that books (except perhaps his own) do not pay for perusal; that the poet has no pleasure in his pen, nor the painter in his brush, nor the philanthropist in his kindness.

Though many of the pessimists do not attempt to apply their ideas to the practical relations of life, they are really giving aid and comfort to the two great tendencies which assail and obstruct the growth of humanity. Mediævalism, hoping to reëstablish political ecclesiastical tyranny, on one side, and Communism with its crazy anarchy on the other, are the great enemies of Progress, which they agree to denounce as a failure, and must denounce before they can find an excuse for their own existence. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Schopenhauer, and the literary dandies who represent machinery and dollar-worship as predominating and brutalizing features of our civilization, are the allies and confederates—in some cases the blind tools—of Nihilism and

Ultramontanism. In his recent book advocating a communistic confiscation of all property in land, Henry George devotes half his space to the proposition that material progress impoverishes and degrades mankind; but instead of sustaining his historical averment by historical evidence, the only proof he has to offer is politico-economical theory. He might as well argue from his imagination that wheat can be cultivated with profit on clouds.

It is of vast importance that the pessimism now common in the writings of superficial thinkers, whose shallowness of thought contributes perhaps as much to their popularity with a certain class of readers as the polish of their style, should not be allowed to capture the judgment of the ignorant, foolish, and inexperienced. Folly is dangerous in the mass armed with votes. Literary grumblers become fellow-conspirators with the tramps, the political assassins, and the incendiaries. Shutting their eyes to the generally satisfactory circumstances of civilized life, and refusing to adapt themselves to the beneficent toils and economies needed for success, they demand idleness and extravagance as their natural rights, and if refused threaten a general overturn. They denounce as intolerable the progressive freedom which all the leading nations of Christendom now enjoy. They have the utmost confidence that any possible change must be for the better. Such are the teachings of pessimism, and, if potent, they would be very dangerous and pernicious.

The prevalence of such errors must be partly charged to the defects of our historical literature, which has been a record of courts and camps almost exclusively. Our Grotes, Gibbons, Sismondis, Humes, and Martins have given us admirable stories of Greece, Rome, Italy, England, and France, and yet have not told us how the people lived. Industrial art, the main force of culture, the chief element of progress, the leading source of popular comfort, the indispensable basis of all the refined pleasures of high intellectuality, has been passed by as unworthy of notice. Some of the greatest heroes of popular progress are treated by our current literature with the completest neglect. Does the name of Henry Cort, or of J. B. Neilson, convey an idea to the intelligent readers who peruse this magazine? Probably not to one in five hundred. And yet the latter made a saving of fifty per cent. in the cost of producing cast-iron, and the former an equal saving in wrought-iron—improvements of inestimable value, destined to be recognized universally as two of the greatest blessings ever given to humanity.

It is impossible to justly estimate the present without comparing its domestic life, its industrial art, its securities of life and property—in short, the general condition of the mass of the people—with that in previous times; and the ordinary history furnishes us with very scanty material for comparisons. And such material is found with great difficulty. After having devoted much labor to the subject, I venture to assert that the more familiar the student shall become with the condition of

the Greeks in 450 B. C., the Romans in 250 B. C. and 250 A. D., the Italians in 1000 and 1400 A. D., the French in 1550 and 1750, and the English in 1450 and 1800, as compared with the condition of the inhabitants of their countries now, the more he will be astonished at the vast changes for the better, and at the wonderful misrepresentation implied in the assertions that Progress is a failure and that the world is going to the bad.

JOHN S. HITTELL.

AN AGRA BAZAAR.

There are few more quaint or striking scenes than an Indian bazaar. Every nationality, dress, and feature has there its representative. The bold and haughty European, the mild, well featured Hindu, the eagle-eyed Mohammedan, the burly Afghan, the flat-nosed Tartar, and fair, delicate Persian, all busily parade the lanes, highways, and by-ways on business or pleasure bent.

It is seldom that the Agra bazaars are silent. Noise forever seems to have taken there its abode. Wranglings and vociferations of the buyer and seller echo loudly from each niche, and from the quaint upper windows of the houses can be faintly heard the twanging of many instruments, while ever and anon peer forth the faces of fair ones, who surreptitiously glance at the gay, thronging market-place, and exchange looks full of meaning with those of the opposite sex who are fortunate enough to catch their bright eyes. Walking is accompanied with difficulty, for no Indian bazaar road engineer ever dreamed of making a pathway. There is one single road, crowded with its heterogeneous masses. Animals and human beings, pony and bullock carts, are ever mingled in the most inextricable confusion, and the gazer is likely to be pronged by an impatient bullock or be run over by a speeding camel. Occasionally a lumbering elephant paces through the narrow streets, and scatters to the right or left the readily yielding crowd. Then may be seen a covered bullock cart, jealously curtained, while through certain slits can be distinguished the blue-black eye of some *hourî* hastening to the trysting place, or, perhaps, the wife of some high-born Brahmin. Around this throng her faithful servitors, who are ever on the watch for such delinquency. Curiously clad are these men. Their head-dress, which,

by the way, serves for most of their costume, is generally formed of long, bright colored strips of cotton cloth. This is bound jauntily round the head, and is called a turban. When a man wishes to appear to advantage, he, like the English artillery soldier, balances it with geometrical accuracy on one side of his head. His black beard is carefully parted in the middle, and the corners are twisted round his ear. His mustache is curled to a degree, and his lips are red from chewing the betel. In cold weather he wears a thickly wadded coat, strangely buttoned on one side. For instance, the Hindu buttons his jacket on the right, and the Mohammedan on the left breast. This garment is not of European manufacture, nor after European fashion. Its construction would puzzle any decent tailor in the United States, and would drive M. Worth frantic. But the "mild Hindu" cares not for fashion, and as his ancestors during the Flood wore a similar coat, he wears the same; and on identically the same principle, his nether garment is one huge sheet twisted around and between his limbs. From the knee downward his calf is bare, but for this he cares not a jot. Beauty of limb troubles not our Aryan friend. His shoe is a perfect symbol of art. The upper is generally a bright green, liberally bespattered with gold tinsel, with a pointed, up-turned toe. No more diabolical invention exists. The sole is thick, and clumsily attached to the upper. A grand creaking goes forth when he walks, and as the leather is badly tanned, the smell arising therefrom is unpleasant if within a mile's distance. But the native of India looks not upon the shoe as an article of use, but ornament. When he approaches a stream or muddy road he gravely sits down, pulls off his boots, and slings them over his shoulder. In his hand

he carries a huge staff, which he religiously abstains from using unless on unoffending animal or boy. This generally is the kind of man who follows about a caravan of *zenana* ladies. He is either a better-class retainer or poor relation. Usually he is not city bred, and his gaping, unconscious stare excites the witticisms of numerous gamins. To this he pays not the slightest heed.

Native houses present an indescribable scene. They are either of brick, stone, or mud. No wood is permitted in the city. They are extremely high, with flat roofs, and the private dwellings of the rich never have windows facing the main street, so that no lady fair can beguile her leisure hours by gazing on the crowd. Running along the sides of the houses are built rickety staircases. These are simply pieces of unhewn stone, loosely fitted into the wall, and at uneven distances. Climbing this is dangerous in the extreme, and many are the deaths caused by sudden slips. These lead to the roof, where at evening-prime the Hindu lords of creation sit, smoke, and eat the air. Either rich carpets are spread, and the company sit cross-legged, or *morahs*, chairs made from a peculiar reed, are placed at the disposal of the guests. But the genuine Hindu despises and dislikes such innovation. The ground, he argues, was made before chairs, and therefore God never intended us to sit on aught else but mother earth. The *hukahs*, or long pipe, is smoked gloomily for a while, till one starts a song or story. The rest listen attentively, and mark their approval by lengthened whiffs, accompanied with the exclamation, "God be praised." Thus they sit till late in the early morning. But we must hie to the busy street, and mark the panoramic change of scene and feature. Let us glance at the sweetmeat shop, so dear to the heart of every native.

Squatting in the center of piles of various delicacies is the vender. And curious are these sweets. Milky cream and coarse brown sugar are their chief ingredients. No attempt is made at decoration. In fact, the native would not appreciate anything which savored of delicacy. His cookery is always strong. Horrid garlic, greasy *ghi*, or clarified butter—condiments at which the European would sicken—are the *bonnes bouches* of their culinary efforts. The quantity of sweets a strong man consumes borders upon the marvelous. The reason is of easy account. A Hindu, by his religion, is forbidden to eat meat, and the most nourishing food he can then obtain is saccharine matter. A sweetmeat called *jellabi* is in high esteem. This is made in imitation of a hollow coil of rope, and filled with treacle. A mouthful to a

tender stomach is provocative of cholera or biliousness for at least a month. But the English schoolboy has been known to compete with the Hindu in such gastronomic feat; for one boy has been known to eat, at a sitting, about twelve solid pounds. The doctors prophesied of him immediate death, but he smiled sickly and thought a draught of milk would set him right. In all great native feasts confectionary takes an important place. First, as the guests arrange themselves, is handed round in a silver tray the *attar*, a scent procured from the rose. This is rubbed into the clothes of the guests. Then follow the *pan* and betel. This is the nut of the areca pounded, and with lime inclosed in a large, green, succulent leaf. It is an appetizer, and eaten in the same manner as a European would drink, just before dinner, sherry and bitters. The taste is acid, but withal pleasant, and the lime brightly reddens the lips. This is greatly admired by the native. Then follow rice, sugar, and milk, and pound upon pound of the coarsest lollypops. Not a word is spoken during the feast. Each man is bent upon his meal, and those who wish to highly honor their host tie around their stomach, before sitting down, a tender thread. When this breaks the gentleman thinks he has satisfied his appetite. As when in olden times in Europe a lady thought she paid a compliment to her host when she said she had been so drunk as to forget how she reached home, so a native of a certain caste thinks he is courteous when he says the repast was so good as to cause severe indigestion. It is not an uncommon thing after a grand feast that at least two or three people die from over-gorging; and then another feast has to be given, at which, probably, some more die. Thus is Death's sickle not permitted to rust. A sweetmeat shop is a frequented place, not only by the younger members of the community, but by the sage and hoary. But nothing can be bought without wrangling. Though a man may buy one pound of the self-same article for ten years running, he would each time try to reduce the price, and the seller, knowing this peculiarity, invariably asks about double the real price.

But the crowd thickens, and loud vociferation is heard. Eager the questioning, "What is it?" "What is it?" resounds from all sides. The excitement is intense, and the angry shouts of men and the timid wail of women sound dolefully through the narrow street. The stranger, paralyzed, thinks a general mutiny has broken out. The fierce look of the big men is something terrible. The people flock round a native liquor shop, where stands a rascally native upbraiding the past and future female

generations of all Europeans. The cause is simple. An inebriated but gallant soldier has drunk his fill of native manufactured brandy, and also taken as many bottles as his pockets could hold. When asked for payment, he has broken a bottle over the shopman's head, and kicked the man for his supposed insult. The crowd and the injured make the way to barracks easy for the son of Mars, but when he is well out of hearing relieve their feelings with choice abuse. Often a little cluster of amused but grave natives attracts the traveler's notice. The most perfect decorum prevails. A question is now and then asked, and few whispers are here and there interchanged. In the center stands a European. His garments are of dingy black, his long black coat is rusty, and his huge cork hat indicates the missionary. A peculiar "chin beard" proclaims him from the United States, as also an utterly unanglicised pronunciation of Hindustani shows him to be an American. There he stands the picture of eloquence. A huge white umbrella overhead, green glasses, bible in hand, and gesticulatory demeanor, stands the Indian *padre*. The harangue of the man of peace is strangely combative. He promises to each of his heathen hearers a happy abode forever, if he but renounce Paganism; if obstinate, the torments of hell. He then draws an elaborate picture of the better social standing of Europeans, and of their better qualities he speaks lovingly. But the native is astute, and, though he has heard of and seen officers drunk, judges cruel and passionate, he agrees with the *padre*. This flatters that gentleman, while it amuses the "ignorant Hindu."

As the *padre* is preaching, a loud sounding trumpet blows, a silver conch clangs, and the crowd disperse to the various temples, and above is heard the voice of the *muessin*, calling to prayer the Faithful. The streets, however, are still busy, and the sound of the buyer and seller is not hushed. Coming down the street are native maidens dressed in semi-European fashion. They walk jauntily, and are not embarrassed by any stare or unpleasant remark. Their petticoats are of gay material, and a huge sheet covers the head, leaving the face bare. They are Protestant converts, and are the lowest of the Hindu or Mohammedan nations.

But the monarch of all that he surveys is the Brahmin bull. At grain-stores he can be seen, eating as if all belonged to him. These creatures are the objects of reverential worship. Fat and well fed, they march the streets with a conscious air of dignity, and thrust aside those who interrupt their passage. They often visit

the grain-store of a Mohammedan. It is well enough if the merchant be a Hindu, but should he be Moslem, he dare not, for fear of exciting the wrath of his coreligionists, drive off the intruding animal.

The Hindu is a peculiar animal, and his worship would be to any other nationality a curse. For instance, a gentleman, whose business took him into the warehouses of some native dealer, was told to pick his ground carefully, as it was there the merchant domiciled his household god, the cobra. A cobra, by the way, is the most dangerous snake in existence. His bite is fatal. A young snake possesses enough virus to kill twenty men. Imagine the brokers of San Francisco having to conduct sales under these terrible conditions. Imagine that the sacks or bales you inspected were the secret resting places of poisonous snakes. A cobra disturbed means death. But the worthy *gomastha* cared naught for that. He believed in snake gratitude—not in snake turpitude.

One of the most noticeable men in an Indian bazaar is the devotee. These are men who have consecrated their lives to a certain purpose, often as not to laziness. One will extend the right arm straight above his head till that limb withers and remains forever in that position. One will place his hand over his heart, and keep it there till the nails pierce the flesh. Others will promenade the streets all but nude. The paternal government, however, interferes with such practices and insists upon decency.

The idol-shops are worth a visit. There the religious Hindu disposes of his gods, and the greater the deity the worse the art; for he argues that no one pays for it as an ornament, but as a necessity. Consequently, he charges exorbitantly for the rank of the god, and not for workmanship.

But it is along by the river banks that the Hindu is seen to advantage. With the first rays of the morning's sun he hastens to the performance of his ablution and to devotion. With the fine muslin sheet gracefully thrown over his shoulders, he walks to the river and commences his religious rites. For "cleanliness is next to godliness" is the precept of every Hindu, and in fact forms part of his creed. With bright brass burnished vessel in hand, a coil of fine string, and, perhaps, some fine white sand, his bathing apparatus is complete. He then reverentially dips in the water, lathers himself with this peculiar mud, and rises clean and holy. After he has bathed, he washes his clothes and proceeds to prayer. With face turned toward the rising sun, or idol, he exhorts his god and his *genii* to protect him. He then pours out a libation to the deity

and walks round the image three times, muttering an incantation, for it must be understood that the Hindu has a trinity. After this he is free for the day, and walks with a clear conscience and a ready lie to his business.

Before the houses of the poor the preparation for the daily meal is in progress. A well washed platform and grinding-stone is set ready, and the lady of the house kneads on the stone the wheaten dough. A fire, made from cow's manure, is then lit, and the cake is baked. A little vegetable curry or sugar is the only seasoning, and this constitutes the Hindu's meal from year's end to year's end. The men rarely cook their own food. It is done by the women of their household; and while the lord of creation eats, his wife stands conveniently out of the way.

The lot of a woman in the East is but cheerless. The Hindu respects and cares more for his cow, horse, and ass, than he does for his helpmate. Never being permitted out of the four walls of her domicile, she is little better than a simpleton. Childish and fond of childish intrigues, she has no hand in the training of her children. Her husband places no confidence in her, and his love is shared by many. She is accustomed to hear fearful tales as to the doings of the strange white man—of his horrible appetite, of his tremendous strength, and of his imperious ways. Like all women, she has much curiosity; and if by any chance she pays a visit to a European house, or a European lady pays her a visit, her eager questions about her fair sister's social standing elicits from her expressions of wonder. Government closes on certain days to the European and male native the gardens and places of public resort, and we are glad to say that some, though very few, native gentlemen have so far overcome their

superstitions as to take their wives and daughters on that pleasure trip. But a woman may live from youth to old age and never see the paving-stones of the street on which stands her house.

But night is setting in, and bright lights come flickering, one by one, into existence. The noise grows less as fewer carts rattle over the wretched pavements. But the shops are bright. Then come those who, after a hard day's toil, buy their common necessities. And if the season of the year be warm, the men drag from their lairs their wooden beds and coolly proceed to sleep. Many throw themselves down on the bare ground, and try to forget in slumber the world and its many troubles. Frugal and hard-working, fond of his sons, ambitious of their well-being, never a drunkard, the Hindu might be copied to advantage by men belonging to nations that are called civilized. His cities, his manners, his dress, and his form of religion were exactly the same thousands of years ago—long before Harold died at Hastings, long before the Roman Republic was founded, long before the Grecians under Alexander penetrated to the banks of the Indus and there conquered Porus. The Indian bazaar has not a whit changed from that day; and, though India's rulers be Englishmen, the native bazaar will remain the same, and be ever dear to the heart of every native, be he Hindu or Mohammedan, as an excellent place for gossip, for smoking and chatting, and for displaying the glories of gorgeous dress. Though no ladies promenade the streets arrayed in silk and velvet, a common Indian bazaar is as interesting, from its quaintness, as is Kearny Street for the bright happy faces of our ladies of San Francisco.

JNO. H. GILMOUR.

THE VIEW FROM MONTE DIABLO.

There were four in our party. We left the city by the half past eight o'clock boat, and by ten we were well beyond Oakland. Through little villages, close by farm houses nestled among the Alameda hills, across picturesque ravines and valleys, we hurried along, and by the middle of the afternoon we were in the valley of San Ramon. Who has not seen the valley of San Ramon has not seen one of the most beautiful spots in California. Long and narrow, bordered by the Contra Costa Ridge

and the Diablo Divide, its surface is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and its gay parterre of wild flowers contrasts strangely with the barren hills beyond. Towering above and beyond to the east is Diablo, standing out like some giant sentinel in the foreground, lording it nobly over the brown hills of the Coast Range, and presenting a magnificently long outline against the sky, like some mighty vestibule leading up to the altar of the Most High. How it cheated us as to distance! We seemed to look

at the mountain through a transparent medium which reflected only its image, and the gigantic crests folded themselves up in veils of mist, and, like the Arab, stole silently away at our approach.

At Walnut Creek we turned east, drove rapidly, by way of Alamo, to Danville, and then changed our course directly toward the mountain. A ride through a Californian valley, on a sunny afternoon, will show a profusion of rural beauties scarcely elsewhere surpassed. The heat of the sun is tempered by cooling breezes from the ocean, the fields and meadows are vocal with the songs of the lark, and the surrounding hills show more varied tints than the pictures of the best artists. Park-like groves of oaks with masses of intensely dark green foliage, mixed with sycamores, willows, and other trees, fringe the rapid-flowing streams, and wild flowers, blooming in blue and gold, scent the air with a delightful fragrance. Huge birds, hovering aloft, send their shadows across the landscape like tiny clouds, and the waters of placid pools and lakes flash, like shields of silver, in the sunlight. Goethe tells us that on being presented with a basket of fruit he was in such raptures at the sight of the loveliness of form and hue which it presented, he could not persuade himself "to pluck off a single berry, or to remove a single peach or fig;" so he who beholds a Californian valley, when Nature is in one of her most brilliant and suggestive moods, will see such a symmetrical union of sloping and gentle surface, of tender tints, accurate perspective and artistic color, that scarcely a tree or shade could be omitted without marring the whole. It is a painting, in the great picture gallery of nature, whose beauty cannot be adequately translated; it is a feast of scenery endowed with the Creator's art.

By half past four we were at the Railroad Ranch, at the foot of Diablo, but yet a good five miles from the summit. Here we saw one of the best private race-tracks in the State, and the magnificent residence, surrounded by gravel walks and flower beds, and shaded by great trees, seemed a fit introduction to the great spectacle which we were to witness beyond. We wanted to reach the summit before sunset, and up we started with all the speed our already wearied horses could command. The road was steep, narrow, and seldom traveled. Thickets of greasewood and chaparral hemmed us in on every side, huge rocks were poised overhead, and gulches and cañons yawned precipitously underneath. It was the wild desolation of the mountain succeeding the luxuriant vegetation of the valley we had just left, while above it

all was a sky just taking on the deep red tints of sunset splendor, and challenging the intellect of mankind to mimic the magnificence with which the world was about to be adorned. We had come prepared to spend the night upon the summit, but our horses being wearied, on our arrival at the hotel, we concluded that a cheerful shelter was better than the fierce winds we should encounter farther up, and accordingly we found ourselves comfortable for the night.

It was one of those wild summer nights which are read about in books, but seldom experienced in the world. The wind blew fiercely from every point of the compass, and as it whistled about the doors, and through the cracks and crannies of the walls, it sounded strangely weird, like the solemn requiem masses which travelers hear in the old cathedrals of Europe, or like the music of Ossian, "pleasant, but mournful to the soul." Never before were Shelley's lines so forcibly recalled:

"Listen, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine.
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain, dim and gray.
* * * * *
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm."

Down through the great drifting clouds of fog the stars sometimes shone, while the beacon-lights on the bay and ocean flashed in the darkness like jewels in the crown of night. Just as visitors to Rome will sometimes stand amid the ruins of the Colosseum at midnight, when the dim specters of other days are called up with a strangely impressive force, and when the Eternal City becomes more eloquently the monument of past glory and greatness, so a night view from Diablo, when the wind howls, and the fog drifts, and the stars shine, and the world below seems annihilated from time and space, arouses in the spectator an intense feeling of terror and awe, and brings him into a closer connection with the Creator and his works.

We wanted to see the sun rise from the summit, and cold and spiritless we left the hotel at five in the morning. It was a good two miles and a half from the place of starting, and by the time we had reached our destination, and had built a huge fire, the great spectacle was even ready to commence. The two mountain chains of the Pacific Coast in grandeur and

sublimity surpass in many respects the Appalachians and the Alps. Their course, in general parallel to the coast line, gives to the topography of California a grand simplicity, and, interlocking on the north and south, the great Sacramento-San Joaquin basin is included between, the luxuriant vegetation of this section contrasting strangely with the wild desolation of the mountains by which it is surrounded. The Monte Diablo range, which is but a spur of the lesser of the main chains, extends in a south-easterly direction from the Straits of Carquinez and San Pablo Bay, and is bounded on the west by the bay of San Francisco and the valley of Santa Clara, and on the east by the San Joaquin plains. The Monte Diablo peak upon which we stood rises in isolated grandeur from the surrounding valleys, and is about six miles long by one and a half in width. The main peak is separated from that on the north by a narrow ridge a little more than a mile in length, and the shape of the whole is that of an irregular crescent, the concave side being turned to the north-east. The aborigines, according to the legend related by Professor Whitney and other writers, called the great mountain Kah Woo Koom, or the mighty mountain, the Spaniards called it Sierra de los Gorgones, while the present name, really belonging to a hill seven miles to the north, is accounted for by the above mentioned author substantially as follows: About 1815, or sixty-six years ago, a party of Spanish soldiers went from the Presidio near San Francisco to chastise the Indians of the Coast Range. In the fight which occurred, several Spaniards having been killed, the remainder repaired to a little hill, and there prepared to defend themselves against their enemies. At night the sentry, half asleep, fancying he saw a spectral figure of colossal proportions flying through the air toward the hill where his comrades were sleeping, and terrified at the approach, cried out, "El diablo, el diablo!" The Spaniards, more afraid of the devil than the Indians, fled from the spot, and the mountain was afterward known as Monte Diablo.

Shortly after our arrival upon the summit the mist of the earlier morn in a measure disappeared, and faint streaks shooting out behind the Sierra betokened the rising of the sun. There are objects in nature, as there are occasions, which must inevitably strike the traveler with impressions that are indelible, and which become landmarks in the retrospect of personal romance; so as the spectator stands at early morn upon the summit of Diablo, and, looking off into the unfloored chambers of mid-air, sees the great plains of California sinking away like

huge landscapes into the bosom of the earth, and the entire world resplendent under the influence of the rising sun, then it is that his personality is lost in the universe about him, and he is conscious of that great and sublime nature which awes and uplifts like the presence of God himself. As we turned in silent admiration toward the east,

"... a great globe
Of burning gold, flashing insufferably,
And warming all the scene with ardent ray,
Heaves into view above the mountain's line,
Darts golden arrows through the dusky aisles
Of thickly columned cedar, pine, and fir,
Transmutes the common dust to shining haze,
Licks up the rising mists with tongues of flame,
Gilds the 'pale streams with heavenly alchemy,'
And down the shaggy slope, for scores of miles,
Pours forth a cataract of tremulous light
That floods the valley at its rolling base,
Making the arid plain a zone of tropic heat."

Then was the time, as Starr King once wrote, for the miracle of Joshua, for some artist-priest like Turner to bid the sun stand still, that such gorgeousness might be a garniture of more than a few rapid moments upon the cloud-flecked pavilion of the air. About us and beyond us the Coast Range was stretched out from Mount Hamilton to St. Helena and the far regions of the north, and a score of peaks flashed back a miniature sunrise from their hoary crests and sides. Some of these were bare and treeless; some were of a delicate *mauve* color above the timber line; some were light and airy like the fabled palaces of ancient story; some were round and full like the Pantheon at Rome; some, like Tamalpais, held banks of mist in their hollows like fleecy clouds; some were like the

"... great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;"

some were castellated; some took the form of gnomes and demons; some showed more spires and pinnacles than the marble structure at Milan. It was the Coast Range in full perspective; it was not beauty, but sublimity; it was not power, nor order, nor color, but awe and majesty; it was not man, but God, who was above and before us.

Looking directly west from the summit we could see the ocean stretching afar in billowy swells until sky and water seemed to join, and the huge breakers lashing the long white beach as if the eternal war on earth had been declared. Like a silvery thread between the bay and ocean was the Golden Gate, its bold rocky cliffs on one side and the tall mountain on the other, showing a feast of color not less intense

than the view to the east, and the deep, bright heavens overcasting the waters with a baptism of splendor seldom known upon Como or Lucerne. To the left of the Golden Gate was the long and gaunt peninsula upon which the city stands, and the houses, covering more hills than Rome itself can boast, were overshadowed by a softening haze, which enhanced the charm like the gauzy veils which women wear. Telegraph and Russian Hills, the blue ridge of San Bruno on the south, with the villa-crowned and serpentine cliffs between, stood out like landmarks on the western horizon, and beyond

"... the sky bent round
The awful dome of a most mighty temple,
Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less
Than infinite worship."

In front of us, in full length and perspective, was the bay of San Francisco, the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin pouring in at its upper end, its two arms of San Pablo and Suisun joined by the narrow band of Carquinez, and its waters flashing in the sunlight like a sheet of molten metal. There were before us ships of almost every nation and clime—some anchored, with sails furled; some, with sails spread, passing in and out to sea; tugs appearing like children's toy boats; steamers, ferry-boats, yachts, and crafts innumerable were there, and commerce and the handiwork of man heightened and rendered more glorious the splendor which nature afforded.

From our distant height we could see Alcatraz bristling with its fortifications like some Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein at the harbor; Angel Island, with its cone-like top rising like a mound of velvet abruptly from the water; Goat Island, and the other smaller islands, with their rocky bluffs and crowns of chapparal standing out in bold relief, and reflecting their charms in the surrounding depths like a beauty in the bath. On every side of us valleys followed each other in quick succession. Amador, San Ramon, and Walnut Creek showed an unbroken line of luxuriant vegetation at our feet, while the bordering mountains, changing their color as the sun ascended higher, were but one broad field of glittering and tremulous brightness. Napa, long and narrow, rich in verdure, and with a sky fading through varied tints, led up to St. Helena like a prelude to a sacred service, while other valleys faded off in the distance like some fairy landscape of ancient story. There were valleys with level and valleys with sloping surfaces; some like a lawn, relieved by clumps of oaks, like an old English park; some separated by abrupt and treeless ridges, others blending or divided by gentler elevations. There were

valleys like those of Italy and the shores of the Mediterranean. Some were fertile and lovely, set like gems in the mountains; others led up to Diablo, just as the heart soared above Nature to Nature's God. It was, as Avery expressed it, the Madonna of a religion without dogma, whose creed is written only in the hieroglyphics of beauty, sung only in the triple language of voice, color, and sound.

The view seemed to grow apace as we gazed. The sense was bewildered at the mighty prospect around. Forty thousand square miles of land was tossed into a tempest. Chaos, wild and fearful, reigned supreme. Towns, with church spires and shady streets, stood out picturesquely to view; passes among the Coast Range were flanked with peaks from one to two thousand feet in height; rivers narrowed in the distance like silver threads on the horizon; wild wagon-roads led up the *cañons*, into whose depths the sun never penetrated; inner ridges were covered with grain, which rolled its surface in rippling light and shade under every breeze; lakes glared and sparkled like "the eyes of the landscape in the countenance of the world;" precipitous cliffs and splintered crags and *débris* of past ages rose high aloft in their awful grandeur—the whole a magnificent bouquet of scenery on the earth, with a high carnival of light in the heavens. It is related of Sydney Smith that he once looked upon a small picture of an eminent artist in company with an enthusiastic connoisseur:

"Immense breadth of light and shade, sir, in this picture," said the artist.

"Yes," said the wit, greatly to the critic's disgust, "about half an inch."

What a vast prospect in comparison as the eye turned to the east from the summit of Diablo! There we beheld the great heart of California, stretching from the north-east to south-west, nearly three hundred and fifty miles in length, and the entire region was spread out before us like a map. It was the great Sacramento-San Joaquin grain producing section of the world; and as the two mighty rivers, flanked with highly cultivated fields and fringed with trees of intensely colored foliage, appeared at intervals to the sight, their waters, set in green, flashed like diamonds set in emeralds. Over a part of this great region hung a huge mass of fog, forming a wall, through which the rays of the rising sun could not penetrate, and above which the distant snow-clad mountains appeared like icebergs in the midst of a frozen ocean.

Beyond the plains, and crowning the view to the east, was the Sierra, rising in its majesty like the terraces of the Rhine, its peaks following in quick succession as if sky and earth

were dove-tailed together, and its four hundred miles or more of granite battlements,

"... rearing their sunny capes,
Like heavenly Alps with cities on their slope,
Built amid glaciers."

It was the western terminus of the backbone of the continent which was before us in all its wild and solemn grandeur, and as the eye fell upon peak after peak, rivaling Mount Blanc and the Jungfrau in glory and splendor, each presented a front of "etherial softness, like a vast shadow projected against the heavens, or like a curtain let down from the Infinite." The sun rose higher and higher toward the zenith, and a flood of golden light was changed into that of softer hue. Mountains, bristling with towers,

and jagged with turrets, and crowned with domes, glowed as if heated by internal fires, while the clouds sailing aloft, arrayed in their cloaks of azure and caps of gold, reflected back statues in nature far grander than those sculptured by Phidias or Praxiteles, and landscapes more glorious than those painted by Ruysdael or Claude. There may be other views, like that of the Alps from the Rigi Kulm, which will show loftier mountains and more fantastic shapes, Yosemite may show more frightful chasms and more god-like power, but in a combination of that which is soft and picturesque with that which is wild and sublime, in the extent and color and glory of the spectacle, the view from Monte Diabolo is not surpassed elsewhere in the world. A. R. WHITEHILL.

NOTE BOOK.

IT IS STATED UPON GOOD AUTHORITY that the San Francisco High School will this year send more students to Harvard than to the University of California. In the natural course of things the majority should be overwhelmingly the other way. San Francisco is the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and should be the great source of supply for the home institution. It has come to a bad pass if the University cannot hold its own on its own ground. And it is not alone Harvard for which the young men of California are fitting themselves. Yale and Princeton also hold examinations here this summer, and between the three the best minds in our schools will be diverted to Eastern colleges. California has a population of nearly nine hundred thousand. From this source and from Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Arizona, the University should gather in at least a thousand students. But in place of this number the total roll of the four classes is one hundred and sixty-nine, not all of whom are in actual attendance. In addition there are some occasional students, special students, and students at large, bringing the nominal attendance up to two hundred and forty-five. This is a decrease from the attendance of former years. Many primary schools in a single ward make a better showing. Now, no sensible person wants to harm the University. It is closely connected with all that is best in our intellectual and material progress. But the lack of activity at present displayed is distressing to its best friends. The Regents owe it to the public to put some man at the head of the University who shall bring to his work both energy and enthusiasm, who shall be a scholar of respectable attainments, but, above all, who shall possess executive and administrative capacity in a high degree. If it be necessary to bring a man from the East, as most probably it will be, no time should be lost. It is senseless to say that the general demand for reform in this matter is prompted by enmity to the Uni-

versity or to any person. If it were opposition to the University it would not take the form of demand for an extension of the influence and activity of that institution. Nor is it opposition to any person. As a matter of fact, a feeling of delicacy and consideration has prompted silence until the lethargy seems to have become settled. It is not a question for personal motives, either for or against. It does not make the slightest difference who it is that is President so long as he has the executive capacity to build up the institution to its true greatness. Unfortunately that is not the case at present.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS as United States Minister to the republican court of Switzerland is a graceful compliment to American letters. No appointments have ever been more fruitful than those which have been conferred upon the class known to politicians as "literary fellows." Hawthorne's stay abroad gave the world *The Marble Faun*. Irving lingered around the Alhambra, and pictured it in his matchless diction. Lowell at the court of St. James, Motley at the Netherlands, Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, and White in Germany, have shed luster upon our foreign service that a generation of ex-Congressmen and "statesmen" had failed to impart. To Mr. Howells's previous sojourn abroad as United States Consul at Venice may be traced some of his most charming works—notably, *Italian Journeys*, *Venetian Life*, and *A Foregone Conclusion*. The appointment of literary men as foreign representatives insures not only a higher degree of respect to the service, but, as a general thing, a more efficient discharge of the duties of the office. And even if these things are equal, the world is largely the gainer if an occasional result is the production of such works as those which have been mentioned.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

CORALS AND CORAL-MAKERS.

Much interest has, for a long time, been attached to corals and their formation, but it is only quite recently that we have been accustomed to hear these wonderful productions spoken of without the qualifying adjective "mysterious." Many fanciful ideas have been put forth in regard to the mysterious "coral-workers," as they have been called, and numerous writers have discoursed most poetically upon the wonderful structures which have been "built up" beneath the sea by the united "labors" of these curious insects. How many a traveler has

"... wandered where the dreamy palm
Murmured above the sleeping wave,
And through the waters, clear and calm,
Looked down into the coral cave,"

and beheld with wonder and admiration the beautiful and diversified forms there displayed. The forms and hues exhibited by the different varieties of coral are almost endless, and often rival in outline and color the most gorgeous flower gardens. One writer very correctly remarks: "There is scarcely a form of vegetation, either trunk, branch, leaf, flower, or fern, moss, lichen, or fungus, that is not imitated with striking exactness by these wonderful animals of the sea." From such remarkable resemblance to plants, living organisms of this class were formerly regarded as vegetable forms, and later as partaking of the nature of both plants and animals. Indeed, it is only quite recently that any very general and correct information in regard to corals and the way in which they are built up has been spread before the public. Until within a few years many otherwise well informed persons have supposed that coral builders were mechanical builders; that coral forms were constructed for tenements in a manner much as bees build up their honey cells, and that in these tenements the builders swarmed like ants in a hillock. But science, as in many other departments of modern research, has fully penetrated into the mysteries of coral insects and coral-building, and can now tell us all about it. It tells us that the coral insect, or polyp, does not "build" at all. It simply *aggregates*. It is only when the insect dies, withers, and its perishable part disappears that we see the substance which we call coral. The polyp first comes into existence fixed to some stationary nucleus, lives its short life, with no other occupation than feeding and growing, and when it dies leaves its bones as a base upon which its successor may fasten and fatten, and so on until the skeleton remains of innumerable myriads of these insects aggregate into vast reefs and mountains beneath the sea. Often in the process of time these masses of coral, by natural forces, are raised above the surface until they form large islands or extensive regions of sea-coast. The skeleton which the polyp leaves is not a shell like the cast-off covering of a mollusk, but a genuine skeleton as of bones. It is no more difficult of comprehension that a polyp should form an internal structure of stone (carbonate of lime) than that quadrupeds should form a similar structure of bones

(chiefly phosphate of lime) to strengthen their bodies, or mollusks cover themselves with shells (carbonate of lime) to protect their boneless bodies. In either case it is simply an animal secretion from the aliment which is taken into the system for nourishment. This power of secretion is entirely independent of either the will or instinct of the animal itself, and is one of the most common things inherent in all living tissues. Coral is, therefore, no more the result of the handiwork of an insect than are the bones of a man the result of his handiwork. All the fine-spun theories and poetic ideas which have been given to the world about the "labors" of the "coral-builders" fade away before the light of scientific investigation. There is neither "toil" nor "skill" connected with their existence. Neither do the coral cells form the "dwellings" or "sepulchers" of the "builders." They are simply aggregations of bones—nothing more, nothing less. The organisms which thus result in coral formations consist of four quite different classes: (1.) Polyps—the most numerous and important of coral-forming animals. (2.) Hydroids—which form the very common corals known as millepores. (3.) Bryozoans—the lowest tribe of mollusks, which produce the finest and most delicate corals, generally branching and moss-like, but sometimes in broad plates and thin incrustations. (4.) Nullipores—which are true algae, or sea-weeds, and do not belong to the animal kingdom at all, but form thick or thin stony (lime) incrustations over dead corals, or coral rock, but without cells. There is a variety of this class of coral which is known as corallines, the secretions of which contain only small proportions of lime, the balance being made up of plant tissue. The different varieties of nullipores grow so abundantly on some coasts that when broken up they accumulate along the shore and finally aggregate into quite thick calcareous deposits. In the earlier age of the world—the limestone period—the bryozoans, or third species named, were much more numerous than latterly, and so abounded in broad plates, or masses over the sea-bottom, that many beds of limestone are half composed of them. Most corals have a hardness a little above that of common limestone or marble. The ringing sound given out by the coral when struck, higher in tone than the sound from a blow upon limestone, indicates this superior hardness.

CURIOUS FACTS IN REGARD TO FISHES.

Mr. E. T. Sacks sends some notes to *Nature* from Batavia, in which he refers to what he calls "a very interesting, if not remarkable, discovery." A short time previous, while on the Island of Billiton, some two hundred miles from Batavia, he found a fresh-water fish which produces its young *living from its mouth*. He conducted his observations very carefully with living specimens and with closed doors. He states with much positiveness that "the eggs are hatched in the lower portion of the head of the fish, and are projected alive out at the mouth, and from nowhere else." In order

to set the matter fully at rest before the scientific world, Mr. Sacks had secured a number of living specimens, which he proposed to send to Dr. Günther for confirmation of his own observations. It may be remarked, in this connection, that much interest is now being taken by scientists in regard to the habits, instincts, and emotions of fishes. Naturalists have generally accepted Cuvier's view, that the existence of fishes is a silent, emotionless, and joyless one, but recent observations tend to show that many fishes emit vocal sounds, and that they are susceptible of special emotions, particularly such as regard for their young, attachment between the sexes, and for locality. Among monogamous fishes there is often seen decided evidence of watchfulness over their young, in which the males not infrequently act an important part. Among nest-building fishes the male often prepares the nest. Among some who do not build nests the eggs are carried about in the cheek-hollows of the male. Cases have been noticed where male fishes have remained in the same spot in the river from which the female had been taken. A case is noted where, after a pair had been separated, both appeared miserable and seemed nigh unto death, but on being united again both became happy. In fish battles it is sometimes noticed that the conqueror assumes brilliant hues, while the defeated one sneaks off with faded colors, the change evidently being brought about by emotional feelings. There are certain classes of fish that are capable of a kind of organization for acting in concert for common defense or to attack a common enemy. The remarkable success which has of late attended the breeding of fish has shown that as a matter of economy an acre of good water is worth more to a farmer than the same area of the best arable land. This subject, in all its bearings, is one that deserves even more attention than it has hitherto received.

BURIED CITIES.

Valuable information of much historic and general interest is being brought to light by the progress of work undertaken to uncover the sites of ancient cities which have been long buried beneath the *débris* resulting from volcanic or other more or less rapid action of natural forces. Volumes have been written detailing important discoveries among the ruins of such buried cities in the Euphrates Valley, in ancient Phœnicia, and on the peninsulas of Greece and Italy. Our readers are also familiar with the expedition which has recently

been sent out from New York to uncover some Mexican Pompeis, from which important results are expected. At the Prehistoric Congress which lately met at Lisbon an interesting report was read in regard to some discoveries recently made among the ruins of an ancient Portuguese city, which is supposed to have been of Celtic origin. The city must have been quite extensive. Massive circular walls, streets, squares, large architectural monuments, and many dwellings have already been unearthed, which, for more than twenty centuries, have been buried deep below accumulated *débris*, soil, and rich vegetation. The explorers among these ruins are fast laying open to the world the habitations of ancient people, among which quite a primitive state of civilization must have existed, but one whose architecture, plastic ornamentations, sculptured monuments, and profuse inscriptions point to a somewhat advanced state of art and industry, and recall in many of their characteristics the civilization and religious ceremonies of India and China. The question naturally arises, Is it possible that the tribes who built this and other neighboring cities, whose ruins are known to exist, emigrated originally from central or eastern Asia, passed westward through all the intermediate nations of western Asia and eastern Europe, until they arrived at the impassable barrier of the broad Atlantic before they finally settled down to build new and permanent homes?

JAPANESE SKILL AND DESIGN.

A writer, who appears to be quite well posted in regard to decorators and artisans in Japan, says that artists and workmen there utterly discard the happy-go-lucky or rule-of-thumb method in their work. Before being received as proficient or masters of their work they have to undergo a thorough training in the art or skill which they propose to adopt as their calling. Books of instruction, with elaborate and progressive lessons, are placed before the learners by experienced and competent instructors. From the first strokes to the finished drawing everything is done in the most thorough manner, and for each class or style of design there are many elaborately illustrated works of reference to be found in circulating libraries, which are numerous and free to all. It may not be generally known that the new, quaint, and popular designs on illuminated title pages, on business cards, on fancy handbills, and even on our ordinary signboards, are mostly borrowed from the Japanese.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ILIOS. The City and Country of the Trojans. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

As our readers already know, Dr. Schliemann is in some sense a Californian; and we, his fellow-citizens, may well feel a special interest in this great work on ancient Troy. The subject is one made forever memorable and fascinating by the Homeric poems. The ignorance of ages has rendered its problems difficult.

The zeal and success of this new explorer have thrown a flood of light on many questions of greater or less importance.

It will reward any young man to borrow this book, or to hire it at a round price, for the sake of Dr. Schliemann's autobiography. Here is another instance of the all-conquering power of pluck and patience. A poor and enthusiastic boy pushed his business chances in such a way as to win an early competence. He learned new languages by persevering study in hours snatched

from a clerk's hard work. No obstacle discouraged him. His energies were not scattered, but directed toward a single object in life, early chosen and passionately pursued. As we read Dr. Schliemann's achievements we feel that he is no exceptional genius, but a man like thousands of others—only these others lack his resolute and tireless persistence.

Dr. Schliemann first "prospected" for ancient Troy in 1868, and fixed on Hissarlik as the probable site. In 1870, he made preliminary excavations. Work was prosecuted during portions of the three following years; and the remarkable discoveries then made were published in 1874, in a work entitled *Troy and Its Remains*. During three following years the explorer was at work in other interesting fields, notably at Mycenæ. In 1878 and 1879, excavations were again made in the Troad. The present ample volume gives us the matured conclusions of Dr. Schliemann, and many appendices from other hands. Professor Virchow contributes two of these, as also a preface. Two are by Professor Brugsch-Bey, one by Professor Mahaffy, and one by Professor Sayce. The work is well provided with maps and diagrams, and has an extraordinary number of representations of objects of ancient art dug out of this one little site. The book is dedicated to Premier Gladstone.

Many classes of readers will be interested in this splendid volume. As a picture book, it has something to attract juvenile eyes. Lovers of pottery will find curious vases, cups, jugs, and seals. Jewel-fanciers will study the rich ornaments of gold and silver. Implements of stone and bronze call for scientific adjustment in the series of "ages." Archæologists have a whole new field for investigation and comparison. Students of ancient and modern geography will dwell on the questions of locality. Ethnologists will seek light on the relations of the people of the Troad—not only to the Greek races, but also to the Phrygians, the Lydians, the Assyrians, and even the Egyptians. Lovers of Homer will catch eagerly at the evidence that there was a Troy, and that the *Iliad* is not all a mythology.

Dr. Schliemann believes that the *Iliad* describes a real Ilium, and that he has found its site. All critics agree that the contest of the Greeks and the Trojans was not described by an eye-witness. If the account in the *Iliad* be received as a veritable history, it is still a history of long past generations. But it is not a history. The *Iliad* is prehistoric to us: the Trojan war must have been prehistoric to the *Iliad* author. So the poet's description of Troy could not be scientifically exact. No such poet is held to minute accuracy. The bard of the *Iliad* doubtless saw the Troad of his day, and depicted its main features in his immortal poem. But there was no Schliemann to dig underneath the surface, to say how many cities lay in perpendicular alignment, or to what extent the seaward flowing streams had changed their channels. So the "Scæan gate" of the *Iliad* might not be found by using the poet's divining rod; the house of Priam might be inaccurately described. What Dr. Schliemann contends for is that on the whole the Troy of the poem has its counterpart in one of the buried cities at Hissarlik. Rich treasures lay covered there. There are abundant evidences of such a civilization as the story of Troy presupposes. It is most probable that in this corner of Asia Minor, on the borders of Europe, different races should have come in collision, and that the supreme Greeks should here have won a decided victory, and have helped to decide

the type of eastern European and western Asiatic civilization. In later days there was an almost greater Greece on the coast of Asia Minor. The Troad corner could hardly have escaped the early conflicts of adjacent and restless races. This book, by the way, in its incursions into Egyptology, gives additional countenance to Professor Curtius's brilliant theory of the early Ionian migration—a very early Greece east of the Ægean.

Dr. Schliemann found at Hissarlik distinct remains of seven different cities, the lowest from forty-five to fifty-two and a half feet below the surface. The stratum of the next city is twelve feet in thickness. Then, at the depth of twenty-three to thirty-three feet, are the remains of a burnt city which he identifies with the Homeric Ilios. This third city is, of course, the one of special interest, and that which is most fully described. In the seventh and uppermost city—the historic Ilium of the Greeks—were found many interesting remains, including sculptures, coins, and inscriptions. That Hissarlik marks the true site of the ancient Ilium our author has not the slightest doubt. Grote and others decided thus before Schliemann's discoveries. Lenormant, Gladstone, Sayce, and Philip Smith are among the many whom Schliemann has convinced. But many distinguished names are on the other side—mostly in favor of Bounarbashi. We can only say that Dr. Schliemann makes out a very good case. We wish he had more book-making skill, so that he might have put his discoveries in a more compact and systematic form. But we will not criticise a man who has done so much, and has done it so well. We are glad that he happened to be in California when it became a State, and so was enrolled as our fellow-citizen. If he and his enthusiastic Greek wife were to visit us now, we think they would find that we know of the Scamander as well as of the Sacramento, and that Homer is more to us than our poets of the lariat and the mining camp.

WASHINGTON SQUARE. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Mr. James's new book belongs eminently to the small class of works of art whose execution is well nigh perfect, and whose design is a blunder. The blunder of design in *Washington Square* is that of handling tragedy by the dispassionate, realistic method. A more completely tragic history (if we may be allowed to use the adjective with regard to a calamity wrought out by purely psychologic methods, and devoid of external incidents) could hardly be conceived than this of Catherine Sloper. The author has started, like a spiritualized Zola, with the assumption that the legitimate subject-matter of tragedy is the infliction of suffering on a human being. He has, therefore, created with a marvelous skill and delicacy, with an all but infallible accuracy both of analytic and constructive power, a character endowed with the utmost receptivity to pain and the least resources or defenses against it; has subjected her to precisely those experiences holding the utmost possibilities of pain to the temperament in question, and has filled in even minor details with an almost complete avoidance of any alleviation. All this is most excellently done. Mr. James is not usually at his best in portraiture. He analyzes too much—overloads with detail, and obscures the broad lines that impress our memories. But in "Catherine Sloper" he has given us a fine portrait, all the finer because it is in the very extreme of the "low-toned"

method. The artists are few indeed who can paint character in neutral colors, and Mr. James has not merely painted "Catherine" in neutral colors. He has, with a fine artistic feeling for quietude, put her against as neutral a background as possible. He has hardly allowed to her whole history a single outwardly dramatic moment. The drama consists solely of her own mental experience, and affects no one else especially, not even her supposed lover, while this drama remains to the end unexpressed by speech, action, or even look, except in the merest fragments. So far as the skillful description of the way in which such a girl was made the victim of life goes, Mr. James has left little to be asked. Nothing could round out the quiet desolation of her fate more perfectly than the summary of her life ten, fifteen, twenty years after her brief romance:

"From her own point of view, the great facts of her career were that Morris Townsend had trifled with her affections, and that her father had broken its spring. Nothing could ever alter these facts. They were always there, like her name, her age, her plain face. Nothing could ever undo the wrong or cure the pain that Morris had inflicted on her, and nothing could ever make her feel toward her father as she felt in her younger years. There was something dead in her life, and her duty was to try and fill the void."

No delicate touch is omitted that could heighten the tragedy (always assuming that tragedy means intensity and completeness of misfortune). "Catherine's" perfect blamelessness, not only in action, but in the most subtle refinements of spirit and motive, and the fact that the hardest part of her misfortune, if not the whole, was the logical result of her very blamelessness, is an element in her fate that, while true enough to nature, verges on the intolerable.

Now, we repeat, with all these elements of tragedy at hand, and all most finely managed, Mr. James has not written anything in the least resembling a tragedy. He would, no doubt, repudiate with horror the idea of ever doing such a thing. A dignified quietude, a masterly dispassionateness, and a matter-of-fact realism, are qualities without which he would find it as impossible to appear in print as he would find it to appear in the street without his coat and shoes. And these qualities we, for our part, should be utterly unwilling to lose from his writings. But he ought not to try, under their bonds, to treat of such things as love at its utmost depth, crushed hearts, spoiled lives. Not that he makes himself ridiculous, as if he were playing Hamlet in an immaculate shirt-bosom and studs. His taste is too perfect for that. On the contrary, he makes the very mention of love and heart-break in a passionate way seem ridiculous. It is more as if some accomplished psychologist, who knew the details about Hamlet, sat down and told us in smooth tones and with a genuine scientific interest all that the royal Dane had suffered; told it so well and appreciatively that we realized perfectly all that was distressing in the story, and yet were not lifted above the painfulness of it by any passion of sympathy or any tragic fervor.

The result is that *Washington Square* is painful reading, and leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. One is inclined to look for a volume of Mark Twain after laying *Washington Square* down, to take the taste out. It is quite as if Mr. James, with the most admirable skill, had performed a difficult vivisection for us to witness. If we are psychologists enough to appreciate the skill, and not sensitive to pain (in others, our admira-

tion is unmixed; otherwise, we feel that the piercing of live flesh in cold blood is bad art, and only justifiable when some beneficent end is to be gained. If young men were to be made less unscrupulous, old ladies less silly, clever fathers more sympathetic, and loving girls more shrewd by this book, it would be worth while to make the reader uncomfortable; but we need hardly say that it is not calculated to have any such effect. The breaking of hearts, again, in Turgeneff, Shakspeare, and George Eliot, is more analogous to the cutting of flesh and shedding of blood in warfare than in vivisection. No matter how true to life the psychology, how close the realism, there is always the passion and fervor, the sound of trumpets, and the great onward movement of something irresistible. The author is always in a subjective attitude (without necessarily quitting the objective); there is always a certain fitness and necessity in the result that warrant a "piling up" of suffering to any height in such tragedies as "Prometheus" or "Edipus" or "Lear." In Mr. James's other books that "turn out badly"—*The American* and *Daisy Miller*—there is such a necessity in the very nature of things for the result, and the result itself, though sad enough, falls so far short of intolerableness, and is so lightly sketched, that we accept it as the right thing. Nevertheless, in general Mr. James's exceeding cleverness is of too unemotional a character to be employed on pain and misfortune. Mr. Howells, whose cleverness is as great, and of a warmer and richer quality, sets a wise example in the avoidance of tragedy.

Mr. James is strongest, in all his books, in "clever talk." He sometimes slips into the habit of making all his characters talk with equal cleverness and similar diction. In *Washington Square* the cleverness is distributed to the right people, though it must be remarked that the three clever ones—the Doctor, Mrs. Almond, and Morris Townsend—say bright things of a precisely similar cast, and turn their epigrams in just the same way, and it may be further added that it is remarkably similar to the way in which the distinctively clever people in all Mr. James's other books turn their epigrams. Nevertheless, the individualities in *Washington Square* are all clear. The book is brief and sketchy enough to have all its characters drawn more or less in outline, and Mr. James can always make a consistent and clear sketch of character. It is elaborate portraits that he obscures. The book is in charming English, crammed with keen and discriminating observation of society and of human nature, thoroughly original, and is pervaded by the author's own refined good taste and educated intelligence, and, for these reasons, is good reading, and earns the comment so often made on Mr. James's books, "Whether it is, on the whole, a success or not, I like to read it, it's so cleverly written."

BEN-HUR. A Tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The success of *The Fair God* has induced General Wallace, politician, lawyer, soldier, and now author, to try again. This time the scene is laid, not in ancient Mexico, but in Judea, in the time of Herod. The hero is a prince of the house of Hur, one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most honorable families in Israel.

While yet a boy, he has the misfortune to dislodge a tile from the roof of his father's palace, which strikes, in falling, the commander of a passing troop of Roman

soldiers. For this the palace is confiscated, his mother and sister are thrown into a dungeon, and he himself is sentenced to the galleys for life. His manly bearing as a galley-slave attracts the attention of Arrius, the tribune and captain of the Roman fleet, whose life Ben-Hur afterward saves in a battle with pirates in the *Ægean* Sea. Arrius then adopts Ben-Hur, makes him a Roman citizen, and leaves him heir to his immense estates. But his heart is with his native land. He becomes celebrated at Rome for his skill in martial exercises and for feats of arms. His secret purpose is to one day turn this to account in an effort to free Jerusalem from the Roman yoke. He goes to Antioch, then the second city of the Roman world. There he finds that Simonides, formerly a slave of the house of Hur, has become one of the merchant princes of the earth. Simonides admits his bondage and his stewardship, and offers to turn over his vast estates to the rightful heir of his former master. This sacrifice is not accepted, but they are united in a common hatred of Rome, and together they lay plans and consecrate their fortunes to the deliverance of Israel from the second bondage.

About this time Ben-Hur happens to meet at the Fount of Castalia, in Antioch, Balthasar, an Egyptian, who proves to be one of the three *magi* who had followed the star of Bethlehem, and had seen, a quarter of a century before, the infant Jesus in the manger. Balthasar's story inflames the mind of Ben-Hur. He resolves to go at once to Jerusalem and seek out the Messiah. While arranging his departure he triumphs over his enemy, Messala, a haughty patrician, in a chariot race, on which the whole fortune of Messala had been staked. The description of this event is very spirited. Here also he falls in love with Esther, the daughter of Simonides, and thus becomes the object of the jealous rage of the beautiful daughter of Balthasar, who loves him.

The last scene, like the first, opens at Jerusalem. Thither Ben-Hur has gone, full of hope and confidence, in search of the Great Captain who should set Israel free, and, having found him, to enlist under his all conquering banner, and with the sword drive the Roman legions from Judea. The portrayal of the meeting with the Nazarene, and the bitter disappointment of Ben-Hur, is the admirable feature of the book, and redeems other points not so excellent—the improbability of many of the incidents of the story, and the overcrowding of the pages with characters and digressions, which might well be spared.

Ben-Hur had as his rightful inheritance the traditions and prophecies of his religion and his race—a race which had watched for ages for the coming of the Messiah almost as earnestly as Prometheus looked for the coming of his deliverer. At the time of Christ nothing remained of the glory of Israel but the memories of the past and this great hope of the future.

The Jews were ground down and oppressed by Roman despots and tax-gatherers; the temple had been despoiled and their altars desecrated. How natural, then, that their imagination should clothe the promised Redeemer in armor, and place in his hand the sword of David, from whose Royal House he was to come! How natural that they should think of him as a resistless conqueror, who should free Israel from the Roman yoke and bring forth from its hiding place "the Ark of the Covenant!" It is not surprising, viewed in this light, that "the Prince of Peace," "the Man of Sorrows," whose message was peace on earth and good will to men, should have been mocked and reviled, and

at last crucified between two thieves. Ben-Hur became a witness of the later scenes in the life of Christ, and of the final tragedy on Mount Calvary, events which the author has had the good taste to describe in almost the language of the Evangelists; and it must be said that he has been careful to put no words in the mouth of the Savior which have not the warrant of Holy Writ.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. From his unpublished journals and correspondence. By W. G. Blaikie, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The purpose of this volume is well stated in the preface—to make the world better acquainted with the character of Livingstone. His public exploits, his wonderful discoveries and researches in that *terra incognita*, Central Africa, are known and appreciated in every civilized country of the globe. But with the man himself, with his purposes and plans, with his unwavering determination and indomitable courage, with his lifelong service of that Master whom he had early chosen and consistently followed, little has been known before the publication of the volume under consideration.

The leading idea of Livingstone, as shown by his biographer, was his thoroughness. Whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might. He was not only missionary and explorer—he was physician, surgeon, botanist, geologist, geographer, and astronomer; and all these things he did well. The Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope said of him that his observations were marvels of accuracy and exactitude. At one time we find him building a house, at another commanding a steamer, again instructing the natives in the science of irrigation, and all to the greater glory of God, as well as to the amelioration of the physical condition and surroundings of those among whom he had cast his lot.

The sixth sense, as it is sometimes called—common sense—was possessed in a high degree by Livingstone. To certain ones of his Missionary Board who complained of the few conversions following his labors, he pithily and forcibly explained that the first step toward christianizing was civilizing; that no man could raise beautiful flowers from wild land until the ground was first cleared and prepared for the seed. He saw, as those in England could not, that the gospel of Christ, first pure, then peaceable, could not effect a lodgment in the hearts of men whose first article of faith was to kill and eat their enemies, or, under some conditions, their friends, among whom life and liberty had no sacredness and little value, and where the curse of curses, the slave-trade, was in a flourishing state, and that, too, accompanied by such horrors as are sickening in their details. What greater or more Christ-like work, then, could Livingstone have done than to devote his life to the destruction of this infamous traffic in human bodies and souls? And yet we find him censured by those wise in their own conceit because he did not found churches and Sunday-schools, large in numbers and zealous in attendance, among a race steeped in superstition and idolatry.

Dr. Blaikie has done his work well and faithfully. He has wisely preferred to let Livingstone for the most part reveal his own character and ideas, and has only added the finishing touches to the *monumentum ære perennius* which David Livingstone has constructed for

himself wherever a love of human freedom exists, and a pure devotion to down-trodden humanity, a life of tireless exertion and self-sacrifice, and a pure, exalted, and Christian heroism, are known and appreciated.

PASTORAL DAYS; or, Memories of a New England Year. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

It will seem but a short time to some of those who read this notice since "annuals" and "gift books" were the most advanced specimens of the typographer's art. Possibly no better evidence of the progress made in the way of book-making could be obtained than that afforded by the contrast of one of those same works, now so long gone out of vogue, with such a volume as this one lying before us.

The "Pastoral Days" are divided into "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," representing respectively, in the text and designs, Nature's awakening, consummation, waning, and sleep. To say that the engravings in this book are chaste and elegant would convey only a very general impression of some of the most exquisite work which any artist has given to the American public. They are admirably subordinated and harmonized to the plan of the book, and yet each in itself is individual, unique, and complete. In the softer, more hazy, and delicate delineations of Nature's moods, Mr. Gibson is particularly happy. But, in addition to being an artist of high merit, Mr. Gibson is possessed of a felicitous literary style, and *Pastoral Days* in that respect is different from those volumes where the text is intended as nothing more than a running explanation of the plates. The matter of Mr. Gibson's book is admirable. It brings back to one scenes long forgotten, the earlier and happier days of life.

Without intending to draw invidious distinctions as to previous publications, it is impossible to avoid saying that a more exquisite volume has never been issued from an American press.

THE CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID AND SARACEN CIVILIZATION. By E. H. Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

So far as Mr. Palmer's book purports to relate to Saracen civilization it is somewhat disappointing. There is little or no light thrown upon the subject except such as comes indirectly from the consideration of other themes. But as a personal history of the great Commander of the Faithful the book is full of interest and instruction. The idea which nine persons out of ten entertain concerning Haroun Alraschid is derived from *The Arabian Nights*, and is that of a benevolent sovereign visiting his subjects in disguise and performing no end of good deeds. History unfortunately does not justify this view of the great Caliph. There can be little doubt that he was one of the most arbitrary, luxurious, and fickle rulers that ever misgoverned an unfortunate people. That his dominion extended over so great an area was due largely to the wise and vigilant statesmanship of the Barmek family, commonly called the Barmecides. Of these Yahya was Grand Vizier, and his two sons, El Fadhl and Jaafer (usually spelled Jaffar), were his ministerial associates. Upon the Barmecides Haroun lavished his favors without stint. Jaafer was his

especial favorite, and the Caliph could not bear to be absent from him. Haroun was equally attached to his own sister, and in order that he might enjoy the constant society of both favorites without violation of court etiquette he had them married, with the understanding that the union should be one in name only. It is supposed that it was Haroun's discovery of the fact that children had been born of this marriage which led to the downfall of the Barmecides. How sudden and how great was this fall may be imagined from the fact mentioned by El Amrani, the historian, that a certain person, happening to go into the office of the treasury, saw the following item on the ledger: "For a dress of honor and decorations for Jaafer, son of Yahya, 400,000 gold dinars," about \$1,000,000. A few days after he saw on the same ledger the entry: "Naphtha and shavings for burning the body of Jaafer, son of Yahya, 10 kirats," a kirat being about one twenty-fourth of a dinar. Jaafer, by all accounts, was a lovable character, and the fall of the Barmecides greatly weakened Haroun's hold upon his empire. Those who, through *The Arabian Nights*, are interested in the story of Haroun Alraschid and the unfortunate Barmek family, as well as those who are interested in the peculiar customs of those early Moslem years, will find Mr. Palmer's book full of instruction and entertainment. But readers must prepare for the shock of having another illusion dispelled, for Mr. Palmer pronounces the story of "The Forty Thieves," as well as that of "Aladdin," in *The Arabian Nights*, to have been interpolated, neither being found in the original Arabic.

WOMANHOOD. Lectures on Woman's Work in the World. By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This volume consists of a series of essays upon woman and her work in the world. Upon such a subject it is impossible to avoid being trite at times. Mr. Newton does not attempt to make woman dissatisfied by pointing out alleged indignities under which she is laboring. He rather assumes that her mission is a noble one, and that it rests with her to find her happiness in using her influence and doing her work to the best advantage. "Advanced thinkers" would no doubt pronounce this work a trifle "goody-goody." But persons who are "in advance" of their fellow-creatures must not expect that the majority will agree with them in this or indeed other respects.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe. Vol. I. From the outbreak of the Revolutionary war in 1792 to the accession of Louis XVIII. in 1814. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The last few years have been particularly fruitful in histories of the current century, several of them being of marked ability. Green and McCarthy have now been followed by Mr. Fyffe, who summarizes the history of Europe from 1792 to 1814 in the volume before us. The second volume, soon to be published, will bring the reader down to the year 1848; the third down to the present time. These recent historical publications have gone far to demolish the theory that a contemporary history must perforce be more imperfect or more partisan than one written at a later epoch. All great his-

stories, fortunately or unfortunately, have been more or less partisan in regard to the important events. Eminent personages in one history have been paragons of goodness; in another, monsters of iniquity. Mr. Fyffe has avoided, so far as possible, exaggeration in the direction either of praise or blame. His estimates are fair and candid.

In compressing the history of a century within the limits of three volumes, rejection is a more important process than selection. To know what is really important is one of the first attributes of a historian, and to this title, judging from the volume before us, Mr. Fyffe may prefer a just claim.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE. A Memorial Collection. By Moses King. Cambridge, Mass. 1881.

This little memorial pamphlet on the great mathematician and astronomer is made up chiefly of the eulogies pronounced upon him in pulpit and press about the time of his death. It contains also the exquisite poem written in honor of the deceased scientist by Dr. O. W. Holmes. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Professor Peirce.

THIRTY YEARS. Being Poems, new and old. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

That the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, will always be better known by her prose writings than by her poetry may be safely assumed. But, for all that, these poems are not without a certain quiet power, as

well as purity, which will commend them to many. The pervading tone is a trustful one—a restful, abiding faith in ultimate truth, goodness, and mercy. Many of them are religious verses, full of faith and hope. They are certainly not great poems, but they are far above mediocrity, and the purity of their sentiment will leave men and women better for their perusal.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS SALON. Published under the direction of F. G. Dumas, authorized and approved by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. London: British and Foreign Artists' Association. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

CATALOGUE ILLUSTRE DE L'EXPOSITION HISTORIQUE DE L'ART BELGE ET DU MUSEE MODERNE DE BRUXELLES (1830-1880.) New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

THE CAUSE OF COLOR AMONG RACES, AND THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICAL BEAUTY. By William Sharpe, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

BORDER STATES OF MEXICO. A complete guide for travelers and emigrants. By Leonidas Hamilton. San Francisco: Bacon & Co. 1881.

A VILLAGE COMMUNE. A Story. By "Ouida." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

MOTHER MOLLY. By Frances Mary Peard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

DRAMA AND STAGE.

THE PAST MONTH has not been an encouraging one either to the manager or the theater-goer. There has been a complete surrender to sensationalism, without any very satisfactory results. A round of gallery plays, of the class denominated "strong," has been produced only to increase the managerial debt and a long suffering public's distrust. On the one hand we hear, "The times are hard," "The people are too poor;" on the other, "It's too bad; but there's really nothing worth going to see." Here is a difference of opinion, and one which managers would do well to study. In this city there is a theater-going population of twenty thousand souls. Many towns throughout the Union, whose total population, all told, does not exceed this figure, give regular support to a theater. In fact, in a small place intelligent management is a necessity—a condition of existence. And here the theater has survived only through the indulgence of a public who have been in the past peculiarly hospitable to dramatic art. We feel it perfectly useless to expect of the men to whose lot it has fallen to manage theaters that they should do so from any high-art stand-point. We have long ago given that up. But we have a right to expect ordinary business sagacity, and that the managers of

San Francisco have not displayed. Though in many respects the most prosaic of mortals, they have managed their theaters at least on a highly emotional plan. Their managerial life has been a series of blind experiments. Conducting their business on no fixed principles, they cannot have faith in themselves, and, having no faith in themselves, they naturally lose faith in their public. An amusing feature of this is that they feel injured if an increased outlay does not immediately bring in increased receipts. They have omitted from their calculations one important element that enters into all commercial transactions, and to which things theatrical are no exception—credit. They have cried "wolf" too often. The people will not come. Managers complain that, owing to the geographical isolation of San Francisco, they are cut off from the country element that does so much to fill metropolitan theaters. It does not probably occur to them that this is not an unmixed evil. As we are not in any theatrical circuit, Eastern managers will readily part with their novelties at nominal prices. Moreover, they have only to wait for the success of a play in London, Paris, or New York, and they are partially insured against failure at the start. A good company and some enterprise would make the

rest secure. And, above all, the theaters should not, as in the past month, be subordinated wholly to the public taste. The public, on the contrary, should be brought to look up to the theater for a standard and rule of criticism.

THE ADVENT OF MISS ROGERS as a star (heaven save the mark!) occasioned a new programme at the Baldwin, which was inaugurated by Mr. A. C. Gunter's play of *Two Nights in Rome*. Miss Multon, *Daniel Rochat*, *The American Lady*, and *The Baffled Beauty* are to follow. We are informed by the management that, owing to the limited engagement of Miss Rogers, each of these plays is restricted to a week's run. Now, a week is not sufficient for the adequate rehearsal of a play. We are not prepared to say that any amount of rehearsal could save *The American Lady* and *The Baffled Beauty*. But *Daniel Rochat* is a gem, and deserves better treatment. As for Mr. Gunter's play, it has been so much discussed and criticised already that what we have to say may seem almost trite. *Two Nights in Rome* possesses a delusive strength, which comes from its situations. In fact, it is a play of situations. The incidents are selected not to illustrate the dominant idea, if it can be said to have a dominant idea, but to keep up a certain factitious, unnatural interest. Moreover, these very situations are deliberately imported from two undeniably strong plays—*Forget Me Not* and *Diplomacy*. But they have suffered in the carriage. This simple recipe for writing a good play—viz., borrowing from successful plays—would seem discouraging to those who have only their own brains to draw from, were it not for the fact that this offense carries with it its own punishment. Every situation has its appropriate surroundings, which are necessary to its full effect. This

is nowhere more clear than in the play in question. The situation of Count Orloff in the great trio scene in *Diplomacy* is truly pathetic. For if Orloff had known that the woman whom he felt had betrayed him was his friend's wife, not only would he have been silent, but with perfect propriety; whereas, in the same situation in *Two Nights in Rome*, Herr Franz, as he is strangely styled, has the sympathy of the audience against him in his refusal to answer when put to the question, for, unpleasant as it is to tell a man that he has another wife living, it is plainly his duty to do so. To settle any doubt as to where Mr. Gunter got this situation, it is only necessary to refer to the similarity between Herr Franz's leave-taking of Gerald and Count Orloff's of Dora. In both cases they give a complicated route of travel. Of course, in Orloff's case it was very important to the action that this route should be emphasized, because Dora's knowledge of it was the damning circumstance in the chain of evidence against her. Moreover, it was quite natural that Orloff, a proscribed fugitive returning to the land of his proscription under the surveillance of Russian spies, should explain the route by which he would elude their vigilance. But why Herr Franz, bound on almost a pleasure trip, and quite safe from anybody's interference, should give the audience the benefit of every projected step in a proposed route of travel, the development of Mr. Gunter's story did not show. Even the very actors caught the spirit of *Diplomacy* in Mr. Gunter's lines. And it was not their fault that what was intensity in one became bathos in the other. The plagiarisms from *Forget Me Not* were even more outrageous, not only in the central idea in the dressing of the heroine, but in the very "business." We are sorry that Mr. Gunter, who does unquestionably possess dramatic instincts, should exhibit such literary laziness in borrowing from others instead of relying upon his own powers.

OUTCROPPINGS.

THE DELIGHT OF MELANCHOLY.

From the German of Goethe.

Restrain not,
Restrain not
The tears of unhappy love.
To one through half-shed tears
How empty, how dead, the world appears!
Restrain not,
Restrain not
The tears of unhappy love.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

ISLAND PHANTOMS.

Among the great number of islands on the coast of Maine, there are very many, which, though beautiful and delightfully located, are as yet unknown to those who seek the rest and quiet during the hot months not found in those places open to the general public, where dress, dancing, and the hubbub of coming and going disturb the mental as well as the physical comfort of the seeker. These little emeralds of the sea are inhab-

ited by the hardy, homely, honest men and women whose livelihood is gained from the waters, which, in a measure, isolate them from the rest of the world. Their cottages have carpetless floors and rude furniture for the most part, but are models of neatness. These rugged, quaint-phrased people are hospitable, and earnest, whether it be in the pursuit of their hard and dangerous vocation, or in telling the stranger some curious legend connected with their island homes. On one of these islands, and among these people, a summer's vacation, which I shall long remember, was passed. I roamed at will, took refreshing naps when the cool breezes and ceaseless lapping of the waves lulled me to sleep, and once met with an adventure, the memory of which is still as vivid as the wild scene of which it was a part.

I wandered one afternoon to a point which formed a miniature cape on one side of the island, and, seated high up on the rocks, became entranced in watching a gathering storm. "Old Mother" Davis, in whose neat little cottage I had been sojourning for a few weeks, had told me, in her own homely, but expressive way, of the terrible fury of the tempests which sometimes visited

the locality. I knew that the storm would soon come, but I was so infatuated with watching the terrible grandeur of the scene that I could no more move than the paralytic can run from the flames burning the house over his head. I drank in a strange, weird music from the trooping waves as they dashed against the sharp, jagged rocks far below me. I saw in the distance specks of the white sails of vessels, watched clouds of white sea-gulls as they tirelessly circled about, saw the sky growing blacker than the darkness of despair, felt the wind growing stronger, knew that both danger and discomfort attended my remaining, but resolved to stay. The gulls soon began to disappear, the sullen roar of the sea became almost deafening, the muttering thunder grew nearer, zigzag flashes of lightning grew more and more lurid, and the wind, now a giant in its fury, compelled me to sit with my back against a rock to prevent being overblown. The rain which began to fall soon drenched me to the very bone, but the gigantic fury of the storm now prevented me from moving without risk of injury, and I sat watching, listening, and shivering. To me, the rolling boom of the thunder, the blinding flashes of lightning, the deep, hoarse roar of the sea, suggested the storming of some strong fortress at night. The sensation I experienced was grand, terrible, uncomfortable.

I had sat perhaps an hour in the midst of this strange, wild scene of fury, when I was startled at hearing a hoarse voice, which sounded above the raging storm, shouting, "Ahoy! Ahoy!" at brief intervals, the wind bearing back the words as if they wished to mock the strength of him who uttered them. Once again I heard the stentorian shout, and thinking I might be the object of it, was about to return it, when a prolonged flash came, and I saw on the rocks below a stalwart man, dressed in the ever present "oil-skins" which constitute so important a part of the fisherman's outfit. He stood at an angle, so that I saw beneath the old "sou'-wester," which was tightly buttoned under his chin, a deep-furrowed, weather-beaten face, partly covered by a close-cropped, iron-gray beard, and which bore a look of mingled defiance of the storm and anxiety for something out on the seething waters. Several times that sonorous shout met and fairly pierced the driving tempest. I did not answer his "hail," but to this day can assign no reason for my silence.

It was after one of these prolonged shouts that I saw approaching a light boat, her tiny sail and jib down, and driven madly on by the storm toward the very spot where stood the author of that shout which had so startled me. The flashes of lightning had now become almost continuous, the peals of thunder echoed and re-echoed till my ears ached, the water rushed higher up the rocks and threw its salt spray in my face—still I remained inactive. Soon I saw again the frail boat, in which was a supple youth vainly trying to steer, and clinging to the mast in a crouching attitude a girl, whose face, blanched with terror, I could see was as beautiful as an artist's ideal. Now I saw the old man walk out, firmly maintaining his footing, till the waves fairly broke over his shoulders. I saw his brawny hands outstretched to grasp the bow of the boat driven so madly toward those cruel rocks. I saw him seize it. It seemed to pause an instant; then the lightning, in a chain-like flash, seemed to touch the tiny mast, the girl fell backward, the old man was overborne; it was dark a moment, there was a shriek, a grinding of the little boat on the rocks, and all was over.

Though I saw all this, it was enacted while I was clambering down the rocks, and when I reached the spot where the old man had stood I forgot my lacerated hands, bruises, and torn clothes; but nothing of the boat or the three victims of the storm was to be seen. I stood horror-stricken, but only for an instant; for I saw the body of the girl borne toward me on the crest of a terrible wave, which brought it to my feet. Instantly I seized the long hair, and braced myself, that I might hold fast till the water for an instant receded, when I could remove it to the rocks above. The foamy waters rushed back; then came a sheet of flame, a terrific crash, and I stood petrified with fear, grasping only a handful of slimy sedge-grass, while far out on the waves I heard again that piercing shriek of despair.

How long I stood I never shall know, but I was finally roused from my lethargy of indefinable fear by seeing borne toward me the body of the old man, and on a wave beyond it the dim outline of another form. Again shaking off my fear, I prepared to make a sure grasp and rescue the body of at least one of the victims of the wrathful storm. At my very feet came the body. I even heard the dull thud produced as it was thrown against the rock on which I stood. I seized with all my frenzied power upon the strong oil-skin jacket which he had on. Then I felt the waters receding. With great difficulty I kept my feet, and held firmly to the coat. A flash of lightning came. I saw far out on the waves three bodies, and stood there holding in my grasp a monstrous kelp-leaf. Again that awful shriek rang in my ears. Trembling now with a terrible dread, I stood rooted to the spot. Soon I felt, rather than saw, that again one of those bodies had been thrown against my feet. Mechanically I seized some part of the clothing on it, and started to clamber up the rough rocks. A flash and a crash! I held, alas, only an old piece of rotten canvas. Yet again came that shriek, and I saw three bodies tossed by waves a hundred yards from where I stood. I sat down on a jutting rock.

The storm was passing far off to the north when I roused myself, clambered up the slippery rocks, and, dripping wet, hastily started for "Mother" Davis's cottage. The good, kind old soul first laughed, then curiously shook her head when I told her where I had been during the tempest. She hurried me away to change my clothes, and on my return had ready for me one of her nice, warm suppers. We were silent during the meal, and now, though years have passed since and she is quietly sleeping in the little burial-lot of the island, I can see the strange, far-off look that was in her eyes. After the evening work was done, and she was seated by the little table with her knitting, I told her of my strange experience, and she told me in her quaint way the following story:

Fifteen years before there came to the island a silent, gray haired, gray bearded man, who purchased and fitted up luxuriously a fisherman's cottage and lot. Soon after, he brought to his new home a beautiful boy and a wild-eyed little fairy of a girl, and these three constituted, with a negro woman, who cared for the house, the family. The children always addressed the taciturn man as father, and the old colored woman as "Massa Cap'n," while among the islanders he was known as "Skipper" Ring, except when they spoke with him, and then he was called Captain Ring. Over the children he exercised a stern care, but for all his apparent harshness he was as tender as a woman with them. As they grew up in the free air of the island

they became more and more beloved of all. Yet no inhabitant ever saw the inside of the cottage after the family took up their abode there, nor could anything be learned from either the children or the otherwise garrulous colored woman, as to their previous history, or where they came from, and gradually all curiosity died out. One day, a day which all who dwelt on the island will never forget, the boy and girl, who were inseparable companions, took the light sail-boat which the old "skipper" used and started to sail round the island. During their absence there came up a terrific tempest, such as I had watched. Some of the people saw old "Skipper" Ring in his "bad-weather rig" going to the shore where he kept his boat. They thought no more about it at the time, but next day it was recalled to them in a sad way. When the morning came, his house was not to be seen. The little community soon gathered about the spot. Only a heap of smoldering ruins remained, amid which they found a few bones, which they gathered up as the only remains of the four who had lived so quietly and mysteriously among them. These were buried next day, and all speculation as to the cause of the fire, which had destroyed life and home, led to one opinion—lightning. It was late the next afternoon, when the simple people were again thrown into a great excitement by a breathless fisherman, who told them that on the point he had found three dead bodies, horribly mangled, and the splintered remains of a boat. Again, the community was gathered to witness the evidence, painful, horrible evidence, of death. Thrown far up on the rocks they found the body of the girl, the features marred only by a blue stripe from the top of the head, continuing, as was afterward discovered, the entire length of the body. This mark and the condition of the corpse showed that one death was by a stroke of lightning. The bodies of the "Skipper" and the boy were horribly cut and broken. They were all taken away and afterward buried, but nothing upon their persons, or that could be discovered about the ruins of their home, ever added anything to the knowledge these simple islanders had of them.

Every time one of these north-east storms comes up, the islanders say the scene I had witnessed is reenacted. I have no doubt that my own theory—that the house was struck by lightning, which killed the old negro woman, and burned it up just at dark, and at the same time with the death of old "Skipper" and the children, as I saw it in phantom form fifteen years later—is the correct one. As to who the people were, or their antecedents, I have no theory. A. E. MEIG.

PLAN OF A NOVEL.

It is amusing to notice such a statement as this, gravely made by a critic: "This novel is out of the common plan, and hence is refreshing. It is a too generally followed idea that a novel is not a novel unless it deals with the inception, trials, and final happy termination of love. The book before us takes up the life-history of its principal characters at the real beginning of life—marriage. Dating from that epoch, life settles into reality—the reality of constant affection, or bitter disappointment; human nature deepens and broadens; the sterner stuff of which men and women are made shows itself; hope is enlivened; ambition receives an impetus; thought is deeper, application more sure, and purpose stronger; greater and better things are accom-

plished. It is time that novelists should understand these things, and act upon them."

There are not many critics who fail to fall into this error. They lose sight of the fact that the most successful novels have been those which followed the old plan. There is reason for this success, and philosophy in it. With the exception of critics, scientists, and philosophers, who are supposed to occupy the highest plane of intelligence; and the most ignorant and uncultivated, who occupy the lowest plane; the former suppressing sentiment and tender feelings by habit and force of mind, as being superfluous and obstructive, and the latter having never experienced any cultivation and elevation of such feelings—besides these two classes are the mass, the heart, the core of the people. There is a strong undercurrent of romance and sentiment in these persons. It was developed in childhood at the mother's knee by prayer; by the touching story of Christ, or the mysterious beginning of creation; by nursery rhymes and songs; by fairy tales and *The Arabian Nights*. It was latent, and was cultivated; and the cares of life were insufficient to suppress it. Furthermore, the unmarried of this great class constitute the mass of novel-readers. Their tenderer feelings have suffered no depression from business troubles and anxieties. They love, and love envelops them in a halo of romance. They sympathize with lovers. People are naturally match-makers. Nothing is more natural.

Such persons look upon marriage as the most important epoch in life, and doubtless they are right. In a literary composition the most important thing is climax. Reasoning is of two kinds—a *priori* and a *posteriori*. The one leads up to a climax, and the other from it. But logic is cold-blooded, mathematical, and comes entirely without the pale of the subject in hand. It is the lever of science, and the lamp of philosophy. It has no kinship with romance, and cannot be brought to bear on story-writing. The most important epoch in life is the climax—marriage. From youth to marriage, that is the *ultimatum*; and whatever may be the aim of subsequent life, it can never have the tenderness, and fervor, and opening up of better and purer thoughts that courtship brings.

The novel, then, which has for its plan love, courtship, obstacles, and a final happy wedding, is the plan that appeals to the great human heart. W. C. M.

A LITTLE LIFE.

Lowly there bendeth
A waxen-white lily,
Deep hid in the grass;
Perfume it sendeth
On night-air so stilly
To lovers that pass.

Honey it holdeth
In sun-brightened hour
For vagrant wild bees;
Beauty enfoldeth
This dainty white flower
O'ershadowed by trees.

Blessings it giveth
And hints of meek duty—
It cheereth away.
Silent it liveth
In perfect, sweet beauty—
Then passeth away.

JEAN BARRY.

DOMINUS REGNAT.

MISERERE NOSTRI, DEUS.

Daily we toil, and go our labored way ;
 And daily with sore pain and weariness,
 And sad distress,
 We turn us to the heavens dull and gray,
 And moan, and pray,
 And cry, with lifted hands, our bitter cry.
 And then
 We turn us back again,
 Hopeless,
 In pain,
 Scared by the leaden sky, that answers not,
 And moan, "Hath God forgot?"

The bitter cry
 Dieth within our throats, and silently
 We take again the weight of toil and strife
 Upon us ; and the day,
 The woesome day, the day with sorrow rife,
 Wears slowly by.

And when the darkness falls,
 Through all the lonely watches of the night
 We pray the morning light
 May hasten ; for the fear
 Of loneliness is on us, and the drear,
 Still midnight, with a hushed and bated breath,
 Whispers of pain and death—
 Whispers of them who lie
 Where the sable raven calls,
 And the cease and end of life.

DIXIT INSUPIENS.

And then we sicken,
 And the place that knew us knoweth us no more.

And then we die.
 And the stranger passing by
 Heareth the voice of mourning in our door,
 And seeth the sable garments, and the tears,
 And seeth, mayhap, a grief that hath no tears,
 But turneth stricken.
 And the scoffer crieth from the street, "Aha !
 Death is the end of all—of all—aha !
 He trusted, and his trust was vain ;
 He trusted, and the reed again
 Is broken,
 Is broken.
 To eat, and drink, and have no care is best,
 And the dance and jocund jest,
 And the wine-cup and the song.
 Deus non est.
 Lo, as the beasts we die,
 Or the grain of buried corn !
 And the grave is strong and deep.
 We drink to the grim old grave—
 To the yawning, hungry grave ;
 To the grave and endless sleep.
 Death is the end of all—of all—aha !"

RESURGAM.

Is it as naught that the waving grain
 Beareth and giveth at last of its fruitage?
 Is it in vain that the dews and rain
 Have fed it, and all the summer days

With tender eye hath the oving sun
 Smiled, as a mother anear her babe—
 Smiled and looked with fruitful gaze
 Upon the earth? And lo !
 A wonder the corn-fields know ;
 And the husbandman cometh forth from the village
 And reapeth, and eateth, and is made glad :
 Is it in vain?
 Nay, it is not in vain !

And death?

Nay ! not for the reaper's sickle,
 Nor for the gleaner, nor the threshing floor,
 Groweth the corn that, full and overripe,
 Bendeth to earth. For this it lived and grew—
 For this—that, dying, it might anew
 Give life and strength ; and evermore,
 Upon the earth,
 Should death and birth
 Be not as a thing of chance and fickle.
 No ! not in vain
 Liveth and dieth the grain.
 When falleth the golden corn
 It liveth again, new-born

JUBILATE DEO.

Gloria, gloria in excelsis !
 The scoffer is confounded !
 We know that not in vain,
 Amid our pain,
 We lifted up our voices ; and our tears,
 Through all the bitter years,
 Were wasted not. Again,
 Dawn of a mighty gladness draweth nigh.
 At last, at last, we cry,
 Triumphant through the years,
 Oh !
 Gloria, gloria in excelsis !
 Lo !
 Unto earth
 A hope hath birth,
 And the peace of God and pity of His kiss.

Cantet mundus !
 Jubilet profundus !
 Gaudeamus, gaudeamus !
 Te Deum laudamus !
 Jubilate, jubilate Deo !

"Domine, refugium factus es nobis, a generatione in generationem.

Prinsquam montes fierent, aut formaretur terra et orbis : a seculo et usque in sæculum, tu es Deus."

J. P. WIDNEY.

A LETTER FROM SIAM.

The following extract from a letter recently received from a well known citizen of San Francisco, now making a trip around the world, gives a glimpse of a curious and interesting country :

BANGKOK, SIAM, January 1, 1881.

On the 29th of December, at 8 P. M., our ship *Dale*, six and a half days from Hongkong, dropped anchor at the head of the Gulf of Siam, near the mouth of the Bangkok, or Me-nam River. The next morning, at 6:30, four of us Americans looked out of the port-holes

at the banks of the river. The first object which greeted me from this land of the lotus was a *wat*, or temple, with its satellite *prachidees* (kind of pagoda) and *sālas*, or disembarking canopies. The tallest *prachidee* was ornamented by red bands or rings. The *wat* had a green, yellow-bordered tile roof, with the convex roof-combs. All was white, set in the water as on an invisible isle, a hundred feet from shore and sixty feet away. Beyond this the mangoes limited the water, and above the green clustered mango rose the cocoa-nut and *aracá*, or betel-nut palm. A half mile away down the river a high stern canoe, paddled by a dusky pair, followed the line of the river, approaching the silent *wat*. A romantic introduction to a land around whose very name my boyhood fancy had clustered thoughts of Oriental splendor and a dreamy Arcadian existence.

As we steamed up the broad, placid river, we passed the palm-leaf huts and villages of the natives, and the *klongs*, or creeks, whose still waters could be traced a few hundred feet beneath the overhanging boughs of the tropical trees. At the mouths of some of these *klongs*, which are the highways of most of Siam, were congregated scores of canoes filled with all kinds of tropical fruits. And these markets afforded us a fair glimpse of the common people of Siam. Like all barbarous and Oriental nations, these people fancy striking colors. Their national costume is the *pah nung*, a three-foot band of cloth wound around the waist, the ends twisted together in front, and then turned between the legs and tucked within the waist at the back, forming a sort of pantaloen reaching just below the knees. The women also usually wear a *pah home*, an eighteen-inch strip of cloth wound around over one shoulder and under the other arm, the end thrown over the left shoulder. The women of the wealthier class also wear a white bodice, shoes, and stockings. The dress of the market people was of scarlet, crimson, green, brown, and yellow, and many of them wore immense palm-leaf hats, flat-topped and basin or pan-shaped. Here and there we caught glimpses of immense paddy fields extending into the far, level distance, rimmed by the ever present palm and mango. Orange orchards and banana yards, mangosteens and betel orchards, vary the interest in tropical landscape. Here and there are streamers of red and of white floating at the end of a bamboo tied to a tree-top, and through the openings in the foliage we catch glimpses of the *waits* below. At the river bank the landing to each *wat*, or temple, is a canopy with seats, called *sālis*, and occasionally shaved priests, in their long yellow robes, are seated in the *sālis*, laughing and chatting the happy morning away. At about 10 A. M. our vessel cast anchor, and we were told we were in Bangkok. An hour later we landed at our hotel, on the river's bank. A few hundred low, sharp-gabled houses on the water, extending a mile or two up and down the river, was all we could see, except a dozen or two of Italian houses in large lots under extensive foliage—the homes of the foreigners. We met Colonel Sickels, ex-United States Consul, who kindly offered to show us the sights of Bangkok, and invited us to visit some of the officials with him when he should pay his farewell visit prior to his departure for the United States.

After *tiffin*, which we enjoyed (the first good meal for a week), we took *gharries* with Colonel Sickels, and drove a mile and a half up the broad, well paved street into the walled city, and, after a short delay, we were admitted to the palace (the same where Grant was en-

tertained) of the second and favorite full brother of the King. The Prince received and greeted us cordially, inquired our impressions of Siam, whence we came, of the weather and our good fortune to have come at this time, of his trip to India with the King, his impressions, and so forth. He could understand some English, but spoke through an interpreter. He offered cigars and tea, and, after fifteen minutes' stay, we shook hand and bade him good-bye. We drove thence to the royal palace. As Mr. Sickels had paid his farewell visit to the King, he thought it improper to call again; so we wandered around the palace grounds. These are about thirty acres, inclosed by walls, and containing the old and new palaces, barracks, a museum building, the temple of the sapphire god, four most handsome monumental buildings erected to the dead king of this reigning dynasty, the building used as a receptacle of the royal crown and heirlooms, the *hoa tamma sangwet* (sacred resting place), where royal bodies await the time of cremation after death, houses for slaves, and stables for the royal elephants, etc.

We inspected nearly all these buildings, and lingered among these places for some time, expecting the opportunity of seeing the King. Finally, a bugle sounded, three hundred soldiers fell into line and guarded the approaches to the road to be passed by the King, the royal band played the national air, and shortly after fifty yellow-robed priests came marching down the way, a dozen attendants, the chair, or rather seat, on the golden platform of the King, borne by four men on their shoulders. A white, large umbrella was raised by an attendant or two over the King. Two of his children sat on the platform. Attendants surrounded the platform; the royal gold tea-pot and betel-box were borne by slaves; thirty or forty princes followed the King's car on foot, many having their tea-pots and betel-boxes borne by slaves. Priests closed the rear. The procession disappeared in the temple of the sapphire god for a half hour. We awaited its return, and found a place only a few feet from where the King would pass. When the King came out, and as he passed us, he recognized and politely saluted Mr. Sickels, so we had a good view of his face. He is a good looking, small young man, of about thirty, who sits erect and looks a king. He is greatly respected by all people here; has made innovations on the customs of his people, adopted some foreign improvements, and yet has retained all distinctive of Siamese usage. He was on his way to inspect the magnificent building wherein his deceased favorite wife and child are to be cremated next March. This Queen fell overboard with her child from a barge, or yacht, on the way to the inland palace. None of the attendants dared to rescue them, although they could easily have done so, from religious scruples on the divinity of her person, and so they were drowned. Their bodies are deposited in two immense gold urns in the *hoa tamma sangwet* above referred to, and which we viewed with much interest, both an account of the strangeness of their use and their purpose, and the great wealth of gold, silver, and precious stones, of which they were composed and adorned. Yellow-robed and beghemmed priests chant their doleful, monotonous prayers day and night, and impart their blessings to the silver ribbon which leads from the incense pedestal of the urns to their tops, day and night. Indeed, this was a regal resting place, and with knowledge of its purpose, its silence, save as broken by the priests' chant, and the black, pendent drapery which circled the walls, broken

here and there by K and S (King's Sorrow), touched the heart of the beholder with such sadness as the genuine mourning for the dead always stirs.

Yesterday, with our guide, Colonel Sickels, and a Mr. Bradley, an American in Siam Government employment, we visited two of the great *wats* of Bangkok, Wat Chang and Wat Poh, both of which are built in the Siamese style of architecture, both original and handsome. In the latter is the reclining gilt Buddha, one hundred and sixty feet long, by which our distinguished, but ambitious, fellow-citizen, General Grant, said he was "impressed." An immense four-sided building, whose walls are painted in scenes illustrating the events of Buddha's (Gautama) life, surrounds this figure of Buddha in Nirvana. I must confess that I was "impressed" by the size of this figure, but there is comparatively little to command one's sense of awe in any reclining figure.

Down the river by a four-*chow* (oared) boat, past the hundreds of houses floating on heaped bamboo rafts, past the betel and chunam boats and hundreds of the chowers of betel and chunam (tumeric) with their hideous black teeth, to our eighty-degree hotel. A. R.

IDA.

She sauntered through the perfumed air,
Her bonnet dangling from its strings;
The sunlight, gleaming on her hair,
Seemed like the gold of angels' wings.

As down the dewy path she tripped
No fresh-blown daisy nodding there,
Or meadow-lily, iris-tipped,
Was half so sweet or half so fair.

Oh, she was pure as is the chaste,
Sweet breath of morning, as it creeps
From Night's cold arms, that have embraced
And borne it o'er his icy steep.

A maiden in the bloom or youth,
A type of purity and worth;
The living synonym of truth,
The sweetest thing that treads the earth!

The breezes fanned her as she went,
Played hide-and-seek among her curls;
To her pale cheeks a color lent
That blended roses with her pearls.

The wild-flowers crushed beneath her feet
With subtle fragrance filled the air,
And, dying, deluged her with sweet
Delicious scents, divinely rare.

But this—ah, this—was years ago,
And now no more the path she haunts;
She died as flowers do ere they blow,
A bud of hope, despoiled by chance.

ALVAH PENDLETON.

DOG STORIES.

"Speakin' of dogs," remarked an up-country Assemblin' man as he dexterously hit a mangy yellow dog between the eyes with an enormous quid of exhausted tobacco, his hearers the meanwhile drawing closer to the stove; "speakin' of dogs, that was a purty good yarn, Jake; but I reckon none o' you fellers down hyar 'roun' Sacramenty hez hearn the only genuine up an' up, out

an' out, vertical grain, tongue-an'-groove dog yarn thet I'm about to motion from the file fer immediate action."

"Open yer head-gate, Cunnel, an' let's hev it," begged a lobbyist from across the mountains.

"The wust of it is," resumed the Colonel, "that it's gospel truth."

The lobbyist looked faint, and a low moan went up from a weak-eyed little man, who cast a despairing look upon the bar-keeper.

"Yes, sir—gospel truth."

Then he mused a moment, and came slowly to his feet.

"Mr. Speaker—ah, gentlemen, I should hev said. We public men, yer know—habit, an' all thet sort o' thing," said the Colonel, waving his hand as if to dispel the momentary embarrassment caused by the mental lapse, after which he proceeded:

"Well, I tuck the Horn fer it, an' when I struck Frisco I didn't lose much time in settin' my compass fer the mountings fer to dig gold. Went alone. Been about a week out when night overtook me in the mountings. I was lost—lost bad. Ever been lost in the mountings? No? Well, you feel lost all over—clar through an' through. I was a ridin' a good *bronco*, an' the moon was a shinin'. Purty soon I see a dog. He was kind o' yaller like, an' I see he looked lean and starved.

"Well," sez I to myself, feelin' mighty good over it, ez I wanted to reach a camp and tackle some grub, bein' ez how I hadn't teched a mouthful since mornin'—'well,' says I, 'I'll foller this dog, an' he'll take me home with him.'

"I called to him, an' whistled, but he kind o' slunk back, an' looked at me queer. I started towards him. He just scampered off a little ways, an' when I stopped he stopped. But I kep' up the lick. I follered him. He would run a little ways ahead, an' then stop an' look at me. I kep' on. I hed made up my min' to foller thet dog, an' I did foller him. Stuck to him all night. About daybreak he kicked up his heels an' give me the dirty shake. Left me to starve in the mountings. Well, I lost all faith in dogs. I struck a camp about noon, all knocked up. When I got straightened out I tol' the boys the racket the dog hed played on me. One of 'em looked kind o' knowin', an' axed me to describe the animule, which I done. Which the boys then laughed an' yelled in a way I didn't like.

"Why, you dern fool," said one old chap, 'that warn't no dog.'

"What was it?" sez I.

"He tol' me."

"Well, what was it?" asked the little man with weak eyes, intensely interested.

"Coyote."

A painful silence followed this sad disclosure. It was finally broken by the weak-eyed little man, who said:

"Reminds me of what happened right here in this town about ten years ago. I was in the fishing business then. I had several lines across the river. One day I baited a line with fresh meat. That line carried about forty hooks—big ones. I had just got it baited, and left it a laying on the ground till I got the boat. As soon as my back was turned a mangy cur gobbled one of them baited hooks. The hook took a liking to him and wouldn't leave him. When the dog see he was caught he raised a healthy old howl, and of course that fetched every dog in that neighborhood. The

hooked dog started on a dead run, a dragging the line after him. Then another dog, seeing all that fine meat a going to destruction, surrounded one piece with his individual carcass. The hook froze on to him. Then the other dogs snailed on to the bait until there was forty dogs on that line. Then the circus commenced. Every dog had his own private inclinations as to the place he wanted to visit next. Such a tearing and fighting has never been approached in modern times. They fell on to each other, and bit and tore. At last they took up the street at a furious rate, knocking people down, tripping on the line, rolling themselves over and over, and being dragged by the other dogs. Pretty soon the citizens were aroused by the infernal clatter; the Legislature took a recess, thinking the levee had busted. The whole town turned out with clubs, pistols, and shot-guns, and finally killed the dogs—not to mention two or three policemen, and three or four assemblymen."

The silence on this occasion was so depressing that the Colonel, with badly shattered nerves, looked meekly around upon the assemblage, and faintly asked:

"What'll yer take, gentlemen?"

A RURAL RHYMER DARES FATE.

O Spring!

I sing,

And perhaps some o' your editorial fellows don't like this sort of thing;

But I do, and I'm going on with the racket, if it kills me, by jing.

You talk about kicking Spring poets down stairs,
And, where police are plenty, you put on airs;
But I dare you to come out along the flowery mead,
Where no stars of interruption can illuminate the deed,
Where you can have a chance, if your valor's true, to show it
By a rough-and-tumble tussel with a simple rural poet.

I shame myself, however,

That I offer you the chance.

I am forty times too clever

To a duelist of France—

Of those popping desperadoes

Who go to fight with toys,

And return, unhurt bravadoes,

Like a tournament of boys.

O Spring, sweet season of the frog,

The toad, and eke the pollywog!

Season of grass and garden sauce,

How should we suffer in thy loss—

Thy eternal loss! Ah, we would die.

The scurvy would assail us one by one.

We couldn't escape it—ah, no need to try—

We would be everlastingly undone.

Come, then, sweet Spring,

Kick Winter from your lap,

And hear me sing,

And watch me swing

My storm-worn, tattered cap

Among the early blowing of the blooms;

For never maid was fairer

In a season brighter, rarer,

Than thou art, pretty maiden,

With thy bosom blossom laden

In odor of the orchard when it booms.

There, now, dern your miserable skin,

If you don't like that, come out, put up—

I mean your hands. Don't fall back on chin.

Come out with a gun—a Gatling or a Krupp;

But come out far enough so you can't halloo,

"Police! Police!"

To come and arrest a fellow

And "keep the peace."

G.

A STRANGE INDICTMENT.

It is not unfrequently the case that lawyers are better informed in law and in the Latin and Greek languages than in plain old-fashioned English. Having become acquainted with legal terms, they use them indiscriminately, frequently in profound ignorance of the subtle meaning of such terms. Sometimes they make glaring blunders in the use of simple and familiar expressions. One law firm has printed blanks for deeds, commencing thus:

"THIS INDENTURE, made the . . . day of . . . in the year A. D. one thousand," etc.

It can only be inferred that they are ignorant of the meaning of the abbreviations, "A. D."

The district attorney of an interior county has filed an information of murder, from which the following remarkable extract is taken:

" . . . That the said A. B. did willfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, assault the person of the said X. Y. with a deadly weapon, to wit, a knife, and then and there did willfully, maliciously, and with malice aforethought, cut and stab said X. Y., and then and there did inflict upon X. Y. one mortal wound, of which wound the said X. Y. did die contrary to the force and effect of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State of California."

It would seem that it is an abnormally sensitive people which takes affront at a man for dying.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS AND STORIES.

Under the above head *The Harvard Register* for February has the following:

'Tis thirty years since, and more, too. The story ran through the newspapers at the time—but perhaps it may be new to your readers, and so I will venture to give it, as I was "there."

Samuel M. Felton (1834) was the leader of the party, which comprised, among others, C. C. Felton (1827), John B. Felton (1847), Thomas Hill (1843), Arnold Guyot, Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Peirce (1829), and Alexander Agassiz (1855), then a boy not knowing a word of English, and armed with a muslin bag on the end of a pole, to catch butterflies—with which, boy as he was, he was quite well acquainted.

While we waited at South Acton for an express train, Agassiz saw a butterfly, and, having no net himself, called, "Alexe, vite! beau papillon!" and the game was soon bagged. A moment afterward S. M. Felton kicked over a large chip, and saw a huge beetle under it. Thinking it might be valuable, he called to the boy, "Alexe, beau papillon!" When he came up, his merry laugh at finding a beetle called a fine butterfly was infectious, and none laughed more heartily than the one who had audaciously ventured on the misnomer. From that moment, "un beau papillon" was the watchword of the party, and every living thing which we thought Agassiz could possibly like to take to his "toad factory on the Charles," as his incipient museum was called, was named, in as good French as we could master, a fine butterfly.

We came to Bethlehem, N. H., and in going up a long hill, approaching from Littleton, we all got out

and walked except C. C. Felton, who remained with the driver, on the box. As we walked up the hill, running here and there, sweeping with the muslin net, turning over logs and stones, pouncing on frogs, etc., the driver said to Professor Felton:

"Who are these men you have with you?"

"Oh," replied he, "they are a set of naturalists from an institution near Boston."

In the stage was a man not of our party. He walked solemnly up the hill in front of us. He had preserved from his entrance into the stage, a dozen miles back, a profound silence and a very austere countenance, mingled with melancholy. Suddenly he was observed to take off his hat, make various frantic swoops therewith, and finally, as the butterfly rose over a clump of tall alders, he sprang high in the air after it, making a last desperate swoop with his hat, and screaming, for the first time, the watchword, "Beau papillon!" at the top of his lungs and top of his compass. At that moment the down stage met ours, and as they passed they both stopped an instant. The other driver gazed down the hill in astonishment, and said:

"What sort of a lively freight have you there?"

Our driver, leaning over, answered in a loud, confidential whisper:

"They are a set of naturals from the asylum near Boston. Their keeper just told me so."

The next day Peirce and Agassiz were together on the shores of Echo Lake. The latter had borrowed his boy's net, and was interested to catch a particular species of dragon-fly. The two friends had separated a few paces, when Peirce saw one of the coveted dragon-flies, and, in his eagerness to have it secured, called it by the name which he had heard it called in his boyhood:

"Here, Agassiz, quick! Here's one of those devil's-needles."

At that moment he became aware that the melancholy man of the day before was close behind him. The austere man, as if to rebuke Peirce for using a word bordering, in his mind, on profanity, asked in the most solemn and deliberate manner:

"Sir, can you tell me the proper botanical designation of that insect?"

And, for the rest of the time that our party was together, we could not say "proper name" or "real name." The fascinating absurdity of "botanical designation" was applied to every kind of subject and object.

MORE ABOUT CRITICISM.

Nature is self-accommodating to surroundings. In localities where severe storms and winds abound, the trees are gnarled, knotty, and strong. If by chance, a tree of tall and slender growth finds its way into such a locality, it is destroyed before it arrives at maturity. It is unnecessary to elaborate on this proposition. Evidence establishes it. It is an accepted fact. Among men there is the operation of the principle: no man can successfully prosecute an undertaking for which he is not in some manner qualified.

A writer who has not in his nature that self-consciousness of power that places him above and beyond the discouraging effect upon him of adverse criticism, was not intended for a writer, for the simple reason that he lacks independence and self-reliance. If a young writer drops his pen on account of adverse criticism, he

has done the wisest thing in his power. Conviction is bravery—the bravery of right. No battle was ever fought without opposition. It is nerve and power that win the victory. Frequently it is a persistent renewal of the attack after repeated defeats. Writers are, in a certain sense, leaders. A leader, without the requisite qualities of a commander, deserves to be thrust aside for one of better nerve. The theory of demand and supply is the theory of nature. The theory of supply and demand is subordinate, changeful, and political. It is the latter theory under which the young writer proceeds, for his work is political. When his popularity becomes established, the former theory operates. He sustains the latter; whereas the former sustains him. To bear a thing requires more nerve than to be borne by a thing.

Furthermore, that writer who prefers the silence of critics to their condemnation places himself in a humiliating attitude. It is a self-consciousness of lack of power. It is the number of sales a writer's authorship effects that establishes his popularity. F.

THE CONTENTED FARMER.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre, cheerily singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King. "I am not so rich; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the King. "Can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled, and said: "Well, if I must tell you. Two groschen for myself and wife; and with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery I cannot solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help, I help them. This is my debt, toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may learn something good, and receive a Christian instruction. This will come handy when I and I my wife get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep. This I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, well pleased with his answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming:

"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."